

Football '86
Special Issue

Our 1986 College All-America Team

INSIDE

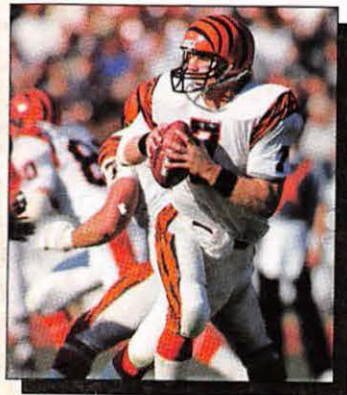
SPORTS

VOLUME EIGHT

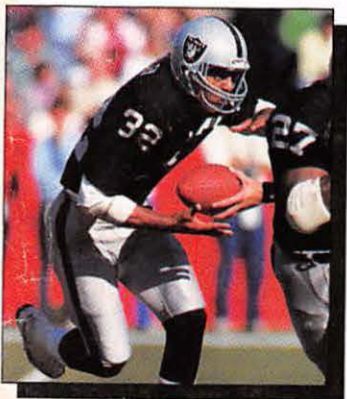
OCTOBER 1986 • \$2.25

EXCLUSIVE

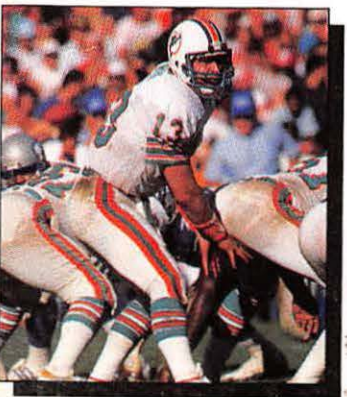
Football's Best Players



Boomer Esiason: No. 1 QB



Marcus Allen: No. 1 RB



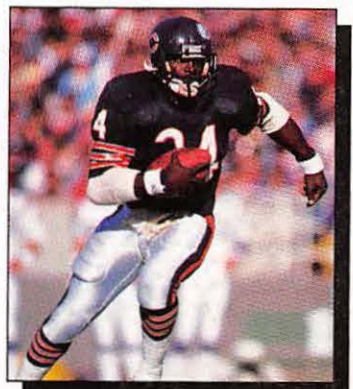
Dan Marino: No. 5 QB



Lawrence Taylor: No. 1 LB



Howie Long: No. 1 DL



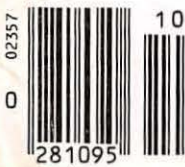
Walter Payton: No. 5 RB

NFL & COLLEGE

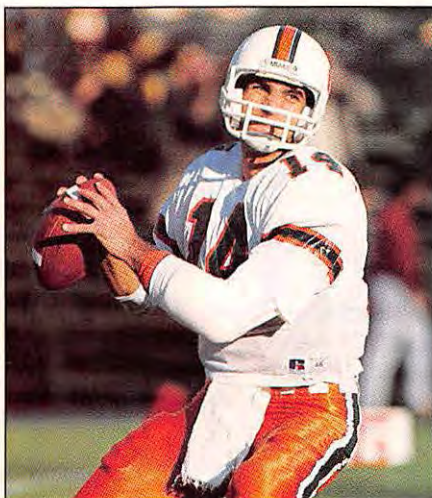
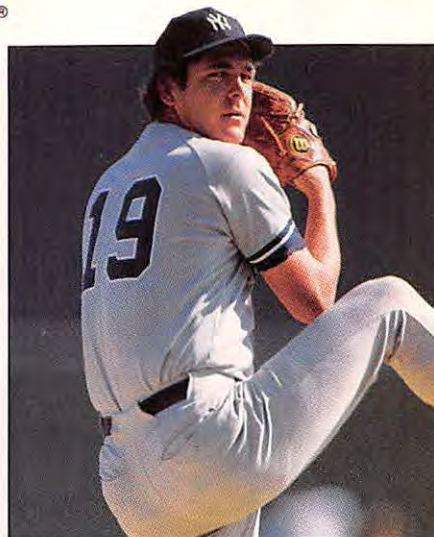
Who Are Today's Top Players?
We Rank 'Em by Position

970 NCIX
HD FOOTBALL SURPRISES

Int... Lou Holtz of Notre Dame
The Violent World of NFL Nose Tackles



INSIDE SPORTS®

**The Best Tight End, page 30****Heisman Man, page 50****Rob Paradise, page 78**

FEATURES

24 Interview: Lou Holtz

Notre Dame's new coach talks of his 'awesome responsibility'
By PAUL LADEWSKI

30 Football's Best Players

We rate the top players at every position—and there are some surprises

- Quarterbacks: Boomer Esiason
- Running Backs: Marcus Allen
- Wide Receivers: Louis Lipps
- Tight Ends: Ozzie Newsome
- Offensive Linemen: Jimbo Covert
- Defensive Linemen: Howie Long
- Outside Linebackers: Lawrence Taylor
- Inside Linebackers: Mike Singletary
- Cornerbacks: Mike Haynes
- Safeties: Kenny Easley

By ALLEN BARRA, STEPHEN HANKS, BRIAN HEWITT
and PETER KING

50 The Best College Players

Testaverde, Bosworth, and White head our '86 All-America team
By PAUL AXELROD

54 BOOMER! Big Noise in Cincinnati

Boomer Esiason was the No. 1 QB in the NFL last year—according to I.S.
By LONNIE WHEELER

58 The Nose Breaker

The Giants' Jim Burt was born to play nose tackle
By CHARLEY ROSEN

78 Stranger Than Paradise

Dave (Rob Paradise) Righetti is a killer in the clutch
By MARK RIBOWSKY

88 The Amazing Transformation of Jeff Leonard

Willie Mays helped turn his sour into power
By TOM JACKSON

7 Editor's Note

10 The Insider

Harlem Globetrotters
Tony VanZant
Soviet Tennis

18 Media

Howard Cosell
By BOB RUBIN

22 Inside Out

94 Numbers

96 The Good Doctor

98 The Fan

The Joys of Basketball
By MARK HARMON

Cover: Boomer Esiason by Rick Stewart/Focus West; Marcus Allen by Bryan Yablonsky; Dan Marino by Jim Turner; Lawrence Taylor by Ron Vesely; Howie Long by John Soo Hoo; Walter Payton by Paul Jasienski.



INSIDE SPORTS (ISSN: 0195-3478) is published monthly and copyrighted © 1986 by Inside Sports, Inc., 1020 Church St., Evanston, Illinois 60201, a subsidiary of Century Publishing Company. Registered U.S. Patent Office. Business and editorial offices are located at 1020 Church St., Evanston, IL 60201. Second-class postage paid at Evanston, IL and at additional mailing offices. Subscriptions \$18.00 per year (Canada \$24.00; foreign \$26.00).



POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Inside Sports, P.O. Box 3299, Harlan, Iowa 51537.

Publisher
Norman Jacobs

Editor
Michael K. Herbert

Managing Editor
Vince Aversano

Art Director
Thomas M. Miller

Picture Editor
Randy Strand

Production Manager
Martin Weitzel

Copy Editor
Alphonse Simonaitis

Editorial Assistants
Stuart Courtney
Marc Hoffman
Anthony A. Rau

Assistant to the Editor
Rob Merett

Contributing Editors
Dave Brown, Ed Kiersh, Bob Rubin

Contributing Writers
Allen Barra, Glenn Dickey, Steve Fiffer,
Stan Fischler, Tom Jackson, Paul Ladewski,
Hank Nuwer, Ara Parseghian, Mark
Ribowsky, Charley Rosen, Alan Steinberg

Contributing Photographers
Andrew Bernstein, Anthony Neste, Bill Smith

Executive Editor
John Kuenster

Promotion Manager **Newsstand Manager**
Dale Fawcett Harvey Wasserman

Circulation Manager **Business Manager**
Martin M. Michalek Judith Arnpolin

Vice President, Marketing
Jerry L. Croft

Advertising Offices
Chicago:
Marvin Diamond, Midwest/Western Manager
Thomas Wuellner, Account Manager
312/491-6440

New York:
James F. McNally, New York Manager
Robert C. Anastasia, Account Manager
212/687-1130

Los Angeles: **Detroit:**
Marvin Diamond William J. Flavin
213/859-3060 Ron Noyd
313/649-3553

Business & Editorial Office
Inside Sports
1020 Church St., Evanston, IL 60201
312/491-6440

Subscription Department
(New subscriptions, renewals)
Inside Sports
P.O. Box 3308, Harlan, IA 51537
(Change of address)
Inside Sports
P.O. Box 3299, Harlan, IA 51537

Photo Credits

Page 5, Anthony Neste; 5, David L. Johnson; 7, 51, Malcolm Emmons; 10, Ed Mahan; 16, Will Cofunk; 22, George Robarge; 24, Bill Smith; 26, Steven Navratil; 30, 58, Ron Vesely; 31, 34, Arthur Anderson; 32, Jimmy Cribb; 33, Ron Wyatt; 36, Bob Kingsbury; 40, 90, Dave Stock/Focus West; 42, Tom DiPace; 51, Al Kooistra; 51, 60, John E. Biever; 54/55, Rick Stewart/Focus West; 56, D. Altman Fleischer; 78, 82, Michael Ponzini; 88/89, 90, Bryan Yablonsky.

SINCE THIS ISSUE CONTAINS A special section on rating the NFL quarterbacks, we decided to check in with one of the best of all time—Fran Tarkenton, chosen this year to join the Pro Football Hall of Fame.

In his 18 years with the Minnesota Vikings and New York Giants, Tarkenton dazzled defenses with pinpoint passes and frustrated pass-rushers with scrambling and running ability unique to quarterbacks of his day. He holds NFL career records for touchdown passes, passing attempts, completions, and yards. He accounted for 50,677 yards—nearly 29 miles!

Now, at age 46, Tarkenton is just as successful in the business world as he was in football. He is the head of Tarkenton Group, Inc., an Atlanta-based conglomerate with subsidiaries in computer software, human productivity, advertising, and insurance.

Q—Your statistics rank you among the best quarterbacks in NFL history, yet you were denied entry into the Hall of Fame the first two years you were eligible. Why do you think that happened?

A—I really don't know. I don't think about that. I've learned not to worry about things that are out of my control. It was my job to play football. It's other people's job to vote.

Q—How do you feel about your induction?

A—Quite frankly, it's a very nice honor, and one I'm proud of. But the thing I enjoyed most was playing the game, and the honors that come from that are sort of superfluous compared to the actual enjoyment of the game. That life is past. I'm trying to make contributions in other areas. My football career is over, and I've got to leave it and move on.

Q—As a former commentator on "Monday

Night Football," what do you think about the changes that have been made there?

A—It really doesn't matter who's in the announcers' booth; it's the game that counts. The ones they had last year [Frank Gifford, O.J. Simpson, and Joe Namath] were fine. I think the announcers they have this year [Al Michaels and Gifford] will be fine, too. I think too much emphasis is put on those things. I really don't think it makes any difference. I've never known anyone who turned on a game to watch the announcers. People tune in to watch the game. Everybody knows Jack Nicklaus won The Masters. Can you tell me who the announcers were?

Q—In his book, "I Never Played The Game," your former ABC-TV partner Howard Cosell had some unkind words for his ex-colleagues. Did you read the book?

A—No, I didn't, and I have no desire to.

Q—Who would you rank as the top quarterbacks today?

A—The best quarterbacks have to play on a good team. Certainly, Dan Marino has had a couple of awfully good years. He's got to be one of the best, along with Joe Montana and Dan Fouts. And I thought Jim McMahon played exceptionally well last year. A lot of people are talking about Boomer Esiason, but I haven't seen him enough to rate him.

Q—Have you seen a change in the game since you retired in 1978?

A—The passing game has changed dramatically. It's much more prominent because the limitations on the defensive backs give the receivers a lot more freedom. It's much more advantageous for quarterbacks and receivers today.

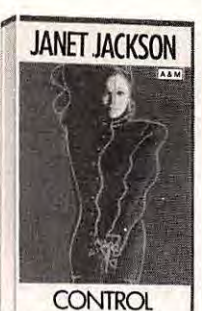
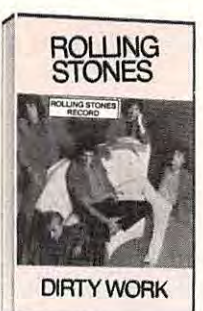
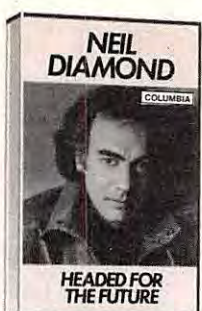
Michael K. Herbert



Tarkenton: 29 miles of turf

WHITNEY HOUSTON

ARISTA

A black and white portrait of Whitney Houston. She is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. She is wearing a white, draped garment over her shoulders and a single-strand pearl necklace. The background is dark and out of focus, with some light-colored flowers visible on the left side.

343582. #1 album! Top 10 hit
Why Can't This Be Love; *Love
Walks In*; many more

346031* [POLYGRAM] EMERSON LAKE & POWELL	345892* [EPC] ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK RUTHLESS PEOPLE	345785* [COLUMBIA] ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK TOP GUN	345108* [A&M] 38 SPECIAL Strength in Numbers	344366* [ELEKTRA] METALLICA Master of Puppets
345645* [GOLDEN] EL DEBARGE	345405* [MCA] THE FIXX WALKABOUT	345272* [ELEKTRA] SIMPLY RED PICTURE BOOK	344356* [A&M] GTR	339903 [ELEKTRA] THE CARS GREATEST HITS
338400 [RCA] JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP SCARCROW	342105* [COLUMBIA] BANGLES Different Light	332932* [PORTRAIT] SADE DIAMOND LIFE	324418 [SWE] MADONNA	343798* [EPC] CULTURE CLUB FOUR LOUISH TO REAP THE HARVEST
346262* [GOLDEN] SLOUXIE AND THE BANGERS TINDERBOX	345868 [EPC] GENE WATSON Starting New Memories	345819* [SCOTT BROTHERS] ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK COBRA	345769* [ATLANTIC] NU SHOOZ POOLSIDE	344382 [ARISTA] THE MONKEES GREATEST HITS
336511* [ATLANTIC] RATT INVASION OF YOUR PRIVACY	335638 [AMERICA] THE MAXIMUM COLLECTION BARRY MANILLOW 20 CLASSIC HITS	331934* [WARNER BROS.] THE BEST OF BILL COSBY	323915 [CHRYSLER] BILLY IDOL REBEL YELL	343772* [PORTRAIT] ACCEPT Russian Roulette
346239* [MCA] BRONSKI BEAT Truthdare Doubledare	345850* [EPC] TEENA MARIE EMERALD CITY	345280* [CHRYSLER] THE ART OF NOISE INVISIBLE SILENCE	344599* [ARISTA] KROKUS—CHANGE OF ADDRESS	321307 [ARISTA] AIR SUPPLY GREATEST HITS
336446* [COLUMBIA] HOOTERS NERVOUS NIGHT	335562 [HARLEIGH PARK] PRINCE AND THE NEW POWER GENERATION AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS	330183 [EPC] REO SPEEDWAGON Wheels Are Turnin'	323774 [LIBERTY] KENNY ROGERS 20 Greatest Hits	343749* [CAPITOL] SLY FOX LET'S GO ALL THE WAY
346221* [MCA] BACHMAN TURNER OVERDRIVE LIVE LIVE LIVE	345827* [WARNER BROS.] BOB JAMES AND DAVID SANBORN DOUBLE VISION	345264* [SWE] DEPECHE MODE Black Celebration	344390* [COLUMBIA] PHILLIP BAILEY INSIDE OUT	320713 [CAPITOL] BOB BEGER & THE SILVER BULLET BAND NIGHT MOVES
336305 [MCA] NIGHT RANGER 7 WISHES	335521 [THREHOLD] THE BEST OF THE MOODY BLUES VOICES IN THE SKY	329938 [SWE] TALKING HEADS Stop Making Sense	323337 [MOTOWN] ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK THE BIG CHILL	342782 [ARISTA] JACKSON BROWNE Lives In The Balance
346213* [EPC] LOUDNESS Lightning Strikes	345579* [ATLANTIC] SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY AND THE NEW POWER GENERATION WE GOT SHEDS	345231 [COLUMBIA] JOHNNY CASH WAYLON JENNINGS—HEROES	344218* [ELEKTRA] THE CALL RECONCILED	320499 [A&M] THE POLICE SYNCHRONICITY
336289 [WARNER BROS.] MICHAEL FRANKS SKIN DIVE	344409 [LANE] 15 TOP TEN HITS OF THE 50'S & 60'S	329581* [J&M] BILLY OCEAN SUDDENLY	323329 [MOTOWN] "Every Great Motown Hit Of MARVIN GAYE"	342774* [CAPITOL] JOHN LENNON LIVE IN NEW YORK CITY
346205* [LBS] Belinda Carlisle BELINDA	345389 [MCA] GEORGE STRAIT NUMBER SEVEN	345090* [GOLDEN] MODELS OUT OF MIND OUT OF SIGHT	344402* [MCA] GUFFRIA SILK & STEEL	319559 [MCA] ELTON JOHN'S Greatest Hits, Vol. 2
335844* [CBS ASSOCIATED LABELS] OZZY OSBOURNE ULTIMATE SIN	333112 [CBS] ANDREA VOLLENWEIDER WHITE WINDS	329508* [SCOTT BROTHERS] SURVIVOR VITAL SIGNS	323261 [MOTOWN] LIONEL RICHIE Can't Slow Down	342733 [COLUMBIA] WILLIE NELSON The Promiseland
345918* [GOLDEN] FAT BOYS Big & Beautiful	345348* [TARL] THE S.O.S. BAND SANDS OF TIME	345074* [CHRYSLER] ICEHOUSE Measure For Measure	343954 [LYONS BROS.] PAUL WINTER CANYON	318931 [A&M] BRYAN ADAMS Cuts Like A Knife
335646 [COLUMBIA] PAUL YOUNG THE SECRET OF ASSOCIATION	332197 [GOLDEN] DON HENLEY BUILDING THE PERFECT BEAST	328435 [WARNER BROS.] PURPLE RAIN PRINCE AND THE NEW POWER GENERATION AND THE REVOLUTION	323162 [ATLANTIC] GENESIS	342360 [CAPITOL] ANNE MURRAY SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT
345900 [EPC] OAK RIDGE BOYS SEASONS	345298* [A&M] Jeffrey Osborne EMOTIONAL	345058* [EPC] BOX OF FROGS STRANGE LAND	343913* [SOLAR] MIDNIGHT STAR HEADLINES	318733 [AMERICA] MELISSA MANCHESTER'S GREATEST HITS
345876 [COLUMBIA] DAVID ALLAN COE SON OF THE SOUTH	331967 [ATLANTIC] FOREIGNER Agent Provocateur	328369* [ATLANTIC] TWISTED SISTER STAY HUNGRY	322438 [ARCO] YES 90125	342287 [EPC] MERLE HAGGARD HERE AND THERE IN CALIFORNIA
SELECTIONS WITH TWO NUMBERS ARE 2-RECORD SETS OR DOUBLE-LENGTH TAPES, AND COUNT AS TWO SELECTIONS—WRITE EACH NUMBER IN A SEPARATE BOX				
343285* [A&M] JOE JACKSON BIG WORLD	342766* [GOLDEN] JAMES TAYLOR TELEVISION'S GREATEST HITS—45 TAPES FROM THE 50'S AND 60'S	345041 [ZEPHYRUS] CABO FRIO Right On The Money	343830* [MCA] STAR SEARCH THE WINNERS ALBUM	318352 [COLUMBIA] JOURNEY FRONTIERS
341271 [MCA] TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS BACK UP THE PLANTATION LIVES!	332181 [WARNER BROS.] THE BEST OF THE GRATEFUL DEAD White A Long Strange Trip	328302* [CAPITOL] TINA TURNER PRIVATE DANCER	322412 [SWE] John Cougar Mellecamp UH-HUH	342253 [MCA] JOHN SCHNEIDER A Memory Like You
337154* [MERCURY] SCORPIONS World Wide Live	289959 [MCA] STEELY DAN GREATEST HITS	345033* [ZEPHYRUS] DAVID GRISMAN ACOUSTICITY	343806* [COLUMBIA] AEROSMITH CLASSICS LIVE	318089 [EPC] MICHAEL JACKSON THRILLER
331579* [EPC] ERIC CLAPTON, JEFF BECK & JIMMY PAGE—WHITE BOYS BLUES	270827 [MERCURY] BLEST OF ROD STEWART Vol. 2	327288 [FULL MOON WARNER BROS.] CHICAGO 17 Chicago's 17th Anniversary Edition	322289 [RSC RECORDS] TIME PIECES Best of Eric Clapton	342188* [ATLANTIC] THE FIRM MEAN BUSINESS
326140* [WARNER BROS.] DIRE STRAITS—Live	268581 [EPC] WATSON'S HISTORY OF BRITISH ROCK	345025 [MCA] LARRY CARLTON ALONE BUT NEVER ALONE	322024 [CHRYSLER] HUEY LEWIS AND THE NEWS & SPORTS	317768 [ARISTA] EAGLES GREATEST HITS—VOLUME 2
340566 [LANE] OLDSIES BUT GOODIES FROM THE RADIO	262311 [A&M] PETER FRAMPTON Frampton Comes Alive	327148 [MOTOWN] THE JACKSON 5 GREATEST HITS	343004 [MCA] REBA MCKENTRE WHOEVER'S IN NEW ENGLAND	342139* [LBS] FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS
320705 [CAPITOL] BOB BEGER & THE SILVER BULLET BAND LIVE BULLET	246272 [MOTOWN] SUPREMES ANTHOLOGY	345071* [GOLDEN] CHICK COREA THE CHICK COREA ELECTRIC BAND	321800 [COLUMBIA] Barbra Streisand's Greatest Hits, Vol. 2	317149 [FALCON RECORDS] DAN FOGLBERG GREATEST HITS
314997 [MCA] STEVE WONDER HIS GREATEST HITS Original Number 1's	212654 [MCA] BOB DYLAN'S Greatest Hits, Vol. 2	324616 [PORTRAIT] CYNDI LAUPER SHE'S SO UNUSUAL	324972 [WARNER BROS.] EMMYLOU HARRIS THIRTEEN	341958 [COLUMBIA] JOHN CONLEE HARMONY
291864 [COLUMBIA] ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK WOODSTOCK	345314* [ARISTA] COME DANCING WITH THE KINKS	344614 [GOLDEN] DWIGHT YOAKAM GUITARS, CAJALLAS, ETC.	342923 [GOLDEN] GRP LIVE IN SESSION	343335* [ATLANTIC] JULIAN LENNON THE SECRET VALUE OF DAY DREAMING
336396 [COLUMBIA] BILLY JOEL GREATEST HITS	308049 [GOLDEN] GREENDANCE CLEARWATER HITS—30 GREATEST HITS	337519 [CAPITOL] HEART	336222* [WARNER BROS.] DIRE STRAITS Brothers In Arms	33286 [ATLANTIC] PHIL COLLINS No Jacket Required

11 ALBUMS FOR 1 CENT

PLUS A CHANCE TO GET 2 MORE FREE!

If you join the Columbia Record & Tape Club now and agree to buy 8 more selections (at regular Club prices) in the next 3 years.

FOR A PENNY!

plus shipping
and handling



344812 Top 10 album! Top 10 hit *There'll Be Sad Songs (To Make You Cry)*; more



345371* Contains title cut; includes *For Those About To Rock (We Salute You)*; etc.



344242. Top 10 album! Hit *Be Good To Yourself; Why Can't This Night Go On...*; more.



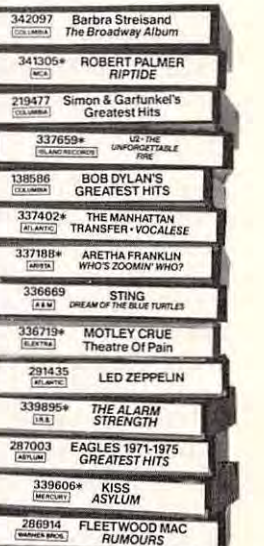
343822. "Sensational!"—Rolling Stone. #1 hit and MTV smash *Kiss; Mountains*; others.



345330* One of rock's legendary groups returns! *Your Wildest Dreams*; more.



344705. Top ten album! Includes #1 smash hit *On My Own*; others.



Yes, you're invited to go on a shopping spree and get 11 albums for only a penny! Just mail the application together with check or money order for \$1.86 as payment (that's 1¢ for your 11 introductory selections, plus \$1.85 to cover shipping and handling). In exchange, you agree to buy 8 tapes or records (at regular Club prices) in the next three years—and you may cancel membership anytime after doing so!

Or if you'd prefer a special trial membership, you can get any 6 albums for only 1¢...and in exchange, you need buy only 4 more (at regular Club prices) in the next three years! Just check "Trial Membership" in the application and mail it together with only \$1.00 (that's 1¢ for your 6 selections, plus 99¢ for shipping/handling).

How the Club operates: every four weeks (13 times a year) you'll receive the Club's music magazine, which describes the Selection of the Month for each musical interest...plus hundreds of alternates from every field of music. In addition, up to six times a year you may receive offers of Special Selections, usually at a discount off regular Club prices, for a total of up to 19 buying opportunities.

If you wish to receive the Selection of the Month or the Special Selection, you need do nothing—it will be shipped automatically. If you prefer an alternate selection, or none at all, fill in the response card always provided and mail it by the date specified. You will always have at least 10 days to make your decision. If you ever receive any Selection without having had 10 days to decide, you may return it at our expense.

The tapes and records you order during your membership will be billed at regular Club prices, which currently are \$7.98 to \$9.98—plus shipping and handling. (Multi-unit sets, special and classical recordings may be somewhat higher.) If you continue after completing your enrollment agreement, you'll be eligible for our "buy one-get one free" bonus plan.

10-Day Free Trial: we'll send details of the Club's operation with your introductory shipment. If not satisfied for any reason, return everything within 10 days for a full refund and there's no further obligation.

And here's how to get 2 more albums FREE: if you wish, you may also choose your first selection right now and we'll give it to you for as much as 50% off regular Club prices—only \$4.98. Enclose payment now and you'll receive it with your 11 introductory albums. This discount purchase immediately reduces your membership obligation by one—you then need buy just 7 more (instead of 8) as a Regular Member; only 3 more (instead of 4) as a Trial Member. What's more, this discount purchase also entitles you to still 2 more albums as a bonus, FREE! Just check box in application and fill in numbers of your first selection and 2 free bonus albums!

Columbia Record & Tape Club, P.O. Box 1130, Terre Haute, Indiana 47811

Please accept my application under the terms outlined in this advertisement—and enroll me under the offer checked below (that's either Regular Membership or Trial Membership).

Send my selections in this type

of recording (check one):

☐ Cassettes ☐ Records ☐ Cartridges

☐ Mr.

☐ Mrs.

☐ Miss

(Please Print

First Name

Initial

Last Name

Address

Apt.

City

State/Zip

Do you have a telephone? (check one) ☐ YES ☐ NO

Do you have a credit card? (check one) ☐ YES ☐ NO

This offer not available in APO, FPO, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico; write for details of alternative offer. Canadian residents will be serviced from Toronto.

☐ REGULAR MEMBERSHIP—11 FOR 1¢

I am enclosing check or money order for \$1.86 (that's 1¢ for my 11 introductory selections, plus \$1.85 for shipping and handling). I agree to buy 8 more tapes or records (at regular Club prices) in the next 3 years—and may cancel membership anytime after doing so.

Write in numbers of 11 selections

☐ OR ☐ TRIAL MEMBERSHIP—6 FOR 1¢

I am enclosing check or money order for \$1.00 (that's 1¢ for my 6 introductory selections, plus 99¢ shipping/handling). I agree to buy 4 more selections (at regular Club prices) in the next 3 years—and may cancel membership anytime after doing so.

Write in numbers of 6 selections

☐ Also send my first selection for up to a 50% discount, for which I am enclosing additional payment of \$4.98. My obligation is reduced: as a Regular Member I need buy just 7 more (instead of 8); at regular Club prices, in the next 3 years; as a Trial Member only 3 more instead of 4.

This discount purchase entitles me to these 2 ALBUMS—FREE!

THE MONEY GAME

It Ain't Sweet, Georgia Brown

THE HARLEM GLOBETROTTERS ORGANIZATION COULD be in for an uncertain future. For as the team comes under new ownership and heads into contract negotiations, last season's tension and anticipation over who would become the first female Globetrotter may be eclipsed by the players' resolve to get better contract terms and a modicum of respect from management—or they might not be dribbling to "Sweet Georgia Brown."

Publicly, the Globetrotters in 1985 rode an exhilarating wave of renewed media interest—and markedly increased attendance—generated largely by the novelty of adding a woman to the team.

But privately, some players say it was their toughest year as Globetrotters. They complain bitterly about having to take pay cuts while maintaining a grueling, six-month, 180-game schedule, in addition to making public appearances and doing commercial performances. They cite a decline in travel accommodations: Where they formerly stayed in first class hotels, they now complain that they find themselves checking into inns of far less quality. Team president Earl Duryea, they charge, refuses to sit down to contract negotiations with their agents or attorneys, and that when it's time to sign, Duryea throws the players what they call a "take it or leave it" bone.

Beyond the catalog of specific complaints, these players say they've had it with being squeezed and manipulated into submission without corresponding reward.

Duryea, the former marketing director for the Ringling Brothers circus who became Globetrotters president in January 1985, dismisses the players' complaints as posturing for upcoming contract negotiations. "I think what you're hearing," he responds to the players' allegations, "is just a lot of sour grapes and a lot of tries on their behalf to get publicity, so that when they come to the bargaining table they can wave this stuff around. That's all it amounts to."

Players say their substantial problems must be resolved this year if they're to remain true to the red, white, and blue Globetrotter uniform.

"I feel that we are probably one of the hardest-working sports teams in the world, doing what we do six months out of the year, day in and day out," says Louis (Sweet Lou) Dunbar. "And we're not

being paid up to par; it's as simple as that." He thinks the maximum Globetrotter salary currently is \$100,000 a year; the minimum, \$35,000.

Two years ago, players took a 20% pay cut, Dunbar says, "and the players took that hoping that in the next year or so that would come back to par. But that hasn't happened yet.

"It's always that 'the company's losing money,'" he adds. "And I'm pretty sure they didn't lose any money this year after all the crowds that we had." Attendance was reportedly up 15% to 20% last season.

Player Osborne Lockhardt says: "It's been bad for me the whole time I've been there. I tell you, this is definitely not the place to make no money; all you do is work hard." He says that, historically, within the team there has been great disparity between the salaries paid to the team's stars and the less-known players. "Now," he says, "the stars ain't making no money; ain't nobody making no money now."

Between changes in management and personnel—the team got a new head coach and was cut back from two teams to one—and increased pressure to perform well, "it was a struggle last year," says Jimmy Blacklock, and he is dubious about improve-



Trotter players are pointing to rebellion.

ments for the coming year. "They're still making changes and they're still cutting back," he points out. He says players have expressed their anger to president Duryea. "He just says he understands, whatever that is."

Ovie Dotson echoes his teammates' sentiments. "We're not asking the man [Duryea] for any more than what's due," he says, mentioning that over the last three years he has taken a substantial salary cut (he's been with the team for seven years). Dotson says he and the other players have finally pulled together and braced themselves for tough negotiations.

"We're holding on by a string trying to stick together," he admits, "but everybody's reached down, and this year probably is one of the closest years on the team we've ever had. Some time in your life you've got to take a stand. It's not exactly whether you're going to benefit from it, but maybe whether the next people will benefit."

The last word on the subject came from Dunbar, who speaks for himself, Dotson, Lockhardt, and Blacklock when he says: "I'm tired

of being worked this way without being compensated. I guess this year coming up, we have to look for it to get better. If not, then we have to find something else to do."

The allegation that Duryea won't speak to players' agents or attorneys is a ticklish subject for many in the Globetrotter camp. When asked about the matter, Duryea responded, "They can get all the advice they care to get. In fact, we want them to be as fully informed as possible."

Solidarity among the players was in short supply last year when Hubert (Geese) Ausbie, after 24 years on the team, was swiftly dismissed. To save face—and give Duryea time to reconsider—Ausbie announced that he was retiring from the team. When Duryea failed to budge, Ausbie went public with the humiliating truth about his dismissal, and sued his former employer for severance pay.

Curly Neal, a 21-year Globetrotter veteran reportedly earning \$137,000 his final year on the team, quit last year and also has a lawsuit pending against the team. When he discussed the matter publicly last summer, he said the organization refused to negotiate with him in good faith.

Larry (Gator) Rivers, tagged "one of the greatest ball-handlers the Globetrotters have ever had" by his former high school coach and longtime friend coach Russell Ellington, left the Globetrotters a year ago. He balked at a one-year contract offer after 12 years on the team. He explained: "A one-year contract either means that you're not going to be in business next year, or I won't have a job. So, if you're not going to be in business, then I need to start looking for another job!"

Rivers now plays for the Shooting Stars, a rival traveling team.

He came to verbal blows with Duryea last summer over salary: Duryea, says Rivers, wanted to pay him 40% less than he was earning and have him take on coaching responsibilities and appear at summer basketball camps and clinics for children, in addition to playing ball. Rivers took umbrage at what he perceived as Duryea's concerted effort to de-emphasize the Globetrotters as individuals and turn them into a unit of interchangeable, easily replaceable basketball players.

THE RECRUITING GAME

VanZant Finally Gives Missouri a Break

THE WAY A LOT OF MISSOURIANS SEE IT, THE UNIVERSITY of Missouri football program—one of the nation's worst in 1985—is already a winner.

The magic that turns around a 1-10 record and revitalizes an athletic program \$1 million in the red stands 6'1" and weighs 185 pounds. Tony VanZant is the name. You might remember the hot property from Hazelwood (Mo.) Central High School from last recruiting season. At worst, VanZant was considered the best high school running back in the nation, rushing for 6,138 yards and 91 touchdowns in his career. At best, he was simply *the* best high-schooler to come out in 1986.

There was no show-me about this Missouri phenom. VanZant had done it all. The speculation surrounding his college choice ended dramatically in mid-January when he took the dais before a capacity crowd at a St. Louis Quarterback Club booster dinner and announced he was climbing aboard coach Woody Widenhofer's wagon at Missouri. Michigan, Oklahoma, Oklahoma State, and Arkansas—the major schools that geared up their recruiting machines for VanZant—

are programs unaccustomed to finishing behind Missouri in an important recruiting race.

"That's just part of the game," Oklahoma State's Pat Jones said of losing the VanZant derby. "We're big boys. Credibilitywise, keeping an outstanding youngster in-state is great. Regardless of how productive he is, it helps your program."

VanZant's commitment to Missouri didn't stop recruiters from knocking on his door. Bo Schembechler pleaded Michigan's case on the VanZants' doorstep. Oklahoma State recruiting coordinator Willie Anderson never gave up and kept open a running conversation with VanZant after the commitment.

This was the one that couldn't get away as far as Missouri was concerned. VanZant's signing has become a lifeline for disenchanted fans, a sign that even in the worst of times Missouri can still woo the state's best. This hadn't been the case with such state high school stars as Gary Anderson (who chose Arkansas), Alvin Miller (Notre Dame), and Paul Misliazzo and Anthony Stafford (Oklahoma). In



Coach Widenhofer had to have VanZant.

view of steadily declining attendance and the 1-10 record of 1985, Tigers coach Widenhofer could not afford to lose the savior in shoulder pads they're calling "TVZ."

"He's never heard a boo before," said John Hotfelder, VanZant's coach at Hazelwood Central. "All of a sudden people think a 1-10 team will go 10-1 next year. Just remember, the kid's only a freshman."

Widenhofer, a former Missouri linebacker and Pittsburgh Steelers defensive coordinator, arrived in December 1984. He talked optimistically and flashed a couple of shiny Super Bowl rings. He proved he could recruit in his first season, but the shine wore off too soon. When Missouri got off to an 0-7 start in 1985, Widenhofer found himself saddled with a personal 17-game losing streak dating back to his lone year as head coach of the United States Football League's Oklahoma Outlaws. He knows VanZant has the potential to reverse Missouri's fortunes, but he cautions against putting too much pressure on the shoulders of a freshman.

"What people have to understand is that when the pros draft an Eric Dickerson, he is 21, 22 years old. This kid's 18 years old," Widenhofer said. "We're not trying to do too much too soon."

Regardless, VanZant's every move at Missouri will be accompanied by the questions already following him:

• Can he stay eligible? The young man who will be counted on to right Missouri wrongs has a learning disability resembling dyslexia—a reading problem caused by a brain defect. VanZant's ACT and SAT college entrance scores were sources of intense scrutiny by reporters and fans throughout the state. VanZant's learning problem required a tutor in high school, and he is known to have taken the ACT entrance exam at least twice before passing.

• Can he play right away? Count the number of freshman running backs who have made an immediate major-college impact in recent years. "I've heard Woody and the staff talk about it," said Missouri assistant athletic director Joe Castiglione. "They don't expect him to be a savior. He's like a thoroughbred, you can't put him out in the Kentucky Derby right away."

• What about Darrell Wallace? VanZant will have to beat out the Tigers' leading rusher in 1985 before he becomes a full-time player. Wallace, a sophomore last year, became only the third Tiger to rush for 1,000 yards in a season.

Considering the shape of Missouri athletics, VanZant carries the burden of helping lead Ol' Mizzou back to the promised land. Relatively speaking, Missouri was there during the Warren Powers years from 1978 to 1984, when the Tigers went to bowl games five times. The future looked so good that 10,800 extra seats were added in 1978 to enclose Memorial Stadium. And fans filled them.

When Widenhofer took over in 1985, the Hall of Fame and Holiday Bowl years suddenly seemed nostalgic, as Powers no doubt looked on with some vindication from St. Louis, where he is now a rental-furniture salesman. Widenhofer, meanwhile, is still trying to get his program into the Big 8 showroom. That's where a shiny new model named TV comes in.

ADVANTAGE COMMUNISM

The Russian Tennis Players

THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING! THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING! Alan Arkin's portrayal of the comical Russian naval officer in that popular film left Americans laughing. But there isn't anything funny about the way Russian Andrei Chesnokov plays tennis. The sudden emergence of Soviet tennis began last year at the French Open, when Chesnokov defeated top American clay-courtier Eliot Teltscher in the second round. Since then, the 20-year-old from Moscow has only played a handful of professional events. Not any longer.

Volvo Tennis/Chicago, a major men's pro event on the Nabisco Grand Prix tour, marked the first U.S. tournament the Russian men had ever played. The Soviets arrived in force, with one player, Chesnokov, wild-carded into the main draw and three others in the qualifying field. Although Chesnokov lost his first-round match to American Paul Annacone, the tour novice raised eyebrows with his game. At his postmatch press conference, Chesnokov was asked what he thought of Chicago. The skyscrapers impressed him, he said. And what about Chicago's Michael Jordan? "Yes, I've heard of him", the Russian declared. "He's like the skyscrapers."

Since Chicago, the Soviets have become a visible team on tour. Chesnokov, currently ranked No. 81 in the world, won a USTA satellite event in Tampa, defeated former Stanford NCAA singles champion Scott Davis in Atlanta, and then Sweden's top player, Mats Wilander, en route to the French Open quarterfinals. In addition, 18-year-old Aleksandr Volkov was a finalist at the USTA satellite event in Miami. The eldest of the group, 25-year-old Aleksandr Zverev, qualified for the satellite series Masters event.

The unprecedented approach between Soviets and Americans emerged from an agreement signed in Moscow this past March with



Chesnokov is a bear on the tennis court.

ProServ, Inc., the Washington, D.C. sports management and marketing company. ProServ chairman Donald Dell met with Dr. Aleksei P. Lukash, deputy chairman of the USSR's Sports Committee, to reach an accord to represent Russian tennis players and a potential international exchange of television programming.

"It is gratifying for me to work with Soviet sports officials involved in tennis, many of whom I've known since my several visits to Russia in the 1960s," said Dell who, in 1961, was the first American ever to play competitive tennis in the Soviet Union.

The USSR's Dr. Lukash added: "We have asked ProServ to investigate all possible

ways within the amateur rules set by each International Sports Federation to maximize the revenue of our athletes when they are competing outside the Soviet Union."

AIRPLANE SPINS



'Do you really think these matches are fixed?'

By BOB RUBIN

Turn Out the Lights, Howard, The Party's Over

AH, THAT SLY FOX. After years of denigrating what he so disdainfully called the "print medium," after insulting the ethics, honesty, and integrity of the nation's sports writers (except for a favored few), it turns out that, at heart, Howard Cosell was always one of us.

With characteristic modesty, Cosell introduced the first of his twice-weekly syndicated newspaper columns in May with a glowing quote from one of the writers on his approved list, Frank Deford of *Sports Illustrated*, taken from a piece that concluded, if you tuned Cosell out, "you missed the game." As you read the quote, try to keep in mind Deford is talking about Howard Cosell, not Edward R. Murrow:

"To be sure, as a man of words in a medium of smiles, as a man of thought in a medium of reaction, Cosell seems in some crevasse of his soul almost to identify more with the enemy writing press than with broadcasting."

For this, Deford earned Cosell's approval as "insightful." This may be a first in newspaper history, a columnist introducing himself with a rave review, then praising the insight of the reviewer. How cozy. Of course, it's self-serving to the point of laughability, but what else did you expect?

As you may have already concluded, I am not on the approved list, nor would I want to be. While he still worked in the medium of smiles and reaction, Cosell suggested I belonged in jail, on general principles, I believe. I'm kind of proud of that. But, alas, it leaves



After reading Cosell's columns, one is struck by the conclusion that he simply doesn't like sports, and that he has contempt for anyone who does.

me out in the cold in the matter of the crevasses of his soul. All I know is what I read in the paper under his name and picture.

Which may or may not have actually been written by him. His books, including "I Never Played the Game," that infamous, poison-pen farewell to ABC in which he ripped practically everyone he worked with for more than a generation, were written with former *Newsweek* staffer Peter Bonventre. In a story in *USA Today*, John Matthews, who had peddled Cosell's column to approximately 75 papers as of this writing in his capacity as sales vice president for the Chicago Tribune Media Services, seemed to suggest Cosell doesn't do all the writing. "He's involved in writing it," Matthews was

quoted as saying. "And, ultimately, he has control over the column."

Asked what "involved in" meant, Matthews amended, but failed to clarify, the issue of authorship by saying: "Generally, he writes every word. He has people who dig for him, and perhaps go-fers, but just how much help he gets you'd have to ask him."

Generally, he writes every word? That's like saying I usually always walk the dog.

The books?

"He certainly had a lot of help on the books," Matthews said.

In the further interest of accuracy in the media, Matthews was also asked about another quote attributed to him in *USA Today*: "Whether or not you like him, you have to respect Howard Cosell for the person he is, for the intellect, the wit, and the charm."

Cosell's personality has been scrutinized and analyzed endlessly, but seldom has the word "wit" been used. And "charm" may be a first.

"That's a direct quote, and I stand by it," Matthews said.

If there were traces of wit or charm in Cosell's first six weeks of columns, you'd need bloodhounds to sniff it out. But, hey, Matthews is a salesman.

Regardless of whether Cosell writes the columns, they certainly bear his distinct stamp of recent years in philosophy and tone—in a word, heavy. After reading them, one is struck by the conclusion that he simply doesn't like sports, at least sports as entertainment and relief from the day's more

pressing concerns, and has contempt for anyone who does. More on this presently.

As always, Cosell the columnist has proved to be a lightning rod. His work has evoked emotions in newspapermen and readers that run the gamut from admiration to indifference, irritation, and outright anger.

The *New York Daily News* runs Cosell's column, and after six weeks sports editor Vic Zeigel was pleased with the columns and the public's response to them.

"If nothing else, he's a ballsy guy, and those are the first two requirements for a newspaper columnist," Zeigel said. "You don't have to agree with everything he says, but he's taking big swings. Whenever I'm out making the rounds, people want to know about Howard Cosell, and I get more letters on him than any of our other writers. They're not always complimentary, but that's what you want a Howard Cosell for, to stir things up."

The *Dallas Times Herald* also runs Cosell, but after the same six weeks, sports editor Dave Eden hadn't made up his mind about him or his columns.

"He has been a big name in sports for many years," Eden said. "People either like him or dislike him, so we're giving him a forum and our readers a different voice. If we conclude after a time—I'd say six months would be fair—that he's doing a good job, we'll keep him. If not, we'll let him go just like we would anyone else."

"So far, I think he's doing OK. Some of the subject matter has been a little dated, but he is expressing opinions. I think it takes awhile for a columnist to get his voice. Right now, I'd probably grade him a B-minus."

Eden said Cosell has not noticeably stirred up his readers, but adds: "This town doesn't react very much to anything, so that's not necessarily a criterion. In any case, I think journalistic quality is always No. 1."

Eden was not bothered by Cosell's past attacks on his profession.

"He's entitled to his opinions, and maybe sometimes he was right," Eden said. "We criticize broadcast people, too—it's part of a natural rivalry. I do think he's taking quite a chance late in his life, risking embarrassing himself in front of all those he has criticized over the years."

Other newspaper people are not so forgiving. The *Orlando Sentinel* is a member of the Tribune chain that chose not to run Cosell. Sports editor Steve Doyle said, "I will not speak on the record about it because I feel I would be contradicting my own company."

Other sources at the paper said there was considerable resistance to Cosell based on his past fulminations about the evils of sports writers and sports writing. Matthews admits that five or six sports editors said they would

quit if forced to run Cosell, and a number of others who said their superiors balked.

The *Miami Herald's* decision to run Cosell resulted in a petition of protest to sports editor Paul Anger signed by a majority of the staff, who called Cosell "a largely discredited journalist" and a waste of precious space. The petition stopped with Anger, who responded that the column was being run on a trial basis, and would stand or fall on its own merits.

"So far, I think it has been pretty good," Anger said, again based on six weeks. "Reaction has been mixed, but we have gotten calls asking for it when it was left out for reasons of space. There are also people who are glad he's off the air and don't want to see him in the newspaper."

"To a large extent, I think the controversy over Cosell is the result of an intramural squabble between Cosell and newspaper people, and has very little to do with the public. The final test of his column will be whether he has something worthwhile to say to readers."

The *Chicago Tribune*, flagship of the chain, said no thanks to Cosell, at least initially. Sports editor Eugene Quinn said he had that option because the Tribune Media Services is independent from the paper.

Quinn had no strong emotions either way about the Cosell column based on six weeks' worth, but said he wasn't impressed enough to justify running it.

"We're not violently opposed to it, but we're not dying to put it in either. It hasn't fit into our needs yet. We've got two general-interest columnists, a baseball columnist, an outdoors columnist, a radio-TV columnist, and an odds-and-ends [sports gossip] column, and in the newspaper business it's always space, space, space."

"To break into that lineup, Cosell would have to offer something considerably better or different, and I haven't seen that so far. Nothing I've read is breaking down my door to get in."

My door doesn't even have a scratch. Start with two premises: One, taste in sports columnists is subjective. One man's Red Smith is another's Red Buttons. Two, my taste doesn't run to Howard Cosell. Giving him his due, his stand defending Muhammad Ali's right to fight after defying the draft was gutsy, and his "SportsBeat" show was well done. He also conducted the most pointed and penetrating interviews in sports television, but that's like saying someone's the best quarterback in Japan. Pointed and penetrating interviews are not a staple of sportscasting.

Cosell's strong points became increasingly overshadowed by his personality. His ego, pomposity, arrogance, and paranoia all grew until he became a caricature of himself.

Begging to differ with brother Deford, he is not the game. But enough. You know the litany. You love him or hate him.

The litany remains unchanged in print. Most columnists are sparing in the use of the vertical pronoun because it's intrusive, tending to focus attention on them rather than their subject matter. Cosell's first column used "I" 23 times, "my" seven times, "Cosell" three times, and "myself" and "me" twice apiece. Aye-aye-aye.

Another column opened with him having breakfast with Teddy Kollek, mayor of Jerusalem—classic Cosell name dropping. Another bemoaning Sugar Ray Leonard's challenge to Marvin Hagler all but claimed Cosell gave birth to Leonard. "There is no man alive who knows Ray the way I do . . . I discovered him at the University of Vermont . . . Everywhere I go on the street people stop me and ask: 'Howard, will Leonard knock out Hagler? Will Ray beat Marvin?' This, too, disgusts me. I prefer the people who say: 'Howard, why is Ray returning to the ring? Howard, please, can you stop him?' I can't stop him but . . ."

The implication was that if Cosell couldn't stop him, it was up to God. Or maybe when God failed, Cosell was summoned.

Cosell's columns have generally dealt with broad themes and have lacked specifics, but in at least one case, he casually mentioned New York Giants head coach Bill Parcells inheriting "one of the biggest drug problems in professional sports, with possibly as many as 25 users on the team."

No documentation. No sources. No respectable columnist would dare indict more than half a team without rock-solid proof.

Cosell further wrote that *The Boston Globe* had the story of drug abuse among the Super Bowl-bound Patriots for three weeks, "but elected to withhold from printing. What goes on here, anyway?"

What went on was the newspaper's inability to confirm the story solidly enough to go public and ruin the reputation of the players involved. That's known as journalistic integrity.

Drugs have been a favorite Cosell topic, a reflection of new elements that have crept into his persona in recent years. He affects a world-weary cynicism about sports, undisguised boredom with the athletes and games themselves, and an almost obsessive focus on their problems—drugs, gambling, greed, cheating, exploitation, fan violence, lawsuits, labor hassles, etc. Anyone who still views sports as an escape from reality is condescendingly dismissed as blind, naive, shallow, or all three. Anyone who thinks sports are important in a dangerous, unjust world gets the same labels.

These themes dominate Cosell's columns. Consider the lead on one that eventually got

around to Commissioner Peter Ueberroth's fight against drug abuse in baseball:

"Khadafy and terrorism. The bombing raid on Libya. A failed rocket attack launched against the Japan summit. Polish children drinking iodine. American parents sick about their children traveling near Kiev.

"Against this backdrop of violence and fear, I sometimes wonder how I can mention 'sports.' Yet I do . . ."

Another column ripped a magazine poll of fans on their likes and dislikes in sports. Cosell countered with a poll of his own that began:

"Do you fear for your life in a stadium? Do you want your children exposed to drunken and violent behavior?"

The rest of the questions dealt with fan abuse of players, false idolization of athletes while criticizing them for making so much money, the corruption of college athletes' educations, the brain damage inflicted in boxing, and the notion of sports as a way out of poverty for minorities.

It was as much fun to read as the surgeon general's report on the effects of smoking.

Sports do have problems—the same ones that plague society in general—that must be addressed and have been. The bubblegum image is long gone, thanks largely to muckraking newspaper reporters and columnists, Cosell's slurs notwithstanding. Cosell's claim to fame as a man who "tells it like it is" stood out only because it was rare in the happy-talk world of television. It isn't in newspapers. It hasn't been for years. And the Cosell mannerisms and voice, which made even the innocuous seem portentous, obviously are lost in print.

That hurts him badly, because Cosell is not a clever or imaginative writer (or editor if someone else is writing his material). The prose is flat. Worse, it's relentlessly, oppressively downbeat.

For all the problems, sports is still an escape valve. People want to see and read about home runs, touchdowns, goals, and slam dunks. They want to know what Pete Rose, Larry Bird, John Elway, and Mike Tyson are like as people. Life can't all be Khadafy, Chernobyl, drugs, scandals, lawsuits, and labor hassles. If it were, what would be the point of slogging on?

So a sports columnist must strike a balance between the heavy and light. He must respect the audience for which he's writing, bearing in mind that it says "Sports" on the masthead, not "Editorials." If he can't do that, he ought to get out. Cosell's mannerisms are irritating. His ignorance of, or contempt for, his readers is inexcusable. ■

Contributing editor BOB RUBIN would mention Khadafy only if the Libyan dictator got his own sports column.

Kronenbourg.
For more than 300 years,
Europe's #1 indoor sport.



Kronenbourg
The #1 bottle of beer in Europe.

© 1986 Imported by the Guinness Import Company, Stamford, CT 06901

MUSK
FOR MEN
COLOGNE

COTY

*It must be the Musk.
Coty Musk
for Men.*



© Coty, 1986 Available in Canada

How do you calculate a golfer's handicap?

J. G., Bowling Green, Ohio

In order that fair comparisons may be made between scores attained on different golf courses, the United States Golf Association assigns a difficulty rating for every course in the country—the higher the rating, the more difficult the course. To arrive at a handicap, a golfer records the scores on his last 20 18-hole rounds of golf. Each score must then be adjusted by subtracting the course rating from the raw score achieved (a 72 on a course rating of 69 would be adjusted to 3; on a course rating of 77, it would be adjusted to -5). Finally, he takes the *average* of his 10 best adjusted scores from the 20 rounds and multiplies that figure by 96%. An example to illustrate: a golfer's 10 best adjusted scores are -1, 0, 3, 3, 3, 5, 6, 8, 7. The average of 4.1 multiplied by 96% equals 3.9. Round it off to 4. This golfer has a respectable handicap of 4.

Why is boxing the only sport in which the competitors have no idea how they are being evaluated until the match is over?

R. M., Catasauqua, Pa.

Boxing commissions feel it is in the best interest of the sport not to post scores of rounds until the conclusion of a fight. They believe that not knowing for sure which fighter is ahead in rounds creates more suspense for the crowd. Tradition also plays a part. It has long been a custom in boxing that after each round the judges hand their scorecards in to a member of the commission, who tallies them. It's unlikely that this tradition will be broken.

When a baseball player goes hitless in a game, he is said to have "gone for the collar." Where did that term originate?

T. C., Provo, Utah

Many sports expressions have unusual stories behind them, and this one is no exception. Back in the days of horse travel, the animals were hitched together by large devices that fit around their necks called "horse collars." A collar was roughly circular, and off the horse it looked like a big O, as in 0-for-4. Who made that connection is not known for sure by baseball historians, but everyone from Vin Scully to Harry Caray uses the expression today.



Sax: Rookie of the Year after playing in the World Series.

In a past issue of your magazine, you wrote that Steve Sax played in a World Series the year before he won the Rookie of the Year Award. Wouldn't he have been a rookie the year he played in the World Series? Please explain.

B. D., Butte, Mont.

It sounds strange, but it is true. For a player to lose his rookie status, he must satisfy at least one of the following requirements in a season or seasons: (a) collect more than 130 at-bats, (b) pitch more than 50 innings, (c) accumulate more than 45 days on the active roster of a major league club. Sax did not meet any of those requirements in 1981. He spent the last month of the season with the Dodgers, appearing in only 31 games and batting 119 times. Therefore, he was still classified as a rookie for the 1982 season, when he replaced Davey Lopes as the starting second basemen for Los Angeles. Sax came through with a stellar effort that year. He hit .282, swiped 49 bases, and scored 88 runs to beat out Pittsburgh Pirates second baseman Johnny Ray for National League Rookie of the Year honors.

What is the magic number in baseball? How is it figured?

A. P., La Jolla, Calif.

You rarely hear mention of "magic numbers" from April to mid-September, but come the final couple weeks of the baseball season it takes on a lot of importance to the front-running teams. The magic number represents the combination of wins by the first-

place team and losses by the second-place team necessary for the first-place team to clinch its division. It is figured by determining the number of games remaining for the first-place team, adding one, and subtracting the number of games ahead in the loss column of the standings from the closest opponent. When the magic number reaches zero, it's time to crack open the champagne.

Who is the Vezina Trophy, given to hockey's best goalie, named after?

F. N., Frederick, Md.

The Vezina Trophy gets its name from Hall of Fame goalie Georges Vezina, who tended goal for the Canadiens from 1917 to 1926. Vezina died suddenly in the 1925-26 season, while at the peak of his career. Starting the following season, to honor this great goalie, the Vezina Trophy was awarded to the goalie or goalies from one team who allowed the fewest goals during the season. Since 1981, however, the winner of the Vezina has gone to the NHL's best goalie based on a vote of the league's general managers.

Was Wilt Chamberlain drafted by the Philadelphia Warriors or Philadelphia 76ers?

S. V., Los Angeles

The Philadelphia Warriors drafted Wilt out of the University of Kansas in 1959. After the 1961-62 season the Warriors moved their franchise to San Francisco. Wilt played two and a half years in California before the Warriors swapped him to the Philadelphia 76ers in January 1965 for Paul Neumann, Connie Dierking, Lee Shaffer, and cash. The 76ers had moved to Philadelphia from Syracuse, where they had been known as the Nationals, after the 1962-63 season. The Sixers traded Chamberlain to the L.A. Lakers in 1968, where he finished his NBA career.

Editor's Note: In the March issue, it was incorrectly reported that Jack Johnson won the heavyweight championship by knocking out Jim Jeffries in 1910. Actually, Jeffries retired undefeated in 1905, and a new champion was declared in 1906 when Tommy Burns defeated Marvin Hart. Johnson won the championship in 1908 by knocking out Burns.

To uncover obscure sport facts, settle wagers, or to unravel confusing trivia, send your questions to: Inside Out, 1020 Church Street, Evanston, Illinois 60201.



LOU HOLTZ

By PAUL LADEWSKI

Lou Holtz

On criticism: 'I'm only worried about God judging me'
On his team: 'We have a lot of question marks offensively'
On himself: 'I'm not big, I'm not strong, and I have a lisp'

THE TEMPTATION IS TO SAY that Lou Holtz, Notre Dame head football coach and amateur magician, is caught somewhere between a Rockne and a hard place. In its storied, 96-season history, Notre Dame has had only one more losing season than the world has wonders. Trouble is, the Fighting Irish are coming off one of those seasons, a 5-6 humiliation that left the cathedral of football with no bowl appearance, alumni without bragging rights, and beleaguered Gerry Faust without a job. From the ashes rises Holtz's challenge, to make the last five seasons under Faust disappear—which will be no small trick. He inherits a defense that permitted more than 350 yards per game for the first time since 1956. The offense returns one starting lineman. The Irish's all-time leading rusher, tailback Allen Pinkett, is gone. And scheduled are seven teams that played in a bowl game, and five that won at least nine games and ranked in the top 20 a year ago.

So who is this 48-year-old man whose unlikely job it is to put the Fight back in the Irish? Born in Follansbee, W. Va., Louis Leo Holtz's stompin' grounds were a jaunt up the river in East Liverpool, Ohio. As a schoolboy at St. Aloysius, he had the Notre Dame victory march drummed into his head early and often. But because he ranked 234th in a class of 278, Holtz was not one of Notre Dame's chosen ones. Instead, he attended nearby Kent State, where he earned a degree in history. He learned geography as an assistant coach, serving nine years at five different schools before accepting his first head coaching job at age 32 with academics-minded William & Mary, a team, he once quipped, that had more Marys than Williams. After three seasons he left for North Carolina State, where he turned in the best four-year record (33-12-3) in its history.

By then, 1976, Holtz had gained notoriety as a witty whipcracker, but that approach didn't win over many New York Jets.

Scorned and ridiculed in New York, Holtz, 13 games into his first pro season, moved on to Arkansas, where he replaced the storied Frank Broyles and enjoyed his best days. In seven seasons the Razorbacks' 60-21-2 mark included six straight bowl appearances. But Holtz's controversial endorsement of Sen. Jesse Helms of North Carolina, a longtime friend and opponent of Martin Luther King's birthday as a national holiday, was the beginning of the end at Arkansas. While Holtz has said he didn't agree entirely with Helms' platform, many questioned the wisdom of such a move made by any coach so reliant on black athletes. There appeared to be no repercussions at Minnesota, which was 10-12 under Holtz after going 4-18 the previous two seasons.

At Notre Dame, Holtz's experience and success as a head coach didn't go unnoticed. And Notre Dame, he says, is where he has long wanted to be. After he was fired as a South Carolina assistant, Holtz jotted down a list of personal goals, one of which was to coach at Notre Dame. At Minnesota, he insisted on a Notre Dame escape clause in his contract. Now, for his next trick, Lou Holtz tells the future for well-wishers on the flipside of his business card. "The Irish will be back," he writes.

INSIDE SPORTS: It wasn't long after Gerry Faust's resignation that the job was yours. Did you talk previously with Notre Dame?

LOU HOLTZ: I never talked to Notre Dame at all. The sports writers kept talking to me about it. I got a call about 1:30 on Monday or Tuesday. It was [athletic director] Gene Corrigan, and he said, "I don't know if you know it or not, but Gerry Faust resigned today." That was the first I heard from Notre Dame.

IS: And what did he say to you?

LH: He said they would be interested in talking to me about the job at that time, but he wanted to go over a variety of things that

Notre Dame felt strongly about, and that I might not even be interested in the job after he covered everything. He covered admissions, he covered the fact that we didn't red-shirt, he covered the schedule, he covered academics, he covered things like that. And after listening to him, I asked him a few questions and told him I would be interested in discussing Notre Dame. Then he said he would have Father [Edmund] Joyce call me. Father Joyce called me and we visited on the phone, and the next morning I basically made a decision to come to Notre Dame.

IS: This is a job that you've coveted for a long time. What is it about Notre Dame that makes it so attractive to you?

LH: I don't think coveted is the proper word. It's just that I always felt that Notre Dame was something special. This university is unique in several respects. A student-athlete is truly a student-athlete at Notre Dame in that academics do come No. 1, and they do want to be very good in all areas. It's just the fact that the moral values, the academics, the things it stands for, the tremendous number of people who follow Notre Dame, the great tradition—all of these things go into making Notre Dame something special.

IS: Taking all of that into consideration, many people on the outside still perceive Notre Dame to be a bit stuffy, to have a holier-than-thou attitude. Are your wit and humor something it could use more of?

LH: I did not come to Notre Dame to change this university. I have too much respect for it, and I don't believe Notre Dame brought me here to change me. *Contrary* to the question, I find Notre Dame to be just the opposite. I've never met friendlier people or people who have greater pride in their school. As for the holier-than-thou attitude, this is a very strong campus as far as moral values are concerned. And Notre Dame does run the most honest, upright, ethical program I have ever been around.

IS: What's the funniest story you've told?

LH: I don't have any. What's funny to one individual may not be funny to another. I do believe in laughing. I do believe in humor, but I don't ever believe in having humor at the expense of somebody else. One thing that happens so many times is when you read something, and it's completely different from listening to somebody speak. This interview may come off completely different than what it would be perceived if somebody sits here or knows where the voice inflection is. So many times you cannot understand what the environment was that generated the response. Attitude, facial language, body language—all those things enter into a conversation.

IS: Could it be, then, that too much has already been made of your role?

LH: The last thing in this world that I want this conversation to be about is Lou Holtz. I think I have made it abundantly clear to our sports information department that too much has been written about me since I've been here. And I think too much is written about the head coach of Notre Dame. What I would like to have happen is for people to write about the greatness of Notre Dame and the greatness of our athletes. We do have some great athletes, but yet they are always overlooked.

IS: And you do mean *class* people, don't you?

LH: The average student who is enrolled here ranks in the top seven percent of his class. He had over 1,200 on the college boards, and he was either a class officer or a captain of an athletic team. So you get a great caliber of student here, yet everybody wants to talk and write about the football coach at Notre Dame.

IS: You watched Miami beat Notre Dame 58-7 in Gerry Faust's final game, Notre Dame's worst loss in 41 years. What were your thoughts at the time?

LH: I didn't watch this game like I watched other Notre Dame games. In the past, you watched a football game not really caring who wins or loses because your *identification* is normally the school with which you're associated. Watching the game this time was different than any other time. No. 1, I wanted to see our players win and go out as winners and start off a new season with a positive thing. But the fact that we got beat 58-7, it was just one of those games where we didn't play particularly well. You felt down because of the feelings that you knew the players would have when you met them three or four days later.

IS: Did it also illustrate how difficult it is to stay aboveboard and win in collegiate sports as we know them today?

LH: I think it proved that we don't have the corner on all great athletes, that other schools have outstanding athletes. It also



'This is the most ethical program I've ever been around.'

proved that we have a long way to go. But I didn't look at it in terms of evaluating a football team. There were a lot of things that caused the outcome.

IS: Much was made of the alleged attempt by Miami head coach Jimmy Johnson to run up the score. As a result, do you feel any animosity?

LH: None on my part. I don't believe you ever get ahead of anybody if you try to get even. I was informed several years ago by a coach who I felt ran the score up, a gentleman by the name of Bobby Bowden, who I held in the utmost respect and was a good friend of mine. He said it was my job to hold the score down and not his. And he really made a good point in this respect, that he had many difficult games ahead and he had an obligation to accomplish certain things with his team. Ever since then, I've never worried about what the guy on the other side does.

IS: Nevertheless, it was a bitter end to the Faust era. Why do you suppose that, if wins and losses are the chief criteria, he failed as head coach?

LH: I can't evaluate what happened. I think Gerry Faust is a fine, fine person. I was impressed with the inspiration he brought to many people through his reaction to adversity. He has had fine records in the past, and I think the future will prove that he is a fine football coach.

IS: You won often in your seven years at Arkansas. How would you describe your experience there?

LH: It was a great experience. I think that you always try to focus on the good things, and you have a tendency—probably like giving birth to a child—to forget some unfortunate things. I think when we went to North Carolina State, we had the best won-lost record in the history of the school, and I look back and believe to this day we still have the best won-lost record in the history of Arkansas. That was done because we have great fans and good high school athletics. Yet you always have certain problems or difficulties every place you've been and not everybody on the outside can understand them. I have nothing but the utmost respect for the time I spent in Arkansas and for those people. It was very, very positive.

IS: Was your support of Sen. Jesse Helms one of the problems to which you allude?

LH: [Long pause.] I made all the comments I'm going to make on that. I think that has been well documented.

IS: Have you been judged unfairly by that incident?

LH: I'm only worried about God judging me. I'm not worried about anybody else judging me.

IS: What role did Arkansas athletic director Frank Broyles play in your departure?

LH: I have the utmost respect for Frank Broyles. I don't think anybody has to say anything positive about Frank Broyles, because his record speaks for itself. He has been an outstanding coach and a great athletic director, and you would have to go a long way to find anybody to say a negative word about Frank Broyles. And Lou Holtz would be the last one to ever say anything negative about Frank Broyles. He's a class person who gives great leadership.

IS: Your one season as head coach of the New York Jets was a difficult one. Why didn't pro football mix with Lou Holtz?

LH: It's like everything else. It's the attitude you go into things with. Going into New York City at that time, I was young and immature and did not have my values in the proper perspective, didn't approach it with a positive attitude, and just felt that I was not adequately prepared and could not find the proper leadership. If you approach a situation in that manner, then any time something goes wrong you're going to think it's not ever going to work out. I went to the University of Minnesota, which was considered the worst job in America, and I thought that was one of the great experiences I've had, but then again, the attitude was completely different. So I feel bad about the experience in New York because of the owners—people like Leon Hess.

IS: You're known for your variety on offense and your development of so-called no-name quarterbacks. Is there a particular reason for your success in those areas?

LH: It was because people are not well informed about "no-name" quarterbacks. I don't mind a quarterback being unknown before the season, but I really dislike him being unknown after the season. The reason I say that is the quarterback we had at North Carolina State, Dave Bucky, was on the cover of a national magazine, and Bruce Shaw was all-conference there. In seven years at Arkansas, we had the offensive player of the year two of those years. One of them was Ron Calcagni and the other was Kevin Scanlon. We went to Minnesota and had a freshman quarterback who played for us as a sophomore, Rickey Foggie. So I don't think we've had the statistical leader necessarily, but we have had people who have won and been productive and been recognized by coaches and the people who cover us.

IS: How does Notre Dame's offense compare with those you've employed in the past?

LH: I've never had a year that has as many question marks offensively as we do here. I think that the ability to move the football on offense means discipline and people accepting a role and being consistent. So many teams have problems on offense because they self-destruct.

IS: You have said you will run a Wishbone offense at times, even though Steve Beuerlein and Terry Andrysiak are primarily drop-passers.

LH: I think you've got to be able to throw the football, but I also think you have to be able to run the football. The things that we will do on offense will be the things that enable us to utilize the talent that built it. I do not believe you can win just dropping back and throwing the football. The holding penalties, the quarterback sacks, the interceptions all make it impossible to maintain continuity, unless you are at a school where the quarterback can run the receivers, can throw daily year round. That's not possible at Notre Dame, because of the weather and the academics.

IS: Notre Dame's last two recruiting years were generally regarded as poor ones, and you have one of the toughest schedules in the country. Is it possible you can immediately turn around the program?

LH: I cannot turn around this program. This program isn't going to be turned around because I'm in it. This program only has a chance because of the other people pulling together. I do think it is true that we have had a couple of years of average recruiting at best, and that includes this past year. The schedule is difficult, and it's going to be the greatest challenge that our athletes have ever encountered. But it is certainly not an impossible or hopeless task by any stretch of the imagination. We do have some talent here, but maybe not as much as some of the teams we play.

IS: You've been quoted as saying that Notre

Dame doesn't belong among the nation's top 20 teams. What were your reasons?

LH: I don't wish this to sound as criticism, but let's look at some facts. We've come off a losing season, getting beat quite decisively by Miami. We started spring practice and had two defensive linemen on scholarship who were healthy, compared to six or seven quarterbacks on scholarship. We gave up more yards and points last year than Notre Dame has given up in the history of the school with the exception, I believe, of 1956. We gave up more touchdown passes than have been given up in the history of the school. We did not have a healthy tailback going into spring practice who carried the ball more than twice in a season. We did not have a quarterback who had great maneuverability, and yet we threw an awful lot more interceptions than we did touchdowns. We lost four of our top five offensive linemen.

IS: What are your strengths as a coach?

LH: I don't have any strengths. I really don't consider myself an impressive individual. I'm not big, I'm not strong, I have a lisp, and I'm not going to impress people in many, many respects. That includes members of the news media, although I would like to say that I think some of my best friends are members of the news media.

IS: But aren't you afraid you'll ruin your reputation?

LH: It isn't just what you perceive when you make up your mind I like that guy or I don't like him in five to 10 minutes. You build a relationship with athletes over a long term. If you base it on trust and commitment and caring, you've got a chance. I think that I've always been able to select fine coaches. I think the assistant coaches are exceptionally important. Being able to surround yourself with good people as players and coaches and getting everybody to accept their role is all vital to success.

IS: Where do discipline and organization—considered weak spots in the previous regime—rate in your game plan?

LH: That's a good question. No. 1, if you are ever going to be successful, it has to be based on trust, it has to be based on commitment, it has got to be based on genuine regard for principle. The important thing is to have everything in proper perspective, which is: (1) faith, (2) family, (3) academics, (4) football, and (5) social. We have those priorities, and we are going to maintain them. But without discipline, you are not going to be able to achieve success in any field of endeavor.

IS: Which person has had the most influence on you as a head coach?

LH: There have been so many people that have had a positive influence. When you give recognition to one, you take it away from another. Among the people I've worked for, I

think Woody Hayes had the greatest influence on me. There's Rick Forzano, whom I have the utmost respect for. I think Paul Dietzel was exceptional to work with. Jerry Burns, to this day, is an individual who I can call for advice. I think that the people you meet and the books you read are the only two things that ever change. So when you spend a lot of time with an individual, and I do spend an awful lot of time reading books as well, there have been so many things that have changed me and will continue to change me.

IS: You already have made some changes, one of which was putting the green jerseys in mothballs.

LH: We will not wear green jerseys, because those are not our school colors. Our school colors are blue and gold.

IS: And you won't perform magic tricks for your players?

LH: I'm not a very good magician by any stretch of the imagination. I'm going to do what I feel is right, fair, and honest. If that includes magic, if that includes anything else, I'm going to do what's in the best interest of Notre Dame, one, our athletes, two.

IS: Would you classify your job as being a pressure situation?

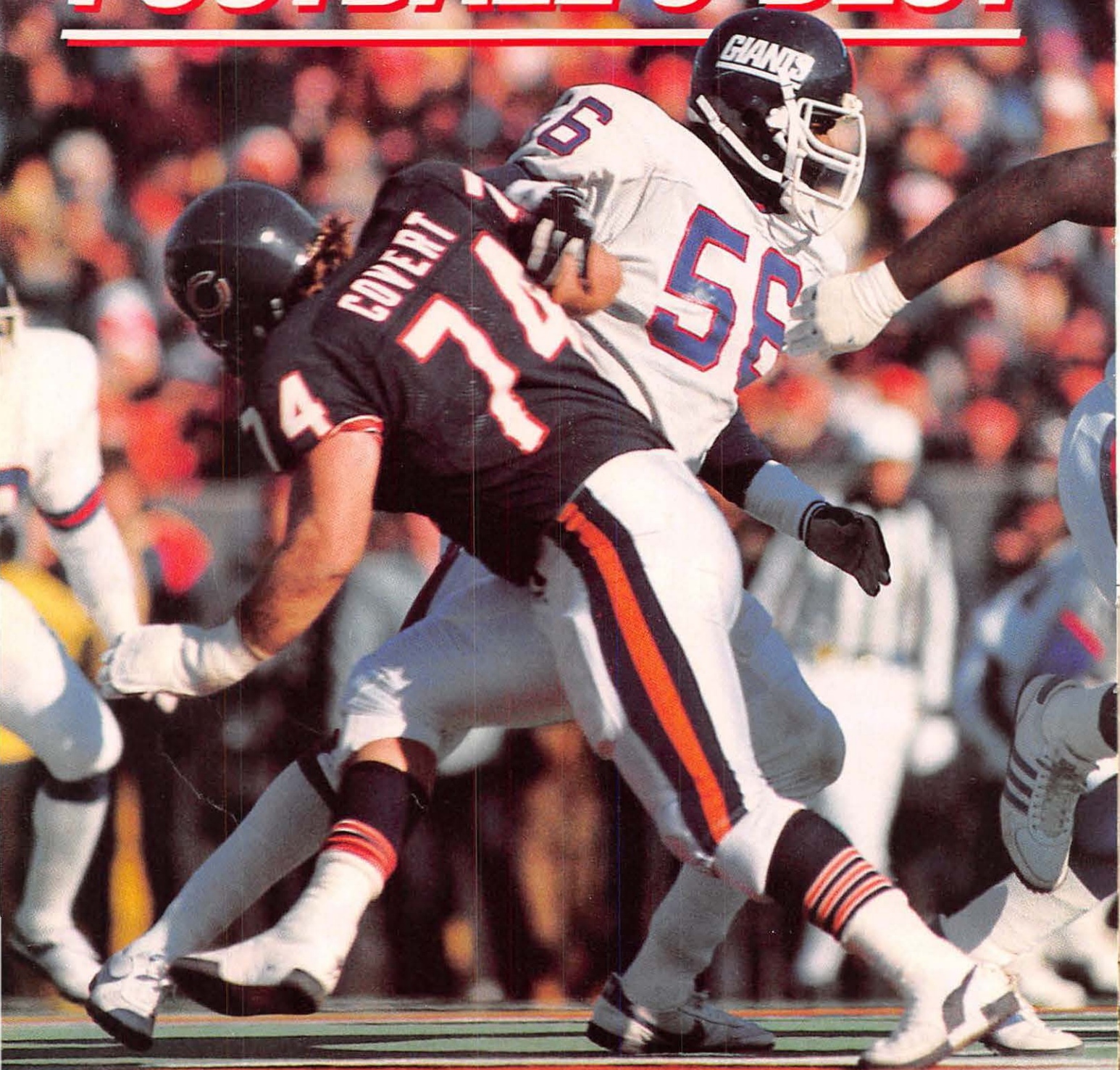
LH: Under no circumstances would I classify the job at Notre Dame as pressure. I think that pressure is when you are poor and broke, have no money, a wife who's pregnant, several smaller children, and are out of a job. That's pressure. I've been in that situation.

IS: And what does the head coach of Notre Dame feel?

LH: I feel an awesome responsibility, and I think that there's a difference between pressure and responsibility. Pressure is something that you've got to do to survive. Responsibility is the great tradition, the great heritage that Notre Dame has had. It's the great moral values, the great academic excellence, 34 athletes playing professional football and all of them having their degree. We've graduated 98.3 percent of our athletes who were involved in football over the last 20 years. It's the great national championships, the Heisman Trophy winners, the great enthusiasm that people have nationwide for Notre Dame. I feel an awesome responsibility to maintain the integrity and character and commitment to excellence that Notre Dame has in all areas of life. Yet, at the same time, you feel responsibility to do everything you possibly can do to help Notre Dame once again go into the elite of the country athletically. I don't ever want to coach anywhere else but Notre Dame. ■

Contributing writer PAUL LADEWSKI felt an awesome responsibility interviewing Holtz, but he did ask to see one magic trick. Paul's last piece for I.S. was the NFC preview.

FOOTBALL'S BEST



When the best offensive lineman in the NFL, Jimbo Covert of the Bears, meets the finest outside linebacker, Lawrence Taylor, a champion could be decided. Read on and find out who the best players are at each position—and, guess whom we rank four quarterbacks ahead of Dan Marino of the Dolphins?

The Top 20 NFL Quarterbacks

By ALLEN BARRA

AND NOW, IT'S TIME TO UNVEIL our ultimate, foolproof method of rating quarterbacks. It's time for it, but unfortunately we still haven't got one. There are all sorts of factors that can mitigate and qualify batting statistics in baseball: ballpark effects, position in the batting order, etc.; but ultimately they tell you something undeniably concrete about the hitter. The batter stands up there alone and takes his licks against the pitcher, one on one, and the stats that result from that are like no others in sport: a concise record of a direct confrontation.

What, on the other hand, do passing stats tell us in football? Do they speak of a quarterback's accuracy, his coolness under fire? Or do they tell us more of the blocking skill of his offensive line, or perhaps the speed and hands of his receivers? The support provided by his running game? What about the factors that can't be measured, like the quarterback who is forced to follow a game plan unsuited to his talents, or the difference between a quarterback like Jim McMahon, who last season almost always had a lead and good field position to work with, and Boomer Esiason, who always seemed to be struggling to come back from a 7-21 deficit?

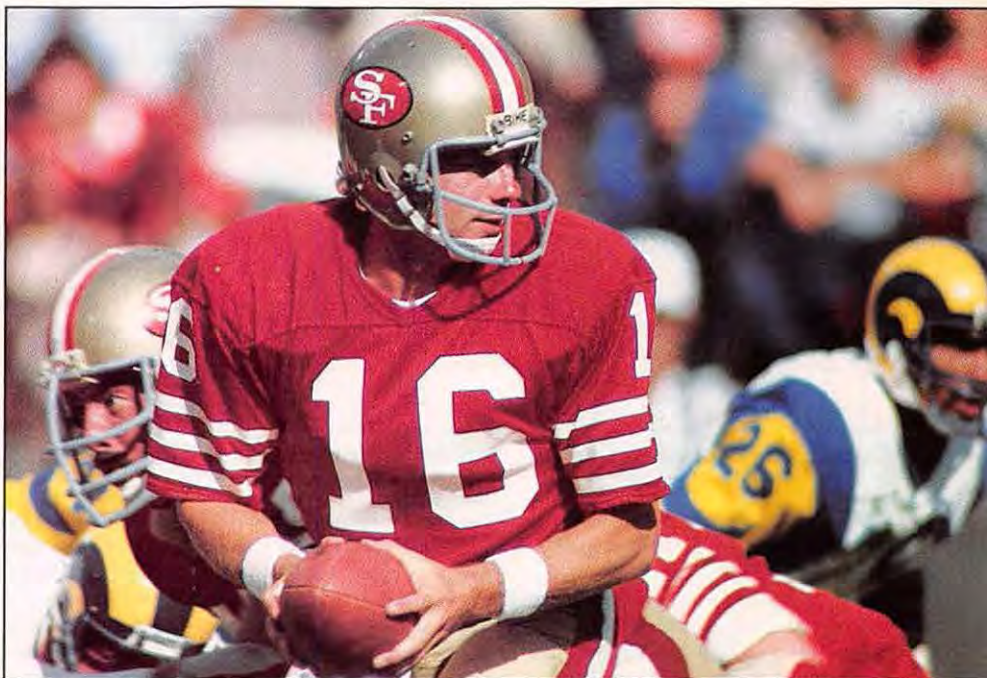
The truth is that passing stats in football are a combination of all these factors, and almost none of them are "pure"—we can't even be sure if "sacks allowed" says more about bad blocking than it does about a quarterback's lack of mobility.

But that doesn't mean we can entirely ignore what passing stats *do* tell us. We've made up two lists here, the first a statistical ranking of the top 12 quarterbacks in the NFL last year, and the second our subjective list, in which we use our own personal observations to rearrange things a bit. By the way, the objective rating, or Passing Efficiency, is similar to the method we used two issues ago to measure a team's passing efficiency. In that one, you may recall, we figured a "value" for interceptions—50 yards, a figure that's partly the result of research and partly intuition—which we subtracted from gross passing yardage totals along with sack yards lost. We then took the result and divided it by the number of total pass attempts.

For the purposes of measuring individual passers we decided not to include sacks and sack yardage. We *do* think sacks have a lot to do with a quarterback's mobility, release, and coolness under fire, but we think the number of interceptions he throws reflects his individual talents more than the number of times he is sacked. In any event, you may find that sacks are not as important as you thought: We think that an interception is at least three times more damaging than a sack. Anyway, among passers with 300 or more attempts, here are the top 12:

1985 Passing Efficiency Leaders

Rank	Player, Team	Rating
1.	Ken O'Brien, Jets	7.14
2.	Boomer Esiason, Bengals	6.59
3.	Bill Kenney, Chiefs	6.17
4.	Dan Fouts, Chargers	6.13



Montana compiled impressive numbers against ferocious competition.

5. Joe Montana, 49ers 6.07
6. Jim McMahon, Bears 5.88
7. Phil Simms, Giants 5.71
8. Neil Lomax, Cardinals 5.55
9. Dieter Brock, Rams 5.50
10. Dan Marino, Dolphins 5.44
11. Danny White, Cowboys 5.12
12. Ron Jaworski, Eagles 5.06

Surely you're asking: Don't you take into account things like pass completion percentage, TDs, and the quality of the teams these quarterbacks played with or against? The answer to the first two items is: no. As for the last point, that's why we've re-ranked them. Here are our top 20 quarterbacks for the '85 season:

(1) **Boomer Esiason:** Since this is a subjective ranking, we have to admit that we might be overly impressed by the fact that this guy had the best name of any player in football. Also, he can throw pretty well. Of all qualifying quarterbacks, only Dan Fouts averaged more yards per pass, 8.46 to 7.99, and Boomer's interception rate was only 2.78 for every 100 throws, one of the lowest in the league. Unlike O'Brien, Marino, and Montana, he had to put the ball in the air in lots of situations where he didn't want to, because the Bengals defense—which allowed more points than all but two NFL teams—put constant pressure on their own offense. And unlike Dan Fouts, who had a similar problem, Esiason didn't throw a lot of interceptions playing catch-up.

(2) **Ken O'Brien:** All of O'Brien's stats look great—3,888 yards passing, 25 touchdowns, a 7.97 yards-per-throw average. But the one that stands out is: 8 interceptions in 488 attempts, a phenomenal rate of 1.64 picked off per 100 throws. Even the 62 sacks the Jets allowed last year couldn't counter this; in fact, they might have had something to do with it, as time and again throughout the season the Jets seemed willing to settle for

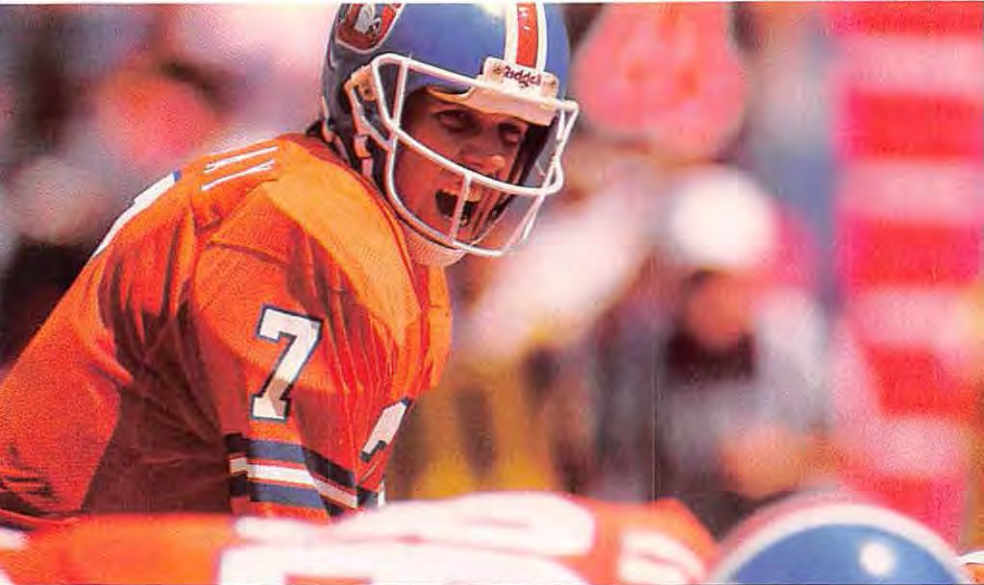
a sack rather than risk putting the ball up for grabs. We think they made the right decision, while Miami and Dan Marino (who was sacked only 19 times but who threw 21 interceptions) made the wrong one.

(3) **Joe Montana:** That everyone perceived Montana as having such an offseason in '85 is a measure of how much we've come to expect from him—3,653 yards passing with 27 TDs and only 13 interceptions wouldn't be much of a comedown for almost anyone else. But in case you're wondering why we have him ranked ahead of Dan Fouts—who played on a worse team and averaged 1.1 yards per pass more than Joe—consider this: Montana had three games against the two teams—the Bears and the Rams—that were No. 1 and 2 in our league defensive rankings last year, while Fouts didn't face anyone in our top five. And Montana still averaged two fewer interceptions per 100 passes than Fouts.

(4) **Dan Fouts:** The only full-time NFL quarterback to top eight yards per throw. Considering that the opposition is always expecting a pass from him, his interception rate of 4.65 wasn't as bad as it seems.

(5) **Dan Marino:** His adjusted yards-per-pass dropped almost two full yards from 1984, a truly amazing decline and possibly the result of new pass defense rules keeping his receivers from getting as far downfield as the year before (and also the result of not having Mark Duper for several games). Still, he was the only NFL quarterback to pass for more than 4,000 yards, and no one came within three of his 30 TD passes. And he did it with a surprisingly weak supporting cast: the Miami rushing attack (18th in the league in yards-per-rush) and a defense that slipped below the level of mediocre for the first time in our memory.

(6) **Jim McMahon:** In rating McMahon over Phil Simms we have to go with the stats. Though



Elway's yards-per-pass rate was actually lower than that of Buffalo's QBs.

Simms had a slightly higher yards-per-pass, McMahon had a lower interception rate, 3.5 per 100 throws to Simms' 4.0. Yes, we still have our doubts about McMahon's ability under fire; it seems that his defense always gave him the ball at his own 46 with a 10-0 lead. But Simms (who was under almost as much pressure in the pocket as Ken O'Brien, though for some reason the New York press didn't seem to notice) also got to face the easiest schedule in the league, and that makes his 20 interceptions—his only bad stat, really—more serious.

(7) **Phil Simms** (see above).

(8) **Neil Lomax**: Our subjective ranking matches our Pass Efficiency rating. We don't think he had as bad a year as was perceived, though in truth we were surprised when we sifted through the statistics and discovered this: Considering how often he had to play catch-up and how often he was hit when he went back to throw, his total of only 12 interceptions is pretty impressive. If he can get his yards-per-pass (6.8) up by a yard, the Cardinals could be back on the track (offensively, anyway).

(9) **Bill Kenney**: A lot of what we said about Lomax goes for Kenney as well—if someone kept a "percentage of times hit while attempting to pass," he'd probably top it. We wish he'd thrown a few more passes so we could have gotten a better read on his season (he had 338 attempts, fewer than anyone on our Pass Efficiency list except for McMahon). Still, he had some fine stats: a 7.5 yards-per-pass average, higher than Marino's or Montana's, and an interception rate of 2.66, lower than Marino's and only a hair above Montana's.

(10) **Dieter Brock**: Yup, Dieter Brock. The much-maligned former backup for Pat Sullivan at Auburn threw only 13 interceptions and, all things considered, gave the Rams a big, big boost in passing efficiency from the previous season. Despite an offensive line that had some definite pass-blocking problems and a game plan that disdained the long pass, the Rams were an *above-average passing team* and an *exactly average rushing team* in 1985. And you don't see anyone dumping on Eric Dickerson, do you?

(11) **Warren Moon**: Sometimes your judgment has to be almost entirely subjective. Last year, you may remember, we ranked Moon as one

of the top quarterbacks in the league. It wasn't just our guess at how good his stats would have been on a good team—his stats *were* great if you looked at them right. Last year they were awful, but actually not as bad as they *should* have been considering how bad the Oilers were. The Oilers had no rushing attack at all; they allowed their quarterbacks to be sacked 58 times, and it's probably safe to say that by anyone's standards their blocking stunk. No one we know thought too highly of their receivers. Worse, Moon was always forced to play catch-up by a defense that usually had the team out of the game at the end of the first quarter. It's no wonder, then, that Moon threw almost as many interceptions as Phil Simms and Dan Marino; what's amazing is that he didn't throw many more. We hear there are folks in Houston who wanted Oliver Luck to start ahead of Moon, but the record shows that the Oilers offense was

much more effective when it was Luck-less.

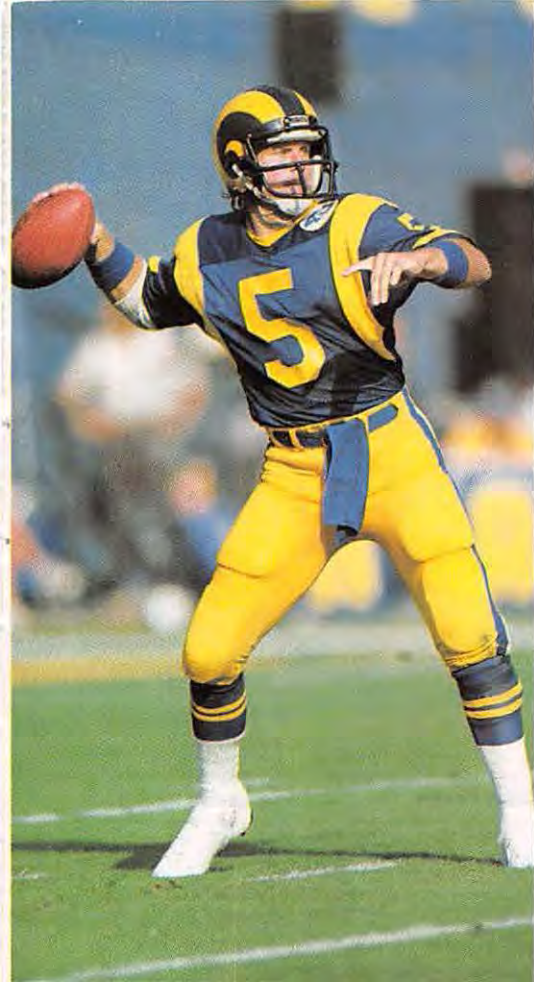
(12) **Danny White**, and **Ron Jaworski** (tie): Two battered, aging vets who had little support from their lines (Philadelphia allowed 55 sacks) or their rushing games (check Dallas' stats if you don't believe us). Both have been better for a long time than they were generally given credit for. At this point it must be obvious that Dallas isn't going to go all the way with White. Jaworski could get a big boost from Buddy Ryan's repair job on the offensive line (not to mention the presence of Keith Byars).

(14) **Eric Hipple**: Stats were just about average in every category, which, come to think of it, is the Lions' season in a nutshell. Does anyone out there know why he was chosen to play Tony Eason in the film biography of Bear Bryant two years ago?

(15) **John Elway** and **Dave Krieg** (tie): We are not grouping these two together because we think they have equal ability. We're grouping them because their teams were almost identical in our power ratings (Seahawks ninth and Broncos 10th), and we think the reason they didn't finish higher was because the passing wasn't better. The funny thing is that people look at their TD pass totals for the last couple of seasons and assume that means passing effectiveness; in fact, high TD pass totals can often disguise an inability to run the ball from in close. In the case of these two teams you'll note that both are well below average in yards rushing and yards per rush. You'll also note, though, that both Elway and Krieg were well below the league average in yards per pass—Elway's yards-per-pass rate was *actually lower than that of Buffalo's quarterbacks*. Krieg's wasn't much better, which is really weird when you consider that in Steve Largent and Daryl Turner he threw to two wide receivers who caught a combined 112 passes for more than 17 yards a catch. We're not saying these guys are bad quarterbacks, but we are saying that Denver and Seattle were good teams that were

QUARTERBACK RATINGS

RANK	PLAYER, TEAM	THROWS SHORT	THROWS LONG	MOBILITY	LEADERSHIP	BIG PLAY	TOTAL
1	BOOMER ESIASON, Bengals	9	9	8	9	8	43
2	KEN O'BRIEN, Jets	9	9	5	9	9	41
3	JOE MONTANA, 49ers	10	7	9	8	6	40
4	DAN FOUTS, Chargers	9	10	5	7	8	39
5	DAN MARINO, Dolphins	9	10	5	7	7	38
6	JIM MCMAHON, Bears	6	6	8	9	8	37
7	PHIL SIMMS, Giants	7	7	7	7	7	35
8	NEIL LOMAX, Cardinals	7	8	6	6	7	34
9	BILL KENNEY, Chiefs	7	7	7	6	6	33
10	DIETER BROCK, Rams	8	6	5	7	6	32
11	WARREN MOON, Oilers	6	6	7	6	6	31
12	DANNY WHITE, Cowboys	7	6	6	5	6	30
	RON JAWORSKI, Eagles	6	6	6	6	6	30
14	ERIC HIPPLE, Lions	6	5	7	6	5	29
15	JOHN ELWAY, Broncos	6	6	6	5	5	28
	DAVE KRIEG, Seahawks	6	6	5	5	6	28
17	TOMMY KRAMER, Vikings	6	6	5	5	5	27
18	TONY EASON, Patriots	6	6	5	4	5	26
19	LYNN DICKEY, Packers	6	5	4	5	5	25
20	MIKE PAGEL, Browns	5	4	5	5	5	24



Yup, that's Brock we rank five spots ahead of Elway.

held back last year by mediocre passing attacks.

(17) **Tommy Kramer:** The Vikings made a definite improvement last year over 1984, but Kramer's stats looked just awful. Do you think they would have benefited from throwing about a hundred fewer passes and settling instead for three yards a crack on the ground? We'd sure give it a try.

(18) **Tony Eason:** One of the real oddities of the 1985 season was that the Patriots improved so much while Eason's stats took such a sharp nose-dive. Of course, that's deceptive because most of his bad numbers came early on. And, of course, Steve Grogan played a lot and his stats looked great.

(19) **Lynn Dickey:** His stats have always looked great until you figure in the cost of the interceptions and sacks (due in part, we have to say, to his notorious lack of mobility). When you add it up, it doesn't seem like a mystery that the Packers finish 8-8 every year. We do stress, though, that a large chunk of the difference between his numbers and those of Phil Simms is that the Packers played the Bears twice while the Giants had the easiest schedule in the NFL.

(20) **Mike Pagel:** He really didn't have that bad a year, all things considered—the Colts' cumulative passing stats were made to look worse by substitute QBs Matt Kofler and Art Schlichter, who averaged an interception every 14 passes. But, *oy*, the yards-per-pass average of 6.1—do you realize that after you subtract yardage lost that the Colts got almost as much per rush as they did per pass?

Rockport's Fitness Walking

The walking program that will improve your heart and health, by the only man who has traveled the entire fifty United States on foot. Includes beginning to advanced walking exercises.

Robert Sweetgall
WITH JAMES RIPLEY, M.D.
AND FRANK KATCH, Ph.D.



HOW TO WALK INTO BETTER SHAPE.

Fitness walking is aerobic, conditions the heart, improves circulation, reduces body fat, eases stress, and is injury-free. *Rockport's Fitness Walking*, by national authority and consultant on fitness walking Rob Sweetgall and Dr. James Rippe, can show you how to get into the best shape of your life with a program of fitness walking.

Please send me _____ copies of *Fitness Walking*. I enclose \$8.95 per copy, plus \$1.00 shipping and handling for a total of _____.

☐ Check or money order enclosed
☐ Master Charge ☐ VISA
Card # _____

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone # _____ Sex _____

Exp. Date _____

Mail to: The Rockport Company, Dept. CS
72 Howe Street
Marlboro, MA 01752

Rockport®
INNOVATIONS IN COMFORT
IS1086

COLLEGE

SPORTSWEAR CATALOG

Over 500 Colleges
All NFL Teams • All MLB Teams

Available now in:

- Sweatshirts
- T-Shirts
- Jackets
- Jerseys
- Caps
- Gift Items

To receive your
Catalog send \$1.00 for shipping.
(refundable with 1st purchase)

SHIRTIQUE INC. I.S.
1249 Boulevard Way
Walnut Creek, CA 94595

Please send me your catalogs.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

Officially Licensed Product

An Interactive VCR Game

For VCR Owners!

"The VCR Quarterback Game" is the most realistic game board game ever produced. Why? Because it features actual NFL film footage on VCR cassettes that bring the plays to life, and provides unending hours of actual game play. All you need is a VCR—the game includes game board and all the accessories. You call the plays—let the pros run them for you! Never play the same game twice! Learn football strategy! Order now for endless fun and excitement!

Mail this coupon with your check or money order to: **INTERACTIVE WEST** - 8191 Stacey Hills Dr., Citrus Heights, CA 95610. Or call toll free for VISA or MasterCard orders: 1-800-824-7888 - Operator 820.

Send me _____ VCR Quarterback Games at \$39.95 plus \$2.50 postage and handling. Allow 3 weeks for delivery.

100% Money Back Guarantee.
If not completely satisfied, return within 30 days of purchase.

INTERACTIVE WEST
8191 Stacey Hills Dr.
Citrus Heights, CA 95610

Name _____
Address _____
City/State/Zip _____

☐ VHS ☐ BETA

The Top 10 Running Backs

By ALLEN BARRA

WHEN DID THE TERM "RUNNING back" become the collective term for halfback and fullback? We don't know for sure, but by the mid-'70s it had become standard among TV announcers—so and so was a "running" back, the guy in front of him was a "blocking" back, or "up" back. The running back was the one who got the ball on about three out of every four rushing plays; the up-back carried just enough to keep the defense honest.

The way the previous generation knew the game, the halfback was a shifty, swivel-hipped speedster who usually carried the ball around end—like Glenn Davis, "Mr. Outside." The fullback was stocky, powerful, bullish, and he carried up the middle—like Doc Blanchard, "Mr. Inside." This stereotype lasted right through the '50s; check the most successful teams of the era—the Baltimore Colts, for instance, with Lenny Moore at halfback and Alan (The Horse) Ameche at fullback—and you'll see this kind of setup.

By the early '60s the distinctions were starting to blur. The two most prolific ball carriers of the era, Jim Brown and Jim Taylor, probably because they were both great power runners, were referred to as fullbacks. They carried the ball twice as often as the halfbacks they lined up with. If they had come up 20 years later, they probably would both have been "I" backs, lining up behind a blocking back whose primary function would be to run interference for him. For all intents and purposes, Brown *was* a tailback—when he wasn't carrying the ball his talent was for sliding out of the backfield for passes, not blocking. Blanton Collier seemed to realize this when he took over the head-coaching job at Cleveland from Paul Brown in 1964, and instituted a system more to Brown's liking (i.e. one that was more suitable to his talents) by allowing Brown more freedom to choose his own hole to the inside or outside rather than always having to hit the designated hole of Paul Brown's system. The result was dramatic: In 1964 Brown's yards-per-carry average shot up to 6.4, an amazing climb of 2.1 yards from the previous year. The reason was obvious: In addition to his extraordinary power, Brown's deceptive speed and amazing balance made him a highly effective ball carrier when sweeping to the outside, and Collier's system gave him more time to react to where the hole was opening.

By the late '70s most college and pro teams were following Southern Cal's example in taking their best runner, lining him up eight yards deep with a blocker in front, pitching him the ball, and letting him choose his route based on how the play developed.

Where does that leave us now? Unable to come up with a simple method of comparing halfbacks, fullbacks, and tailbacks, or even a simple definition of what the difference between them is. We've decided, for the time being, to do it like this: *Any back, no matter what his team's formation, qualifies as a running back to us if he functions as his team's primary weapon on the ground.*

Here are our top 10 for the '85 season:



Craig averages five yards a carry and is the best pass-catching back.

(1) **Marcus Allen:** With all due respect to the great Walter, Marcus Allen was—by virtually any subjective yardstick—the best running back in the NFL last season. No other back did so much to put his team in the playoffs—he led the NFL in rushing, carried more times than anyone besides Atlanta's Gerald Riggs, caught 67 passes, and averaged 4.6 yards a try against defenses geared to stop him. We're still not sure what yards-per-carry signifies, but no matter how you look at it you've got to be impressed by the fact that the Raiders got only three yards a crack when Allen didn't have the ball. (Did you realize that he's the last Heisman Trophy winner to be signed by the NFL?)

(2) **Craig James:** Because of the Pats' roller-coaster in the Super Bowl, it's easy to overlook what a great season James had: 1,227 yards and a 4.7 average against a tougher schedule than that faced by Payton, Dickerson, or Dorsett. He's also a hell of a pass receiver, averaging an excellent 13.3 yards per catch last year. Look for him to catch a lot more than 27 passes this year (mystery of the Super Bowl: Why didn't the Pats throw him the ball? He had their only score—on a 90-yard TD reception—in their regular-season meeting with the Bears).

(3) **Roger Craig:** There's a certain reluctance among NFL people to call Roger Craig a great back. We can't think of a single reason not to—he's had two great years, has proved his mettle in big games (his dropped passes against the Giants in the playoffs can be written off to the bad knee that probably should have kept him out of the game), has averaged five yards a carry as a pro, and is probably the best pass-receiving back in football. We said at the outset these evaluations were mostly based on rushing, but there are times when it's hard to tell a pass to Craig (or Payton or Allen) from a pitch to Craig.

(4) **George Riggins:** Or John Rogers, take your pick. It's a shame the 'Skins didn't keep

Riggins and talk these guys into sharing the work load, because taken together they were one of the best running backs in football: 407 carries for 1,770 yards, a 4.35 average, and 15 TDs. A continued division of labor here could have added time to both their careers.

(5) **Walter Payton:** After so many extraordinary seasons, chinks in this man's armor are starting to show. Sweetness was not a factor last season from the 15th game on—it's hard to believe that age didn't have something to do with his late-season slowdown. (Did you notice that the Bears spent most of the playoffs running him out of the split-back instead of the "I" and that Matt Suhey got the ball in most key situations? Neither did the Bears' opponents.) Question: Will the man who finally replaces him be nicknamed Sweet and Low?

(6) **Freeman McNeil:** The general assumption is that McNeil benefited tremendously from the Jets' revived air game, but like most assumptions this one has no statistical basis. The Jets actually were an average running team last year despite having the most effective passing attack in the NFL. When McNeil ran, the Jets got 4.5 yards per try, or 0.5 above the AFC average. On the other 270 carries they averaged 3.6, or 0.4 under it.

(7) **Tony Dorsett:** The situation with Dorsett is similar to McNeil, only more pronounced. Tony had a pretty good year: 1,307 yards, sixth best in the NFL, and a 4.3 average. But the Cowboys were still 0.3 below the league's yards-per-rush average. You subtract Dorsett's totals, and they got a miserable 2.7, which indicates how much he meant to them. Also, he caught 46 passes for just under 10 yards a catch. Subjectively, we always thought he was overrated, but the numbers last year suggest that his decline has been exaggerated.

(8) **Joe Morris:** His numbers (1,336 yards, a 4.5 average, 21 TDs) look great until you realize the Giants had the easiest schedule in the NFL last

RUNNING BACK RATINGS

RANK	PLAYER, TEAM	SPEED	HANDS	POWER	ELUSIVENESS	BIG PLAY	TOTAL
1	MARCUS ALLEN, Raiders	8	10	8	8	10	44
2	CRAIG JAMES, Patriots	8	9	9	8	9	43
3	ROGER CRAIG, 49ers	8	10	8	7	9	42
4	GEORGE ROGERS, Redskins	8	7	9	9	8	41
5	WALTER PAYTON, Bears	7	9	8	8	8	40
	FREEMAN MCNEIL, Jets	8	8	8	8	8	40
7	TONY DORSETT, Cowboys	8	7	6	9	9	39
	JOE MORRIS, Giants	8	6	7	9	9	39
9	ERIC DICKERSON, Rams	8	6	8	7	9	38
10	TONY NATHAN, Dolphins	7	8	7	7	8	37
11	CURT WARNER, Seahawks	7	7	7	8	7	36
12	LIONEL JAMES, Chargers	7	8	3	9	8	35
	JAMES WILDER, Buccaneers	7	7	8	7	6	35
14	GERALD RIGGS, Falcons	7	6	8	6	7	34
15	JAMES BROOKS, Bengals	7	8	6	6	6	33
16	WENDELL TYLER, 49ers	6	5	7	8	6	32
17	EARNEST JACKSON, Eagles	7	6	6	6	6	31
	STUMP MITCHELL, Cardinals	6	5	7	6	7	31
	TONY COLLINS, Patriots	6	6	6	7	6	31
20	GREG BELL, Bills	7	6	5	6	6	30

year. Actually, they still look good *after* you realize that—the Giants had the lowest yards-per-rush in the league the year before, and last year they were

slightly above the league average (Morris' 65-yard TD run last year was two and a half times farther than any Giant went on the ground in '84). Until we

have evidence that he's not as good as his stats indicate, we have to assume the Giants lucked into a truly exceptional back.

(9) **Eric Dickerson:** To tell you the truth, we only ranked him this high because of his extraordinary ability and rep. The cold facts are that the Rams were almost exactly as effective without Dickerson last year as they were *with* him, and that level of effectiveness was precisely the league average. Relative to the league, the Rams' passing game was better than the running. Did the opposition key on Dickerson? Of course, but no more than they did on Marcus Allen. And the way the Rams use him now, Dickerson is almost useless as a pass receiver.

(10) **Tony Nathan:** The irony of Nathan's career is that in college, when he might have had a shot at the Heisman, he played for Bear Bryant, who shuffled runners in and out faster than George Steinbrenner shuffles managers. And now he plays for a team that runs only to let the quarterback rest his arm. But Nathan is more than one of the best pass-catching backs in NFL history—he's a superb running back who has made substantial contributions to two Super Bowl teams. Last year he averaged 4.7 yards per carry, a stat that many are willing to write off to the way opponents spread their defense to contain Marino. If so, then someone has to explain why the Dolphins got only 3.3 yards a crack in the 301 times Nathan *didn't* carry the ball. Or why Nathan's stats were just about the same when David Woodley was the Dolphins' passer.

Discwasher® cleans the yuckies off your VCR heads.

Discwasher® Video Head Cleaner picks up the yucky tape oxides that cause fuzzy pictures and mushy sound. This patent pending process cleans all your

audio and video heads without scratching the surface. It also cleans along the entire tape path. There are absolutely no harmful chemicals in this

exclusive dry cleaning system.

Discwasher is the technological leader in maintaining picture and sound clarity. Discwasher, 4309 Transworld Road, Schiller Park, IL 60176.

Find out what we can do for your record, compact disc and tape equipment, too!

discwasher® For good, clean fun.

© 1986 Discwasher
A Division of International Jensen Inc.





Cincy's Collinsworth has hands, speed, and moves.

The Top 5 Wide Receiver Tandems

By ALLEN BARRA

COME ON NOW, YOU'RE SAYING, after glancing at our first selection: Are we just trying to be provocative? Well, yes, kind of. But we're also trying to take into account what many writers don't when rating wide receivers. For instance, did their team play some tough defenses (Seattle did, much tougher than the defenses faced by John Stallworth and Louis Lipps, both of whom can still play on our team)? Did they have a great passer throwing to them? We say Steve Largent and Daryl Turner didn't, and had great seasons anyway.

And so on. We can't answer for receivers who are reputed to be great—who we think are great—but who had the misfortune to play on bad teams. But we can say that the tandems we selected here did all that could have been asked of them. And that's all we ask of them.

Individually, it's difficult to rate wide receivers because so much depends on who a player's running partner is. The Broncos' Steve Watson, for example, hasn't received anywhere near the credit he deserves for stringing together a series of outstanding seasons. The reason is that Denver hasn't been able to pair him with an outstanding deep threat who'd keep secondaries honest.

WIDE RECEIVER RATINGS

RANK	PLAYER, TEAM	SPEED	HANDS	RUNS PATTERNS	CATCHES IN CROWD	DURABILITY	TOTAL
1	LOUIS LIPPS, Steelers	9	9	8	9	9	44
2	JAMES LOFTON, Packers	9	8	8	9	9	43
	STEVE LARGENT, Seahawks	6	10	9	9	9	43
4	CRIS COLLINSWORTH, Bengals	7	9	9	9	8	42
5	ART MONK, Redskins	6	9	9	9	8	41
	STEVE WATSON, Broncos	6	9	9	9	8	41
	CHARLIE JOINER, Chargers	5	8	9	9	10	41
8	DWIGHT CLARK, 49ers	6	9	9	9	7	40
	JOHN STALLWORTH, Steelers	5	9	9	9	8	40
	DARYL TURNER, Seahawks	9	8	8	8	7	40
11	MARK CLAYTON, Dolphins	9	7	8	7	8	39
	MARK DUPER, Dolphins	9	7	8	7	8	39
	MIKE QUICK, Eagles	9	8	7	7	8	39
14	WES CHANDLER, Chargers	7	7	8	8	8	38
	LEONARD THOMPSON, Lions	6	8	8	8	8	38
16	EDDIE BROWN, Bengals	9	8	6	6	8	37
	HENRY ELLARD, Rams	9	8	6	6	8	37
	IRVING FRYAR, Patriots	9	8	7	6	7	37
19	STANLEY MORGAN, Patriots	9	6	7	7	7	36
	DREW HILL, Oilers	9	7	6	6	8	36

(1) **Steve Largent and Daryl Turner, Seahawks:** It was tough picking anyone over Collinsworth and Brown, but these two have managed to look great with a much less effective passer than Boomer Esiason. Largent is supposed to be a "possession" man rather than a game-breaker, but last year he averaged 16.3 yards on his 79 receptions. On the other side of the line, Turner is a real terror: He's had the highest yards-per-catch average in the league during his first two years. (Kind of makes you wonder why the Seahawks were 21st in the league in yards-per-pass last season, doesn't it? Hint: Check the dismal passing yardage to the running backs.)

(2) **Cris Collinsworth and Eddie Brown, Bengals:** The white guy is supposed to be the possession man and the black guy the game-breaker, but that turns out to be typical white-black stereotyping: The white guy in Cincinnati averaged 17.3 yards a catch, the black guy 17.8. We think Brown is the next great receiver in football, and that he will prove it in 1986. He's not a bad runner, either—he carried on 14 end-arounds, tops in the NFL, for 129 yards.

(3) **Wes Chandler and Charlie Joiner, Chargers:** If you didn't know anything more about Grambling head coach Eddie Robinson than that he produced, in Joiner, the NFL's all-time pass-catching leader and Trumaine Johnson, a youngster 16 years Joiner's junior, who is worthy of inheriting the position—wouldn't you be at least mildly curious as to why the man never even became a receivers' coach in the NFL? Chandler averaged an outstanding 17.9 yards on his 67 receptions last year.

(4) **Mark Clayton and Mark Duper, Dolphins:** Now that we've had a chance to examine their respective talents in greater detail, we've come to the conclusion that the first Mark is indeed super, but the second Mark is, well, super-Duper. You can attribute a large chunk of Marino's decline in yards-per-pass last season to the games Duper was out (but how many teams have a Nat Moore to sub?).

Clayton caught 70 passes in '85, but his 14.2 yards-per-catch average was a sharp drop from 19.0 the previous season. His TD receptions also tumbled from an NFL-record 18 in '84 to only four last season. Duper returned from the injured list to catch 35 passes and take the heat off Clayton.

(5) **Jerry Rice and Dwight Clark, 49ers:** The only complaint we've ever had about Clark is that he never ranked too high in yards-per-catch, and at his age he's not going to make a dramatic improvement in this area. A speedy third wideout on, say, third-and-nine could make him much more effective. As for Rice, it's not often you see a rookie so perfectly in synch with his quarterback. We expect him to emerge as the NFL's finest all-around receiver in a year or two (and look for him to break an end-around or two this year). There wasn't much to choose from here between these two and the Steelers' John Stallworth and Louis Lipps; the choice is subjective on our part. We do think, though, that Stallworth has slowed up more than people realize—he had an average of only 12.5 yards per catch and 5 TDs last year—and at this point in his career he's getting a lot of the passes that would normally go to the tight ends (somebody must have—Steeler tight ends caught only 12 passes all year).

THE UNCOMMON COLD™



Better than ice. No mess, leaks, drips or lumps. For fast relief from the pain and swelling of sprains, bumps and muscle pulls — give yourself the Uncommon Cold — ACE Cold Therapy products.

Away from home, keep the portable Instant Cold Compress on hand for emergency use. Or for long-lasting cold and repeated applications, reach for the Reusable Cold Compress. And for maximum treatment, combining the benefits of cold and compression, try the Cold Compression Wrap.

So when you need cold and compression treatment, use ACE... the Uncommon Cold.

ACE® KEEPS AMERICA WINNING.

ACE and THE UNCOMMON COLD are trademarks of Becton Dickinson and Company.

The Best of the Tight Ends

By BRIAN HEWITT

RATING TIGHT ENDS IS A LITTLE like assessing puppies in the litter of a Labrador retriever—it all depends on what you need, what you like, and how you hunt.

There are fast tight ends, tall tight ends, wide tight ends, hungry tight ends, and dangerous tight ends. There are tight ends who can block but can't catch. And there are tight ends who can catch but can't block. There are a few who can do both and too many who can do neither. The latter are puppies that turned out to be lousy retrievers—real dogs.

There are also up-backs, H-backs, and rovers. Most of the time they are tight ends who line up in the slot and go in motion. "You really don't see the tight end like you used to see the tight end," says Chicago Bears head coach Mike Ditka, a prototypical blue-collar tight end for the Bears in the '60s. "They're looking at them a little differently now. The position has changed. That's not to slight anyone. It's just changed."

In the NFL there is only one tight end who dictates how defenses prepare for his team. "Defensively," says Giants coach Bill Parcells, "you always want to have the element of being able to control the other team's wide receivers. But when you have to face a guy like Ozzie Newsome, sometimes you have to concentrate less on the wide receivers and more on him."

"Ozzie Newsome," says his coach in Cleveland, Marty Schottenheimer, "is probably one of the top 10 players in the NFL."

In the last six years Newsome has caught more passes (409) than any wide receiver, running back, or tight end in the NFL. Only the Raiders' Todd Christensen comes close to matching Newsome's production. But Christensen doesn't dictate to defenses so much as he frustrates them with his consistency. The converted fullback with the eclectic reading tastes became the only tight end in NFL history to record three straight 80-reception seasons when he grabbed 82 passes last year. And Christensen did so for a team whose owner, Al Davis, is rarely happy unless his quarterback is looking long.

Newsome is a good blocker, not great. Christensen is an average blocker. "But Christensen does a great job of getting open and pushing off people," Ditka says without a trace of sarcasm. "He uses his weight and strength very well."

"Christensen gets it done when he has to get it done," adds San Diego Chargers scout John Butler.

Newsome and Christensen represented the AFC in the Pro Bowl last February. For the Raiders it was the seventh time in the last 10 years they sent a tight end to the Pro Bowl. The NFC's Pro Bowl selections were Dallas' Doug Cosbie and Tampa's Jimmie Giles. Giles led all NFL tight ends last year with eight touchdown catches.

Those four tight ends, plus Philadelphia's John Spagnola, San Francisco's Russ Francis, and Green Bay's Paul Coffman represent the NFL's elite. Giles bounced back from an off year in 1984

TIGHT END RATINGS

RANK	PLAYER, TEAM	SPEED	HANDS	CATCHES IN CROWD	BLOCKING	BIG PLAY	TOTAL
1	OZZIE NEWSOME, Browns	9	9	9	8	9	44
2	TODD CHRISTENSEN, Raiders	7	10	9	7	10	43
3	DOUG COSBIE, Cowboys	7	8	9	8	9	41
4	JIMMIE GILES, Buccaneers	8	8	8	8	8	40
5	JOHN SPAGNOLA, Eagles	7	8	8	8	8	39
	RUSS FRANCIS, 49ers	8	9	8	7	7	39
7	PAUL COFFMAN, Packers	7	8	8	8	7	38
8	KELLEN WINSLOW, Chargers	8	8	8	6	7	37
9	MICKEY SHULER, Jets	7	7	8	7	7	36
10	MARK BAVARO, Giants	6	7	8	8	6	35
	STEVE JORDAN, Vikings	7	7	7	7	7	35
12	CLARENCE KAY, Broncos	6	7	7	8	6	34
13	TONY HUNTER, Rams	9	7	6	5	6	33
14	RODNEY HOLMAN, Bengals	6	7	6	7	6	32
	ARTHUR COX, Falcons	6	6	6	9	5	32
	HOBY BRENNER, Saints	6	7	6	7	6	32
	EMERY MOOREHEAD, Bears	7	6	7	6	6	32
18	TIM WRIGHTMAN, Bears	5	7	7	7	5	31
	LIN DAWSON, Patriots	7	6	6	6	6	31
20	BRUCE HARDY, Dolphins	6	6	6	7	5	30

to haul in 43 passes for 673 yards last season. He benefited from a Bucs offense that completed 115 passes to four tight ends. Compare that to the Steelers, whose top two tight ends have caught a total of only 23 passes in the last two years. Cosbie needs 44 receptions to move past Billy Joe DuPree and become the Cowboys' most prolific tight end ever.

But every tight end mentioned above is 29 or older. San Diego's Kellen Winslow, once dominant in his role as tight end/power forward, is 28 and bravely fighting back from knee surgery. He caught 25 passes last year after returning in Week 7. And, says one scout, "I think he's 90 to 95 percent back now." But whether he will become the first tight end inducted into the Pro Football Hall of Fame is uncertain.

The New York Jets' Mickey Shuler burst onto the scene with 76 catches in 1985, second only to Christensen among NFL tight ends. The eight-year veteran from Penn State actually came into his own in 1984, leading the Jets with 68 receptions after catching only 26 passes the previous season. Shuler is a tough possession receiver who consistently makes the big catch. But he, too, will be 30 when the '86 NFL season begins.

So who are the good young tight ends? And where are they hiding? The following are only household names when they walk in their own front door: Denver's Clarence Kay, Cincinnati's Rodney Holman, the Giants' Mark Bavaro, and Minnesota's Steve Jordan.

Kay, 25, may be the best blocking tight end in the league. Holman, 26, fits well within the Bengals system. But Bavaro and Jordan are clearly the cream of a thin crop.

Bavaro, 23, made the NFL's All-Rookie team last year after replacing injured Zeke Mowatt. His

12 catches against Cincinnati set a team record. "This is what a tight end should be," says Ditka of the 6'4", 245-pound Bavaro, a fourth-round draft choice out of Notre Dame. "He's tall, he's aggressive, he catches the ball, he's not fancy, and he blocks his ass off. He does everything you ask him."

Jordan, 25, was even less heralded than Bavaro when he joined the Vikings four years ago as a seventh-round draft choice. Nobody in the NFL was terribly impressed with his civil engineering degree from Brown University. But Jordan's 68 catches led all NFC tight ends last year. And, says Ditka, "he does a lot more than catch the ball. He's very underrated."

Other young tight ends to watch include Atlanta's Arthur Cox, Chicago's Tim Wrightman, the Rams' Tony Hunter, and New Orleans' Hoby Brenner. Cox rivals Kay in blocking ability but must learn to control holding penalties. He has been whistled nine times in the last two years. Hunter is a legitimate deep threat. Wrightman, like Ditka before him, can catch and block. But lack of speed has kept him from wresting more playing time away from dependable Bears veteran Emery Moorehead, whose 35 receptions were second only to Walter Payton last season. Brenner led the Saints with 42 receptions for a team-high 652 yards (which says something about the quality of New Orleans' wide receivers).

"A tight end used to be just another lineman," says San Diego's Butler. "You'd just line them up and ask them to root people out. Now they're more receiver-oriented. I still look for the guys who can block and catch. And I still look for guys who, when they catch the ball, they're still a load to bring down."

Those guys are getting harder to find.

The Top 10 Offensive Linemen

By STEPHEN HANKS

THERE IS A ROUTINE IN AN OLD Charlie Chaplin movie in which Charlie, baby-sitting for a small boy, tries to show the kid he has nothing to fear from a toy spider. Chaplin takes it apart piece by piece as the boy, his fears abated, begins to laugh. Then Charlie puts it back together again, piece by piece, much to the kid's delight. Upon assembly of the last leg, the baby observes that it's a spider again, and resumes screaming bloody murder.

Chaplin's routine is a vivid reminder that the whole is usually more than the sum of its parts. We have no quarrel with coaches, scouts, or other writers who rate a particular lineman higher than another, or judge one line to have more All-Pro material than one we prefer. What we're trying to do is judge by results, that undefinable chemistry of blockers working together as a team. Simply stated, our thesis is this: If you had a great offense, you must have had great blocking.

(1) **Jimbo Covert**, Tackle, Bears: Has the personality of a defensive lineman. Plays the left side of the line, usually matched against the top pass-rusher. "Athletically, not in the same class with [Dwight] Stephenson and [Mike] Munchak," claims one scout, "but he's a very smart lineman who makes up with competitiveness and technique what he lacks in natural ability."

(2) **Dwight Stephenson**, Center, Dolphins: With 6'4", 235-pound outside linebackers who run the 40 in 4.5 blitzing quarterbacks, offensive tackle is the toughest line position to play. But these days, center is no piece of cake either. Centers once played forever, their most difficult job (besides snapping the ball) was jumping out to cut off a middle linebacker five to 10 yards downfield. Now, brutish nose tackles are pounding them on every single down. Stephenson's the best around. One scout says: "He's quick into his blocks and beats a lot of people off the ball. He's also a great technician." Another scout who rates him No. 1 adds: "He has tremendous pride. One of those guys who doesn't want his peers catching him making mistakes on game films." Considering the Dolphins' offensive line is essentially a patchwork quilt of former TEs and DLs, Stephenson's performance the last five seasons is even more remarkable.

(3) **Mike Munchak**, Guard, Oilers: Clearly the top guard now that John Hannah's gone. Underrated playing with a noncontender, this 6'3", 275-pounder could also play tackle. "Excellent athlete, physical, strong, sustains blocks, and can overpower linemen."

(4) **Anthony Munoz**, Tackle, Bengals: "When he first came into the league, people worried about knee injury problems, but he's

ORDINARY



**SPORTS
TAPE**
(after one use)

EXTRAORDINARY!



**THE ACE[®]
ATHLETIC
BANDAGE**
(after one use)

The ACE Athletic Bandage outperforms sports tape!

With the Athletic Bandage, you can wrap yourself easily and evenly — no sticky tape strips, no wasteful rewraps and no bunching up.

The Athletic Bandage is self-adhering. So it sticks to itself, without clips, to keep its form and stay in place — no slipping. Yet, the absorbent cotton and spandex material s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s, allowing you to control compression. And when you take it off, it won't pull or irritate your skin.

Plus, the ACE Athletic Bandage is reusable, for your continued support, protection and healing.

So, for extraordinary performance, switch to the self-adhering and reusable ACE Athletic Bandage. **It's a winner!**



ACE[®] KEEPS AMERICA WINNING.

ACE is a trademark of Becton Dickinson and Company.

lasted." Yeah, enough to be a five-time Pro Bowler in his six seasons. "For a 300-pounder, he has exceptional athletic ability," raves a scout.

(5) **Russ Grimm**, Guard, Redskins: After the top four, you can probably put the next half-dozen guys in a hat and any of them could be No. 5. But you'd be doing well if the man you picked out was the best of the Hogs. With Grimm (among others) to run behind, George Rogers had his best year and the 'Skins boasted the No. 2 rushing attack in the NFL. And that was *without* John Riggins at his best.

(6) **Chris Hinton**, Tackle, Colts: We may be overrating him right now, but most scouts think he's destined to be one of the best, if not *the* best tackle in the NFL. Right now, according to one, "he has some problems with pass protection against some quicker guys." But another exclaims: "He's a great athlete and one of the few offensive linemen who'll fire out and hit people."

(7 & 8) **Jackie Slater**, Tackle and **Kent Hill**, Guard, Rams: A number of NFL observers took note of the Rams' difficulties in moving the ball last season and accused their offensive line of being overrated. We beg to differ. Slater, Hill, and guard Dennis Harrah (although he's slowed down) are pretty fair country linemen, and the Rams' fine center, Doug Smith, was on injured reserve all year.

(9) **Dave Rimington**, Center, Bengals: The two-time Outland Trophy winner from Nebraska needed only three seasons to establish himself as one of the NFL's finest. "He combines explosive

OFFENSIVE LINEMAN RATINGS							
RANK	PLAYER, TEAM	STRENGTH	QUICKNESS	PASS BLOCKING	RUN BLOCKING	DURABILITY	TOTAL
1	JIMBO COVERT, Bears	9	8	9	9	9	44
2	DWIGHT STEPHENSON, Dolphins	9	7	9	9	9	43
3	MIKE MUNCHAK, Oilers	7	8	9	9	9	42
4	ANTHONY MUNOZ, Bengals	9	7	8	8	9	41
5	RUSS GRIMM, Redskins	8	7	8	8	9	40
6	CHRIS HINTON, Colts	8	8	8	7	8	39
7	JACKIE SLATER, Rams	8	8	8	8	6	38
	KENT HILL, Rams	7	9	7	9	6	38
9	DAVE RIMINGTON, Bengals	8	7	7	7	8	37
10	BRIAN HOLLOWAY, Patriots	8	7	7	6	8	36
	JOE JACOBY, Redskins	8	7	7	7	7	36
12	ROY FOSTER, Dolphins	7	7	8	6	7	35
	BILL FRALIC, Falcons	8	6	7	7	7	35
	MIKE WEBSTER, Steelers	7	7	6	6	9	35
	DENNIS HARRAH, Rams	6	6	7	8	8	35
	JOE FIELDS, Jets	7	7	7	7	7	35

strength and balance better than anyone else," says a rival AFC coach. "He just moves people around."

(10) **Brian Holloway**, Tackle, Patriots: In the Supe, the Bears' fierce rush exposed a lot of Holloway's deficiencies. "He can really run for a

big man [6'7", 288] and he's terrific at pulling and adjusting to little corners on quick passes to the wideouts," observes one AFC scout, "but he's not a run-blocker and has problems against a quick outside rush from Richard Dent types. May be a little overrated. Good, not great.

The Top 10 Defensive Linemen

By STEPHEN HANKS

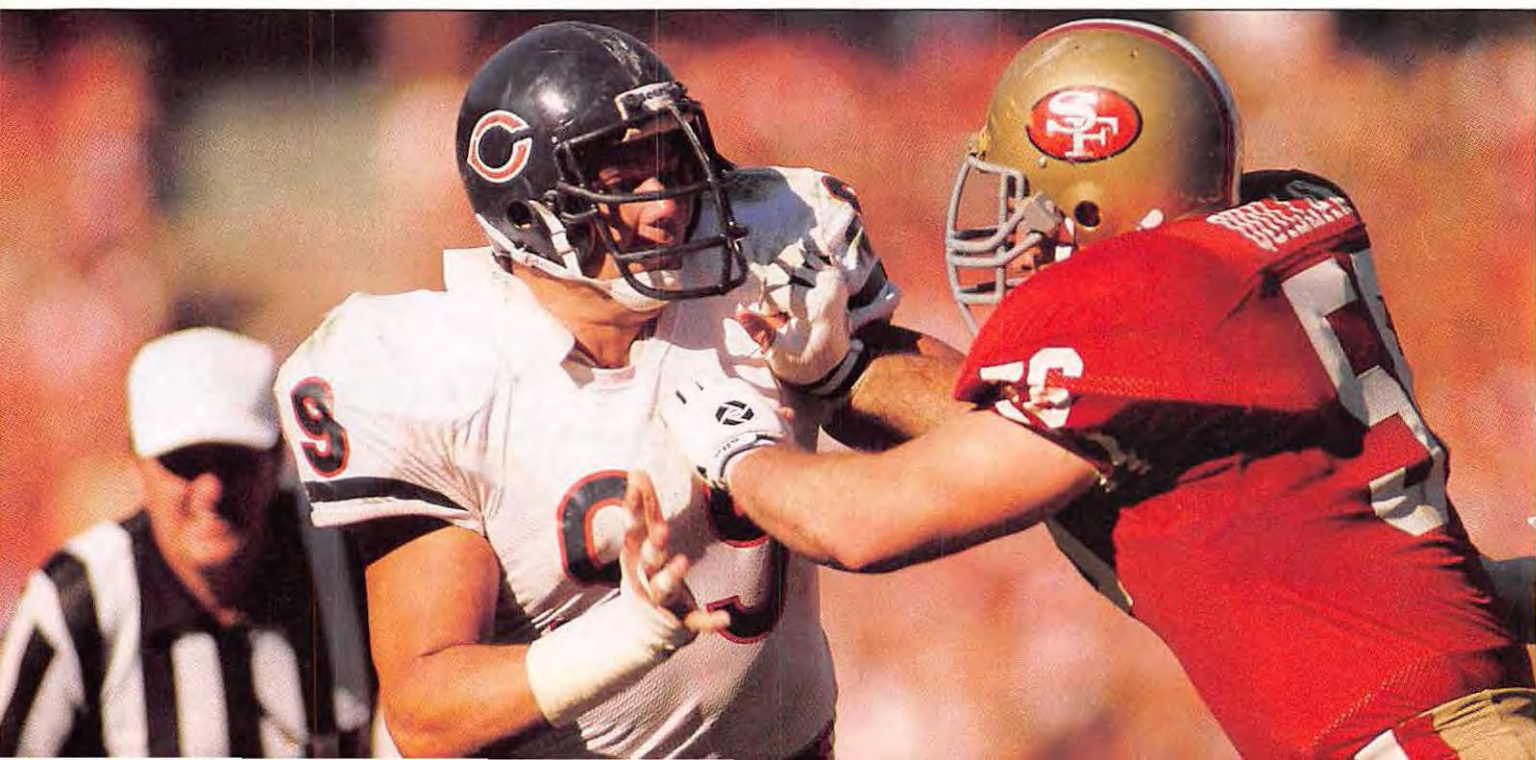
TRYING TO RATE THE TOP NFL linemen and linebackers is like trying to compare starlets on nighttime soaps—you can't judge them simply by their vital statistics. It's what's on the film that counts and the

director/coach, script/strategy, supporting cast/teammates greatly influence any individual's performance. You can feed a computer a lot of stats for QBs, running backs, and wide receivers and it will spit out a pretty accurate ranking. But deciding whether Joe Klecko, Dan Hampton, or Richard Dent is the third-, fourth-, or fifth-best defensive lineman is much more subjective and must be

based on a slew of (dare we say it?) intangibles.

If Richard Dent and Mark Gastineau didn't have Dan Hampton and Joe Klecko alongside them would they still be rated that much higher than the Eagles' Reggie White, who last year had 13 sacks?

Hampton's strength helped Dent's performance in '85.



If the Bears defensive line was mediocre, would their linebackers be as effective as the Browns' twosome of Chip Banks and Clay Matthews? If opposing offenses hadn't stayed awake nights thinking about how to stop Lawrence Taylor, would Leonard Marshall have become a star lineman in '85? Not even the pro scouts (a couple of whom we spoke with to compile these rankings) know for sure. They have some ideas, but basically they watch a lot of film—mostly of how players perform against *their* team—and their guesses on the top 10 are as good as ours. "When you get to this caliber of player," says one prominent pro scouting director, "you can put a blanket over the best five and the second best five. It's just hard to say who's number two or three, whether a guy is 11th or 12th best. At that level there's just not that much difference." We decided to give it a shot anyway. If we're wrong, sack us.

How would you like to have this group as your front four with Dent setting up as either a blitzing LB or a down lineman? As they've discovered in Los Angeles, having Howie Long and a bunch of no-names would be pretty formidable. Long, who nailed QBs 10 times in '85, is solid against the run *and* pass, and can play anywhere on the line in the Raiders' 3-4, including the nose. "He makes the team defense [fourth overall in '85] go," says one scout. "He has a lot of responsibility in the 3-4, as opposed to, say, Dent, whose pass rush doesn't have to be as contained." Long doesn't have the speed of a Gastineau, but a 4.9 in the 40 isn't exactly lead-assed for a lineman. One scout who was at the Pro Bowl (Long's a three-timer) marvels at his dedication. "After practice he would lead a couple of guys out and do wind sprints. For a meaningless game *after* the season. Not many guys do that."

Off of last season's 17-sack, Super Bowl MVP season, Richard Dent moves ahead of Gastineau, but like the sack-happy Jet, he's great against the pass, average against the run. One scout isn't completely sold on Dent and rates teammate Dan Hampton—his strength and maneuverability on the line was instrumental in freeing Dent for all those sacks—higher. "Dent's great, but his success was based a lot on Buddy Ryan's defense," the scout insists. "Dent moved in and out, lined up often as a 'backer. You never quite knew where he'd be and therefore he was able to rap people. He's a lot like A. J. Duhe was for Miami a few years back. I don't think he has the strength [Dent is 6'5", 263] to play defensive end consistently. If the Bears go to a three-man line he won't be as effective."

Unlike Hampton, Gastineau isn't considered a great two-way lineman. But saying Gasto is weak against the run is like saying Marilyn Monroe's legs weren't her best feature. He had to contribute *something* to the NFL's third-ranked run defense. Hampered early in the season with a broken hand and learning to play the 3-4, he still had 13½ sacks. One AFC scout would have taken Gastineau over Lawrence Taylor *before* LT's off-field problems surfaced. "Hey, if Gastineau didn't record a sack all year," he says, "he'd still get my vote for the Pro Bowl."

Speaking of Jets linemen and the Pro Bowl, Joe Klecko set a record last year for making the All-Star team at his *third* DL position. With a heart bigger than both his biceps, the nine-year vet

played last year like he'll be around another nine years. Last off-season, Klecko traded in the iron-pumping for flexibility training and stayed away from the nagging injuries that had almost everyone writing him off before '85. "Bud Carson [Jets defensive coordinator] came along just in time for Joe," says one scout. "I didn't think he'd adapt to nose tackle, because it was too easy to cut-block him in the legs, but he played it like he was born for the position."

With 10½ sacks in '85, Randy White shows no signs of slowing down. Good thing, too, 'cause without R. W., Dallas' defense (20th ranked) might have finished 29th in a 28-team league. White's right up there with Long and Hampton as the best all-around linemen. Well-rounded is something Leonard Marshall stopped being around his middle and started being on the field last year. His 13½ sacks provided the pass rush the

Giants desperately needed to take some pressure off their great LBs, particularly Taylor, and their so-so secondary. Rulon Jones (10 sacks in '85) has been solid for years, but it took him until his sixth season to earn Pro Bowl recognition. "He's a solid pass-rusher with great quickness who reads offenses very well," says a scout. The Raiders' Bill Pickel didn't make the Pro Bowl ("Which proves it doesn't mean that much," observes one scout), but with 12½ sacks he probably should have. He won't be in Howie's shadow for long. Michael Carter, the '84 Olympics silver medal-winner in the shotput, put QBs on their butts seven times in only his second year. One scout raves: "He's incredibly strong and quick for a 285-pounder."

Carter started only nine games last season, yet was voted into the Pro Bowl by his peers. The 6'2" nose tackle was injured early in the season, during which time the 49ers struggled.

THE MOST EFFICIENT FILTER YOU CAN BUY.

In standard laboratory tests for filtering efficiency against other leading brands, the others left as much as 56.8% more dirt in the oil than a Lee Two-Stage Maxifilter.

No surprise here. Lee adds a second filter to effectively trap dirt as small as one-fifth the width of a human hair. Lee Two-Stage. The clean breakthrough in oil filter technology.



YOU'VE NEVER DRIVEN THIS CLEAN.

DEFENSIVE LINEMEN RATINGS

RANK	PLAYER, TEAM	STRENGTH	QUICKNESS	PLAYS RUN	PLAYS PASS	BIG PLAY	TOTAL
1	HOWIE LONG, Raiders	9	8	9	10	9	45
2	RICHARD DENT, Bears	7	10	10	7	9	43
	MARK GASTINEAU, Jets	8	10	10	6	9	43
4	DAN HAMPTON, Bears	7	8	9	9	9	42
	JOE KLECKO, Jets	9	7	7	10	9	42
6	RANDY WHITE, Cowboys	7	9	9	8	8	41
7	LEONARD MARSHALL, Giants	8	7	7	9	9	40
8	RULON JONES, Broncos	8	7	8	8	8	39
9	BILL PICKEL, Raiders	8	7	8	8	7	38
10	MICHAEL CARTER, 49ers	9	7	8	8	5	37
11	JACOB GREEN, Seahawks	5	10	9	6	6	36
	JIM BURT, Giants	9	8	5	7	7	36
13	RANDY EDWARDS, Seahawks	7	7	8	7	6	35
	REGGIE WHITE, Eagles	7	7	7	7	7	35
15	ART STILL, Chiefs	7	7	6	7	7	34
16	BOB GOLIC, Browns	7	7	5	7	7	33
17	BRUCE CLARK, Saints	7	6	7	6	6	32
18	GARY JETER, Rams	7	5	7	5	6	30
19	DAVE LOGAN, Buccaneers	7	6	6	6	5	30
20	EDDIE EDWARDS, Bengals	6	6	7	5	5	29

The Best of the Rest: The Seattle Seahawks were the fourth toughest team to run on in the AFC and DEs Jacob Green (13½ sacks) and Randy Edwards (10½ sacks) were two reasons. Green gets most of the ink, but one AFC scout rates Edwards higher. Reggie White (Eagles) is a future All-Pro. With 13 sacks he became "The Minister of Defense" in Philly and should thrive as the new Dan Hampton in Buddy Ryan's defense. In Kansas City, Art is Still a top DL after nine seasons. "He may not be a great pass-rusher anymore [only four sacks in '85], but he's very consistent," says one scout. Jim Burt is the Joe Klecko of the Giants and not just because he plays nose tackle. He's a feisty leader. Although he is replaced on most passing downs, "he's very quick, very strong, and holds up the middle of the line as well as anyone," one scout says. Unfortunately for Burt, he didn't make his first Pro Bowl as did fellow veteran nose tackle Bob Golic (Browns), considered "very underrated" by most scouts. Rounding out anyone's top 20 would have to be Bruce Clark (Saints), who had 8½ sacks for one of the NFL's sorriest defenses; Gary Jeter (Rams), who put down 11 QBs playing mostly on passing downs; and nose tackle David Logan (Tampa Bay), who's rated right behind Klecko and Golic by one AFC scout.

The Top Linebackers—Inside and Outside

By STEPHEN HANKS

DESPITE THE POSTSEASON REVELATIONS about Lawrence Taylor's substance abuse, most NFL experts still think he is the greatest abuser of offenses in football. In '84 Taylor was a tad befuddled by

'Fantastic athlete' Tippet is always poised for a QB sack.



OUTSIDE LINEBACKER RATINGS

RANK	PLAYER, TEAM	STRENGTH	QUICKNESS	PASS RUSH	PLAYS RUN	BIG PLAY	TOTAL
1	LAWRENCE TAYLOR, Giants	9	10	10	7	10	46
2	ANDRE TIPPETT, Patriots	9	9	9	8	9	44
3	RICKEY JACKSON, Saints	8	9	8	9	8	42
4	OTIS WILSON, Bears	8	9	8	8	8	41
	CHIP BANKS, Browns	7	8	9	9	8	41
6	HUGH GREEN, Dolphins	8	9	8	7	8	40
7	CLAY MATTHEWS, Browns	7	8	8	8	8	39
	ROD MARTIN, Raiders	9	7	9	7	7	39
9	MIKE MERRIWEATHER, Steelers	8	7	8	7	8	38
10	DON BLACKMON, Patriots	8	7	8	7	7	37
11	TOM JACKSON, Broncos	6	8	7	7	7	35
12	DUANE BICKETT, Colts	7	7	9	5	5	33
	JIMMY WILLIAMS, Lions	5	9	7	7	5	33
14	BRYAN HINKLE, Steelers	5	7	7	7	5	31
15	MEL KAUFMAN, Redskins	7	7	6	5	5	30
16	CHRIS DOLEMAN, Vikings	7	7	5	5	5	29

INSIDE LINEBACKER RATINGS

1	MIKE SINGLETARY, Bears	9	9	8	9	9	44
2	JIM COLLINS, Rams	9	9	7	9	9	43
3	HARRY CARSON, Giants	9	8	7	9	9	42
4	LANCE MEHL, Jets	8	8	9	7	8	40
	E. J. JUNIOR, Cardinals	8	8	8	8	8	40
6	STEVE NELSON, Patriots	8	6	8	8	9	39
	KARL MECKLENBURG, Broncos	6	6	10	8	9	39
8	EDDIE JOHNSON, Browns	8	8	6	8	8	38
9	MATT MILLEN, Raiders	8	6	7	7	9	37
	ROBIN COLE, Steelers	8	8	7	7	7	37
11	EUGENE LOCKHART, Cowboys	8	7	7	7	7	36
12	BILLY RAY SMITH, Chargers	8	6	7	7	7	35

special blocking assignments designed to neutralize him. Last season, according to one scout, the Giants' defensive scheme had him staying at home more and not blitzing as much. "If you just put the guy out there and let him do his thing, he's dominating [13 sacks last year]," the scout said. This year is crucial in determining which direction Taylor's career will go.

One guy whose career is certainly headed into a higher league is Andre Tippett. Thirty-five sacks over the last two seasons ain't too shabby. He had already displayed his greatness in '84, but the Pats playoff season of '85 let fans see what NFL people already knew. Incredible strength, great blitzer, and fast enough to play the strong side, as Rickey Jackson, already a three-time Pro Bowler most scouts drool over. "He's just a fantastic athlete," says one from the NFC West. Jackson's rating is even more remarkable considering he and DE Bruce Clark are practically the whole New Orleans defense.

In an infinitely better situation is Otis Wilson, who held up his end of the Bears' star-studded LB crew with three interceptions and 10½ sacks last season. Although one scout thinks Wilson is "overrated; he looks better because of Marshall and Singletary," another says: "He finally got in the groove last year. Really knows the system well and deserved to make his first Pro Bowl."

Cleveland's Chip Banks also deserved to make the Pro Bowl and didn't, being passed over for LB mate Clay Matthews. "Clay is good," admits a scout, "but no way is he better than Chip." Although often removed in third-down situations, Banks put QBs down 11 times in '85, after getting only 2½ sacks in '84 (Matthews, by the way, went from 12 to six sacks). Great blitzer and goal-line defender.

Best of the Rest: Hugh Green's career was rejuvenated in Miami after an '84 auto accident spurred Tampa Bay to trade him for a No. 1 pick. Green's 7½ sacks and contributions toward solidifying an LB unit on the decline made him more than worth it. Another Dolphins LB some scouts love is Bob Brudzinski, a veteran one rival scout calls a "general pain in the ass. He's always causing fumbles, always seems to make a key play." Rod Martin of the Raiders is another cagey vet still highly thought of around the NFL. "He's always been steady and is one of the best pass-coverage LBs around."

In the July *INSIDE SPORTS*, Don Shula said that Wilber Marshall was the "key" to the Bears' '84 defense. "When you ask an LB to cover a tight end or receiver [which the Bears do], you better have a great LB like Marshall," Shula said. Wilber had four of the LB unit's nine interceptions last year. "But," says a scout, "although he'll eventually be better than Wilson, let's wait to see him do it a few years before we make him a Pro Bowler."

Two underrated OLBs on the verge of Pro Bowl status could be the Lions' Jimmy Williams and the Seahawks' Bruce Scholtz. Both are five-year vets and both play the strong side, where they excel at tying up tight ends. Williams also led Detroit 7½ sacks. Two better-known OLBs whose stock went down a bit last season are the Steelers' Mike Merriweather and the 49ers' Keena Turner. The former would rate higher if, as one scout said, "the Steelers hadn't toned down their reckless defense. They outsmarted themselves by becom-



TAKE 'EM

Strobe Light

ing simpler, because Mike was just average last year." His low sack total (four) would seem to back that up. The latter would have also cracked the top 10 if injuries hadn't hampered his play after an outstanding '84. "He's more of a nickel LB now than a regular," says an NFC scout. "It's tough for him to play 60 minutes."

ALTHOUGH TAYLOR AND TIPPETT probably rate higher overall, if you were building a defense from scratch, you'd be justified in making Mike Singletary your first pick. Size, speed, strength, and smarts—he should be wearing an "S" for Superman on his jersey. Listen to one scout: "He's the kind of guy who, when the team comes out on the field, you notice *him* immediately. His demeanor says, 'I'm here, I love to play, let's get it on.'"

Like Singletary, the Rams' Jim Collins was a No. 2 draft pick in '81 and is just starting to get Singletary-type recognition. "The guy can flat run," raves one scout. "He can run down guys and is a great open-field tackler. He also has great reactions to the ball and plays a heady zone pass defense. His career is definitely on the upswing."

Harry Carson's career may be on the downswing, but the 10-year vet still "plays fast, has smart hands, and is the best area-of-responsibility linebacker in the NFL. He's played so well for so damn long he has to rate up there."

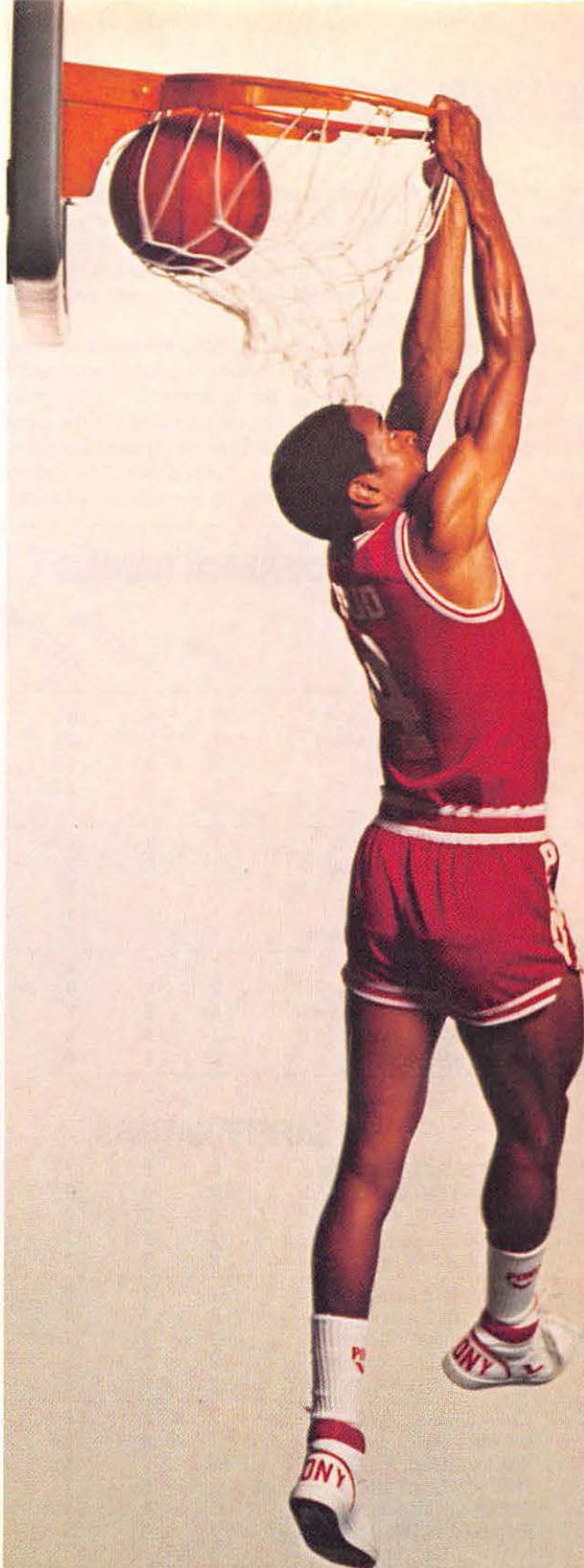
Another highly regarded New York linebacker is the Jets' Lance Mehl, who finally achieved Pro Bowl honors after six solid NFL seasons. He moved to the inside in new defensive coordinator Bud Carson's 3-4 and became more of a blitzer. Very smart and excels at pass coverage (three interceptions), as does the Cards' E. J. Junior, who picked off five passes (top among NFL LBs) for an impressive 21.8 yards-per-return average, including one of 53. He was picked ahead of Singletary and Collins in the '81 draft, and if you can find a year that produced three better ILBs you're a better person than we. The NFC is dominant at this position.

Best of the Rest: The AFC, however, dominates the next five rated ILBs. The Pats have 12-year vet Steve Nelson, who made his third Pro Bowl. One scout, though, says Nelson "is starting to get dinged a little bit, and he doesn't run very well anymore." The Broncos' Karl Mecklenburg is difficult to rate because he plays inside, outside, and the defensive line. "They stunt a lot with Karl," says one scout. "Outside, he's not in the top 10, but inside he's definitely there." He confused offenses enough to get 13 sacks last year.

One undersize and underrated ILB is the Browns' Eddie Johnson. He's only 6'1", 225, but according to one scout "he's better than [teammate] Tom Cousineau, who's getting all that money. Eddie's their leader on defense and he runs like Jim Collins. Best ILB in the division."

One of the best in the AFC West is Los Angeles' Matt Millen, a typical Raiders defensive nut-case. Says one scout: "He's a mouthy guy, hits after the whistle, is more show than production. But that's not to say he doesn't produce. He's a tough SOB at the point of attack."

There are a lot of good ILBs left, but you couldn't go wrong with the Steelers' Robin Cole. One of the strongest 'backers in the game, Cole has filled in admirably where Jack Lambert left off.



TO THE HOOP.

Spud Webb 5'7"
The Dunkmaster™



The Top Defensive Backs

By PETER KING

JUDGING THE FINE DEFENSIVE BACKS in football is much like judging the fine wines of the world. With wine, weeks of tasting and testing would do; with defensive backs, weeks of film-watching would do. Or you could ask the vintners about wine and fellow defensive backs about their peers. Or you could ask the people who analyze such things for a living.

We have done the third, polling eight coaches and personnel directors, and we have discovered something. Judging the choice vintages of the wine cellar—the Mike Hayneses, the Kenny Easleys—is not difficult. Judging the All-Pro table wines of the NFL—the Darrell Greens, the Fred Marions—is something else. When one AFC personnel director heard a tentative list of the top corners and safeties, he said, "I can't believe that's the level we've sunk to as far as defensive backs." After a few minutes of thought, he named most of the same players on that list to his list. Weird. Difficult.

There is little disagreement that the current state of the art plays north and south on the West Coast. Mike Haynes of the Raiders is the best corner. Still, Kenny Easley of the Seahawks is the best safety. The opinions of scouts on these players border on the passionate.

Cowboys cornerback Everson Walls, who is the only player in NFL history to lead the league in interceptions three straight years, says of Haynes: "He's my idol. I don't like taking second place, but I don't mind doing it to him." Haynes, 33, is in his 11th season covering the best receivers (and, it has become apparent, covering up for Lester Hayes), and he might be doing it until he's 37 or 38. "He's not slowing down," Raiders player personnel director Ron Wolf says. "His devotion to the game, his devotion to keeping his body perfect, is amazing." Adding to the Haynes aura is his lack of premier competition. Walls makes the plays, but he's hurt

by a lack of deep speed. New England's Ray Clayborn and LeRoy Irvin of the Rams haven't done it consistently yet. Darrell Green of the Redskins and the Browns' Hanford Dixon need time. Denver's Mark Haynes needs peace and negotiating quiet.

One NFC personnel director was aghast at one scouting director naming Denver's Dennis Smith over Easley as the best safety. "Anyone who doesn't rank Easley the best safety in the game either doesn't know a damn thing about football or is prejudiced against the Seahawks," he huffed. Strong safety Easley, 27, is only in his sixth year,

ing prospects: The Cleveland duo of Hanford Dixon and Frank Minnifield, who bark at any wideout daring to invade their turf, now officially outshine Haynes/Hayes and Irvin/Green in Los Angeles. "No doubt they're the best combination playing today," one personnel director says. "You can leave Minnifield alone all afternoon and not worry about getting hurt. Dixon's more physical. He's one of the best run-support corners in the league." One problem: They're obnoxious as heck, and a bit bush. The "Dixifield" duo taunted an unconscious Cris Collinsworth two years ago, cheering when the Bengals receiver didn't get up.

No one ever counted on Walls of Dallas becoming an annual Pro Bowler, but no one ever counted the seconds of hang time he has or what effect that would have against tall receivers. Mark Haynes entered 1986 almost 20 months removed from being great, the victim of Howard Slusheritis while missing 1985 as a contract holdout with the Giants; if he rebounds, he will challenge Mike Haynes (no relation) by December. There remain doubters of Darrell Green and his 4.28 speed because of his penchant for taking risks, but he can often afford to because of excellent recovery ability. Other cornerback comers: Kansas City's Albert Lewis, Green Bay's Tim Lewis.

The best safety east of Mount Rainier is Wes Hopkins. Finally, with Buddy Ryan tooting his horn in an opportunistic defense, free safety Hopkins will emerge as a force at age 25. The best clone of Easley is the Broncos' Dennis Smith, who is the same size (6'3") and five

pounds lighter (200) than Easley. "Great range, finds the ball quickly," one personnel man says. "He's got the ability to be the dominant player at his position for years to come."

A scouting service employed by some NFL teams had preseason 1986 ratings that looked hieroglyphical. The service rated the Raiders' Mike Haynes the sixth-best corner (just behind Perry Williams—huh?—of the Giants) and Roland James of New England the second-best safety. So understand that rating wines might be easier than rating these finely tuned pass-interrupters.

CORNERBACK RATINGS

RANK	PLAYER, TEAM	SPEED	PLAYS RUN	PLAYS PASS	TACKLING	BIG PLAY	TOTAL
1	MIKE HAYNES, Raiders	9	9	10	9	9	46
2	DARRELL GREEN, Redskins	10	7	8	7	9	41
3	ERIC WRIGHT, 49ers	8	7	9	7	8	39
4	LEROY IRVIN, Rams	9	7	7	6	8	37
5	GARY GREEN, Rams	7	7	7	8	7	37
7	RAY CLAYBORN, Patriots	7	8	8	7	6	36
	HANFORD DIXON, Browns	7	8	7	7	6	35
	ALBERT LEWIS, Chiefs	7	7	7	7	7	35
	TIM LEWIS, Packers	7	7	8	7	6	35
	FRANK MINNIFIELD, Browns	7	7	7	7	7	35
11	MIKE RICHARDSON, Bears	7	7	6	7	7	34
	LOUIS WRIGHT, Broncos	7	6	8	7	6	34
13	EVERSON WALLS, Cowboys	6	6	7	6	8	33
14	LESTER HAYES, Raiders	7	6	6	6	7	32
15	EUGENE DANIEL, Colts	6	6	6	6	7	31

SAFETY RATINGS

1	KENNY EASLEY, Seahawks	9	9	7	10	10	45
2	WES HOPKINS, Eagles	9	9	9	10	7	44
3	DENNIS SMITH, Broncos	8	9	9	9	8	43
4	AL GROSS, Browns	7	7	7	8	7	36
	JOHNNIE JOHNSON, Rams	8	7	7	7	7	36
6	TERRY KINARD, Giants	7	7	6	7	7	34
	RONNIE LOTT, 49ers	6	7	5	8	8	34
8	DERON CHERRY, Chiefs	7	6	7	6	7	33
	ROLAND JAMES, Patriots	6	7	7	7	6	33
	CARLTON WILLIAMSON, 49ers	7	6	6	7	7	33
11	LLOYD BURRIS, Chiefs	7	7	6	6	6	32
	LEONARD SMITH, Cardinals	7	6	6	7	6	32
	VANN McELROY, Raiders	6	7	6	7	6	32
	FRED MARION, Patriots	7	6	7	6	6	32
15	DONNIE SHELL, Steelers	5	6	5	7	8	31
	RUSSELL CARTER, Jets	7	6	6	6	6	31

but his wide receiver-bashing is already legend. Three years ago Terry Kinard of the Giants was described as the "next Easley" by draftniks. Two years ago, the mantle was thrown to Russell Carter of the Jets by some, to the late Don Rogers of the Browns by others. Fine players all, but Easleys? "Easley is so good," an AFC West scout says, "that he could play any of the four positions back there and make the Pro Bowl."

There may be no young lion to take over for Haynes or Easley immediately, but there is no shortage of heir apparents. At corner, the intrigu-

The Best College Players

Vinny Testaverde, Brian Bosworth, and Lorenzo White are the sweetest dreams on our 1986 dream team

By PHIL AXELROD

IN A YEAR THAT IS BRIMMING with classy quarterbacks, linebackers, and running backs, selecting the 1986

INSIDE SPORTS Preseason College Football All-America Team was as simple as 1-2-3. Start with Vinny Testaverde, Brian Bosworth, and Lorenzo White, and then fill in the blanks.

Testaverde, cool and confident from Long Island, is the strong-armed quarterback at Miami (Fla.), cut from the same swatch as that other quarterback in Miami, Dan Marino. Bosworth—brash, brawny, and a Texan by birth—is a free-spirited linebacker at Oklahoma who hits equally hard with his pads and his mouth. White—soft-spoken and shifty from Fort Lauderdale—led the nation in rushing at Michigan State last season.

"I'm beginning to feel like I'm up there, like I belong with the best players," says White, who gained 1,906 yards as a sophomore, "but I don't know if I'm on top. When people tell me how good I am, I sometimes think they're talking about someone else."

White was the talk of the Midwest in 1985 as he piled up the fourth-best single-season rushing total in NCAA history, behind only Marcus Allen, Mike Rozier, and Tony Dorsett. "I never try to pattern myself after anybody or compare myself to anybody," White says. "I just try to be Lorenzo."

Being Lorenzo White meant being the best collegiate running back last season. The 5'11", 205-pound bundle of power and panache burst onto the national scene a year after setting a school record for freshmen with 615 yards rushing.

last year. I'm not going to look back. I'm a person who doesn't know how it's going to turn out. I don't expect anything."

But others have great expectations for White, who runs a 4.5 in the 40 and isn't afraid to dip a shoulder into an opponent.

The durable White lugged the football 386 times last season and averaged 4.9 yards a carry. "I like to cut a lot and use my moves," he says. "I prefer not to run over people, but if I have to I will."

There are times when White, watching himself run on film, has to blink and rub his eyes. "It's never planned," he says of his devilish fakes that often leave defenders grasping air. "It just happens."

Winning the Heisman Trophy may not happen this year for White, but it could become a reality before he leaves Michigan State. He says just being a candidate is a special honor. "I dreamed of it [the Heisman Trophy]. Now I'm close to it. I'll do everything I can to win it," he says. "My teammates are proud of me and they'll do everything they can to help me. I don't know how good I am, I just go out and play football."

When it comes to running with the football, White is without peer in the collegiate ranks. When it comes to throwing the football, Testaverde is the man.

"Vinny has a rocket of an arm," Miami head coach Jimmy Johnson says of his lanky 6'5" senior. "He's as fine an athlete at quarterback as I've ever seen. I've never been around one with all that athletic ability."

Inside Sports Preseason College Football All-America Team

OFFENSE

Pos.	Player	Ht.	Wt.	Year	School
QB	Vinny Testaverde	6-5	218	Sr.	Miami, Fla.
RB	Lorenzo White	5-11	205	Jr.	Michigan State
RB	Doug DuBose	5-11	190	Sr.	Nebraska
RB	Thurman Thomas	5-11	191	Jr.	Oklahoma State
WR	Cris Carter	6-3	192	Jr.	Ohio State
TE	Keith Jackson	6-3	241	Jr.	Oklahoma
T	John Elliott	6-7	285	Sr.	Michigan
T	Steve Trapilo	6-4	272	Sr.	Boston College
C	Ben Tamburello	6-3	269	Sr.	Auburn
G	Jeff Bregel	6-4	280	Sr.	USC
G	Jeff Zimmerman	6-4	310	Sr.	Florida
PK	John Dietrich	6-1	188	Sr.	Ball State

DEFENSE

Pos.	Player	Ht.	Wt.	Year	School
DL	Jerry Ball	6-0	280	Sr.	SMU
DL	Mark Messner	6-3	243	Jr.	Michigan
DL	Jerome Brown	6-2	275	Sr.	Miami, Fla.
DL	Jeff Drost	6-5	286	Sr.	Iowa
LB	Cornelius Bennett	6-4	235	Sr.	Alabama
LB	Brian Bosworth	6-2	234	Jr.	Oklahoma
LB	Johnny Holland	6-2	219	Sr.	Texas A&M
DB	Thomas Everett	5-8	177	Sr.	Baylor
DB	John Little	6-3	195	Sr.	Georgia
DB	Tim McDonald	6-3	205	Sr.	USC
DB	Mark Moore	6-0	194	Sr.	Oklahoma State
P	Bill Smith	6-3	217	Sr.	Mississippi

In only two seasons White already owns Michigan State's career rushing record (2,682 yards) and his 21 touchdowns are only 10 shy of the school's 37-year-old record of 31, held by Lynn Chandnois. "Everything's happening fast," White says with a smile. "I'm taking it as it comes. Last year, that's all behind me now. I'm not going to think about



His coach calls Testaverde [top] the 'best college player in the country,' and few would argue.

Bosworth [middle] says he'd 'kill to beat Texas,' but he needed only 14 tackles and an interception to beat the Longhorns last year.

I don't know how good I am,' says 1,900-yard man Lorenzo White. But most pro scouts are in total agreement.



Johnson pauses. He raises his voice a decibel and proclaims, "Vinny is the most valuable, the best college football player in the country."

Not many coaches would dare be so bold and outspoken about one of their players, but then again, Johnson isn't your ordinary coach. "I do a lot of things I'm not supposed to do," he says, laughing. "As far as pressure, there comes a point where any more pressure can't affect you. I don't think anything I say about Vinny will make it any tougher on him."

Testaverde placed the pressure squarely on his shoulders last year—his first as a starter—when he completed nearly 61% of his passes for 3,238 yards and 21 touchdowns. He was nearly unstoppable, throwing for more than 200 yards in every game, including a 385-yard aerial assault against East Carolina.

The comparisons to recent Miami greats Jim Kelly and Bernie Kosar were inevitable. "As long as everything is going well, I don't mind it," Testaverde says. "But I have yet to taste the sour end. People say I have the potential to be even better than Kelly and Kosar, but I'm not even as good as them yet."

Oh yeah? In 1984 Kosar set Miami records for total offense and scoring passes. "Vinny steps right in last year with a new offensive line and two new receivers and breaks all the records," Johnson says.

Testaverde, armed with impeccable numbers, has emerged as the early leader in the race for the Heisman. "If I had a vote," Johnson says, "I'd send my ballot in today with Vinny's name on it." Surprisingly, Testaverde says he would do the same thing. "I'd vote for me," he says, "because I'm just a reflection of the team and the team deserves it. It would take the whole team to win an award like that, not just one player."

And Miami is a team that is shooting for a trophy—the national championship. "I don't want to jinx us," Testaverde says, "but I

think we're right up there in the top 5. We're a confident team. We got some talkers, some guys who don't let people push them around. We're kind of like the Oakland Raiders. We like to think we're America's team."

"We want to go out and have as much fun as possible—winning, that's the most fun. I try to lead by example, but I don't try to be a leader. You can't try to be a leader; it just has to happen. But there are times when I'll go into the huddle and set them straight. I do it

never want to cross that line. I still don't believe it's all happening to me, but I don't think I've changed. If you have a good head on your shoulders, you can take it and enjoy it."

Certainly there can be nobody in college football who enjoys the game or plays it with more passion than Brian (The Boz) Bosworth, the hard-hitter and tough talker of the Oklahoma Sooners. Despite playing in a conference that featured two first-round draft choices in nose guard Tony Casillas (Oklahoma) and end Leslie O'Neal (Oklahoma State) last season, Bosworth was voted the Big 8 defensive player of the year. "It's a violent game," says Oklahoma head coach Barry Switzer, "and Brian's a violent player. He tries to intimidate people."

He is 6'3", 235 pounds, a throwback to the days when linebackers like Dick Butkus and Sam Huff roamed the field and chewed up running backs who dared tread on their turf. Bosworth looks mean. His hits are mean. And he talks mean.

"Defense is the violent side of the ball," he says. "If you're not violent all the time, you're

not doing the job. You've got to be PO'd all the time to play defense. During a game we're the type of players who don't slack off anybody, including the referees. That's the mentality of our players. We don't act like normal football players. We might not have the cool and savvy, but I don't think on defense cool and savvy is part of the game."

For relaxation, Bosworth likes to lift weights and practice karate. "Karate helps my concentration and balance," he says. "Now I'm breaking boards and breaking bricks with my bare hand. I'm going to use what I've learned every chance I can on the football field; probably some of the things I might try to use will get me in trouble, but you've got to try."

Teammates have nicknamed Bosworth "Bulletin Board" because that's where his

The Cowboys' Gil Brandt Measures Testaverde, Bosworth, and White

GIL BRANDT, WHO HAS DIRECTED THE Dallas Cowboys scouting since the team began operations in 1960, was among the first NFL scouts to begin keeping watch on college football players when they were still undergrads and not immediately eligible for the draft.

When asked to comment on the talents and professional potential of three of this year's pre-season All-America picks, Brandt did not need to check files, look at film, or even refer to notes.

On Miami senior QB Vinny Testaverde: "I think he's a player who can do it all. When you have his kind of athletic ability and leadership qualities, you're usually going to enjoy success, particularly as a quarterback. He has a very quick release, a strong arm. The statistics he had as a junior—completing 61.4 percent of his passes, throwing for 3,238 yards and 21 touchdowns—tell you what kind of passer he is. What impresses me is the fact he gets the ball downfield so fast. He's not one of those guys who dumps it off to the running back for three or four yards. This guy gets the ball downfield like Joe Namath used to do—like a tracer bullet."

On Oklahoma junior LB Brian Bosworth: "He's probably going to be one of the all-time great linebackers. He has a tenacious competitiveness about him and has good size (6'2", 234) and movement. He shouldn't have any trouble making the transition from playing college linebacker to

the professional game. He's so tough and has so much athletic ability. And, of course, he's got two more years to develop his skills before he has to even think about making that transition. What he's already done is pretty impressive—the people who saw him make those 13 unassisted tackles against Penn State in the Orange Bowl last season got a pretty good indication of the kind of athlete Brian is."

On Michigan State junior RB Lorenzo White: "He has outstanding running ability. A lot of backs get only what their offensive line allows them to get. White gets more. He's a lot like Tony Dorsett—even when you think he's been stopped, you look at the yard marker and realize he's gained five yards against you. Lorenzo broke all records for a sophomore last year and led the nation in rushing with 1,908 yards. Against Indiana he had 286 yards in just over a half before Spartans coach George Perles took him out. I don't know how fast he is, and I've had people ask me if he will be able to catch the ball when he gets to the pros. Frankly, I don't know. But that wouldn't worry me. It's like asking if he can block. He's so busy running the ball—and doing that very well—that you forget about everything else. He's got good size (5'11", 205), and you know anyone who averages 35 carries a game is durable. Which is to say he's got all the things you look for in a running back." □

—By CARLTON STOWERS

every once in a while and I get their attention because I don't do it often."

Testaverde would like to think that he is just one of 11 guys on the offensive unit, but that's simply not true. For the Hurricanes, it all starts with their quarterback. "He makes the entire offense go," Johnson says. "He wants to be in the action; he's not a prima donna. He's a football junkie. If he sees a bunch of guys throwing around a football, he'll join in. He loves athletics, he loves to compete. He's the best pool player we have on the team."

Like all great quarterbacks, Testaverde has an ego. But he can still fit his helmet on his head. "I just think you have to have a lot of confidence," he says. "But you can be confident without being cocky. There's a thin line between being confident and cocky, and I

quotes usually wind up. There's something about the Longhorns from Texas that really riles up Bosworth, who hates their orange jerseys and said before the game two years ago that "I'd kill to beat Texas." After the 14-7 victory over archrival Texas, in which he made 14 tackles and intercepted a pass, he said: "I said I'd kill to beat Texas. I probably did today. I just don't know who it is."

Gary Gibbs, the defensive coordinator at Oklahoma, says: "Bosworth is a confident player who obviously isn't afraid to say what he's thinking. He's been able to back it up—so far. I don't think he's as vocal as he was as a freshman. He's calmed down a little bit."

Well, sort of. Maybe.

"I don't think my talking has gotten me into any trouble; it's made a lot of waves," says Bosworth, who sports the "Boz Cut"—flat on top, shaved on the sides, with a three-inch tail down the nape of the neck. His hair is sandy blond and has an orange tint when wet. "I look at it as a challenge to back up what I say. I like the image; it does stick me out. I'm crazy to begin with. In high school I didn't win a whole lot of games and now I've found out it's too much fun to win. I don't care what it takes, I'll do it. I'm addicted to winning now."

A ferocious tackler who likes to put a hurt on anyone not wearing an OU uniform, Bosworth takes it as a personal affront if he isn't in on every tackle. "If a play's got to be made, I'm going to go out there and make it," he says. "I can't stand to get burned. When that happens, it's my fault. Nobody else's. I don't make excuses."

Bosworth hasn't done too much apologizing his first two seasons at Oklahoma. Says Gibbs: "He comes to play every week and has the knack for making the big play. The team expects him to make something happen—and he usually does. He spoils you because he makes very few mistakes."

Like Testaverde and White, the flamboyant Bosworth is being pushed for the Heisman, which has been won by only two nonbacks—ends Larry Kelley of Yale in 1936 and Leon Hart of Notre Dame in 1949. "He's being pushed for some awards that don't come down the pike very often for a defensive player," Gibbs says. "We've got to make sure he's not distracted so much that it affects his play. We're all in this together at Oklahoma."

Gibbs adds that Bosworth "is what you want in a football player." The same could be said for the other members of our All-America team.

Testaverde may be the No. 1 quarterback in America, but Florida's Kerwin Bell is No. 1½, and Michigan's Jim Harbaugh, Texas A&M's Kevin Murray, Stanford's John Paye, and Alabama's Mike Shula aren't too far behind.

Bell threw for a SEC-high 2,687 yards last season, including 21 touchdowns—five more than runner-up Shula, who completed more than 60% of his passes for 2,009 yards.

Harbaugh set school records with 145 completions for 1,976 yards and 18 touchdowns while having just six of his 212 attempts intercepted. His efficiency rating of 163.7 was the nation's best.

Murray, the SWC Offensive Player of the Year as a sophomore last season, connected on 58.6% of his tosses for 1,965 yards and 13 TDs.

At Stanford, Paye is on the verge of surpassing Jim Plunkett and John Elway. He led the Pac-10 in passing last season, completing 271 of 405 passes for 2,589 yards and 10 TDs.

JOINING LORENZO WHITE AS FIRST-team running backs are Nebraska's Doug DuBose and Oklahoma State's Thurman Thomas, a pair of quick, 5'11" tailbacks who rate a slight nod over Temple's Paul Palmer, Clemson's Kenny Flowers, and Texas A&M's Roger Vick. Thomas scampered for 1,553 yards and 15 touchdowns last season as a sophomore to lead the Big 8 and rank fourth nationally. DuBose ranked ninth with 1,161 yards.

There was no room for debate at wide receiver, where Ohio State's Cris Carter earned a spot on the first team ahead of Michigan's 6'8" Paul Jokisch and Notre Dame's fleet Tim Brown. "He is the finest receiver I have ever seen, and unquestionably the finest in Ohio State history," Ohio State coach Earle Bruce says of the acrobatic 6'3", 190-pound junior. "He's a threat just being on the field."

Carter caught a school-record 58 passes last season for 950 yards and eight touchdowns, and is fifth on the career list with 99 receptions.

The tight end is Oklahoma's Keith Jackson, a versatile, 6'3", 235-pound senior who led the ground-oriented Sooners with 20 catches for 486 yards and two touchdowns, and rushed for a team-high 136 yards against Nebraska, including a dazzling 88-yard end-around for a score. "I think I should be nominated for the Heisman," Jackson said jokingly after the 27-7 victory over the Cornhuskers. "I think that play should be a major part of our playbook. Coach Switzer could have probably scored on that one."

Switzer said afterward, "I've never had a tight end lead the squad in rushing, but Keith Jackson is a great player."

The offensive line is rangy and aggressive, with Michigan's John Elliott and Boston College's Steve Trapilo at tackle, Auburn's Ben Tamburello at center, and USC's Jeff Bregel and Florida's Jeff Zimmerman at guard.

"Ben Tamburello is the best center in

college," Auburn coach Pat Dye flatly says of his 6'3", 259-pound senior. "There's no doubt in my mind that he should be a candidate for the Outland Trophy."

Although there aren't any awards presented to kickers, this is a banner season for punters and placekickers, led by Mississippi's Bill Smith and Ball State's John Dietrich. Smith, a 6'3" senior, averaged 45.3 yards per punt last year, with 25 of his efforts landing inside the opponents' 20-yard line.

Dietrich was equally as accurate, connecting on 25 of 29 field goal attempts to lead college kickers with an average of 2.27 three-pointers a game.

The All-America defensive unit features a trio of big-play linebackers—Bosworth, Texas A&M's Johnny Holland, and Alabama's Cornelius Bennett.

Some pro scouts are saying that Bennett, a 6'4", 235-pound senior, could be the first player selected in the NFL draft. "If I had to put together a team, college or pro, and had to put four linebackers on the field," says Alabama head coach Ray Perkins, "Cornelius Bennett would be one of my first picks."

At Texas A&M, head coach Jackie Sherrill and defensive coordinator R. C. Slocum are more than satisfied with Holland, a 6'2", 219-pound senior with 4.6 speed and the knack of being in the right place at the right time. "I sure wouldn't trade him," Slocum says.

We didn't have to search long to locate the four linemen most worthy of All-America honors—SMU's Jerry Ball, Michigan's Mark Messner, Miami's Jerome Brown, and Iowa's Jeff Drost.

Messner and Drost were All-Big 10 selections last season, and Ball, who terrorized opponents in the Southwest Conference last year as a nose guard, has been switched to tackle in the Mustangs' new 4-3 alignment.

"Jerome Brown is one of the best around in the college game," Miami's Jimmy Johnson says. "He gets the job done—every game."

So do the defensive backs, a collection of ball-hawks who love to stick receivers—Baylor's Thomas Everett, Georgia's John Little, USC's Tim McDonald, and Oklahoma State's Mark Moore.

"McDonald is always where the ball is," USC coach Ted Tollner says of the senior strong safety, who had 102 tackles, 17 pass deflections, and four interceptions in 1985. "He has a sixth sense and is rarely out of position. He can play with the best of them."

If McDonald and the other members of INSIDE SPORTS' dream team could play together this season, there would be no question what team would sit atop the polls come January 2. ■

Pittsburgh writer PHIL AXELROD is an all-American guy. His previous effort for I.S. was on the college basketball All-America team.

IF BOOMER ESIASON HAD GROWN up on the other coast, there is the chance that he would have become a surfer instead of a quarterback. This observation has nothing to do with his ability to hang 10, but everything to do with the obvious. One look tells you. The build, the swagger, the white-blond hair. The guy could be nothing but a quarterback or a surfer, and that's all there is to it. So, inasmuch as the tide is nothing tremendous around East Islip, Long Island, Esiason has become the best of the new-breed quarterbacks in the National Football League.

INSIDE SPORTS' quarterback ratings, in fact, suggest that the Cincinnati Bengals' lefthander was the finest in the league last year, a distinction that Esiason is confident enough to believe but wise enough not to mouth off about. "Let's just say that I like the INSIDE SPORTS rating system," he says diplomatically.

Diplomacy is something that Esiason learned when he came to the big time, but he still doesn't believe it to be the virtue for all occasions. If, for instance, Esiason embarks this season on another year like his last, and if All-Pro recognition is not a consequence of his performance, and if a quarterback with lesser qualifications is dubbed in his stead, Esiason will not be reluctant to point up the discrepancy. "If somebody puts somebody in front of me who doesn't belong there, I'll defend myself," he says.

According to Esiason, that's all he was doing at the University of Maryland when Ben Bennett of Duke was named as the all-conference quarterback. Esiason simply said he was better than Bennett. Well, actually, he said something to the effect that Bennett was the most overrated quarterback in the history of college football—but what he was doing was defending himself. And what it got him was a bad reputation.

The Bennett incident seems to be the only tangible explanation as to why Esiason was not a first-round draft choice in 1984. Scouts told him that he would be. And so Esiason told reporters that he would be. He told friends that he would be. Television people invited him to New York, so he could wear the hat or hold up the jersey of the team that drafted him in the first round. But Esiason said no, he would rather stay back in Maryland and bask.

What he did, instead, was stay in his dorm room and sit by in muted humiliation. The Bengals named three others before their pick in the second round, the 38th in the draft. They would have taken somebody else then, too, if there had been another player who could help them, but the remaining

talent was thin, so they took the cocky quarterback from Maryland.

That's the way Esiason was thought of then—the cocky quarterback from Maryland. Or the cocky blond quarterback from Maryland, since the hair matches the image. Could it be that Esiason was judged, indirectly, by the color of his hair? It's strange how it works, how a guy can get a rap. Bobby Ross, Maryland's head coach, says he never had a problem with Esiason, says he was just the kind of guy you wanted for a quarterback, says he would have told that to anybody who asked. But nobody ever asked. The NFL has the most sophisticated talent-seeking system in sports, and nobody even asked the head coach about his quarterback. Maybe they heard the Bennett bit and backed off. Maybe his shoulder injury in the Citrus Bowl had some effect. Maybe it was just that nobody needed a quarterback anymore—six were taken in the first round the previous year. Maybe teams were afraid

they would have to pay a quarterback Steve Young money. Whatever, the fact is that one day everybody loved Boomer Esiason and another day—draft day—they didn't.

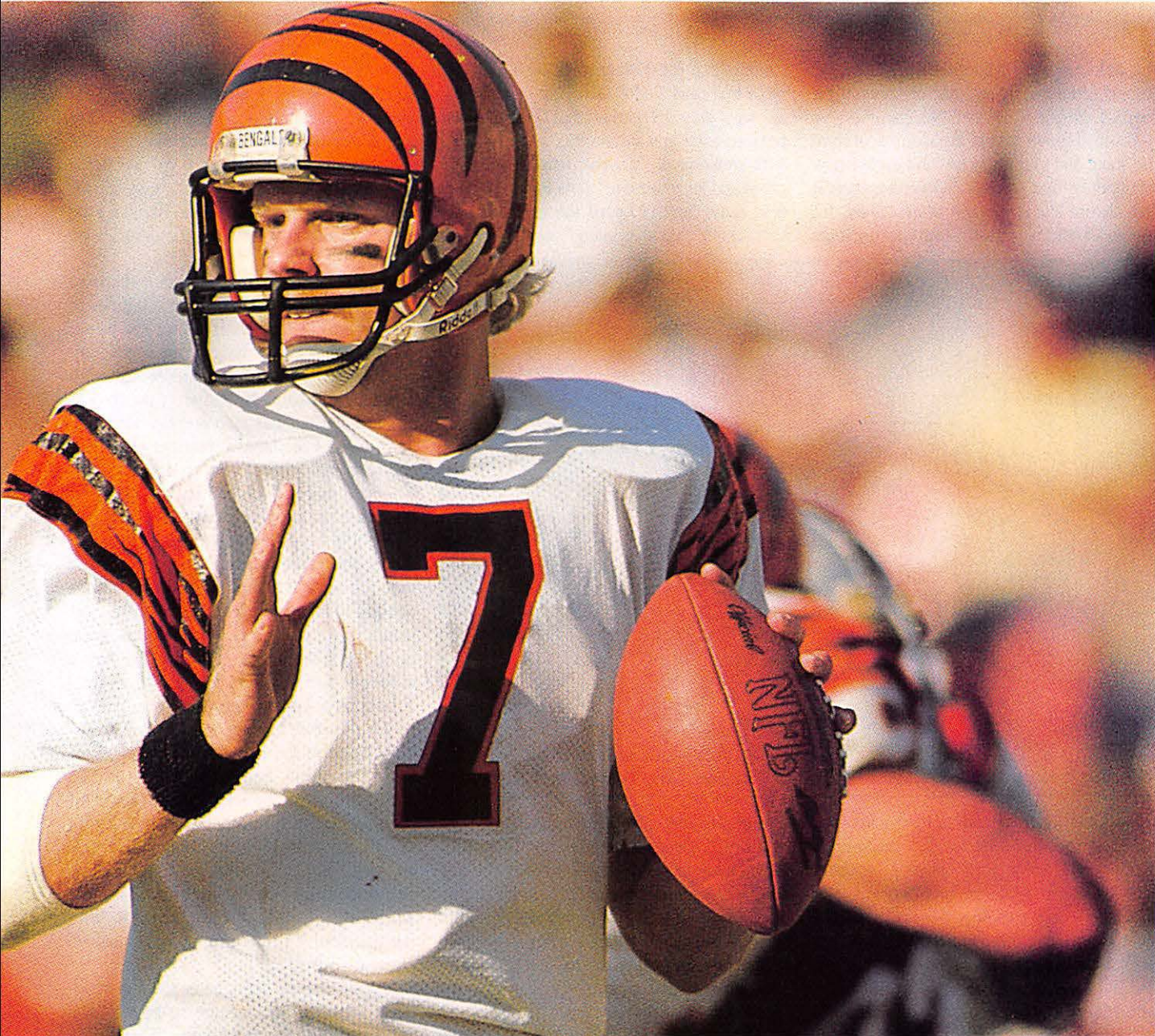
Esiason was hurt deeply. It was hard for him to face the people at Maryland. The school paper ran a cartoon mocking him for not going in the first round. He felt foolish, used, betrayed.

But those are the kinds of things that can't keep a real quarterback contained; that can't get past the offensive line that a real quarterback builds around himself, with Ego at center, Guts and Daring at the guards, Pluck and Confidence manning the tackles. Esiason had too much quarterback in him to lie there on his number. When 23 teams passed over him, it became a personal thing. Either they were right, or he was. And if they were right and he wasn't, that would mean that Boomer Esiason was just talk, that he was just nothing. Esiason went to Cincinnati with a mission.

BOOMER!

Big Noise In Cincinnati

Boomer Esiason was the best quarterback in the NFL last season, after 23 teams had passed over him in the draft. You might say he had something to prove



ESIASON WAS FORTUNATE TO arrive in Cincinnati at the same time as new head coach Sam Wyche. A former quarterback for Bengals owner Paul Brown, Wyche straightaway told Esiason what it was going to take for him to get along in the organization and as a professional quarterback. Ken Anderson was the starter and Turk Schonert was the able backup, but Esiason was Wyche's special project. In Esiason, Wyche saw size, speed, arm strength, and something much more important. He saw a young man with the constitution of a quarterback.

"Boomer has just about the perfect makeup for a quarterback," says Wyche. "A quarterback has to have a little of that swagger. He has to be the leader."

In the Cincinnati system—which is the same system that Wyche taught when he coached for Bill Walsh's 49ers—the quarterback must also be able to think fast, roll out,

and throw deep. After two opening defeats last year with Anderson behind center, Wyche began to question which of his men could best do all of the above, and he saw no reason not to turn to his second-year man, the cocky blond kid from Maryland.

Immediately, Esiason mobilized the offense. In their third game, the Bengals scored 41 points against San Diego, and followed with 37 in a Monday night victory over Pittsburgh. Esiason's surprising command of the offense was such that the Bengals ran plays without a huddle. Running and shooting, they scored 35 points against the Giants, 45 against the Oilers, 50 against the Cowboys. Despite missing the first two games, Esiason passed for 27 touchdowns, tied for second in the league and second most in Bengals history. He was intercepted just 12 times. In the NFL quarterback ratings, he finished second to the Jets' Ken O'Brien, but he was sacked fewer times and ran more recklessly. Esiason became a star,

and did it without even saying so himself.

In fact, there was none of the self-inspired bluster for which he became notorious at Maryland, and for which he was spurned by the rest of the NFL. "None of that would have scared off anybody who had talked to Boomer," says Wyche. "I wouldn't even put him in the category of cocky. He's got the confidence you want in a quarterback. I've never turned to him in a game and had him give me that fish-eye look. He just reaches for his helmet right now. Boomer's just a very straightforward, upbeat kind of guy. He's not the least bit hard to handle."

WITH A NAME LIKE BOOMER Esiason, he had to be a star. It's as if his dad knew it from the beginning—before the beginning, actually, because he started calling his boy Boomer when he was still in the womb. A boomer is what they called a punter where Norman Esiason came from, and Boomer kicked like

the dickens inside his mother. Esiason was named after his father, but nicknamed for football. Nobody calls him Norman.

Football was a part of Esiason's soul from the start, and to this day he can't explain how it happened that he chose it over baseball; it was almost like it was out of his hands. He was an all-county player in both sports in high

campus in a red pickup truck with a license plate that read TERP QB—but on the field, he was able to parlay that attitude into performance and infuse the whole offense with confidence. "Boomer was a very dedicated and loyal person," says Ross. "When I first came here, I heard the rumors about this brash, blond-headed, cocky kid, but

vigilantly exterminated by Ciampi. The coach admired Esiason's leadership but preached to him about the worth of teammates. It was Ciampi who taught Esiason the offensive lineman's prayer ("We work the hardest/are known least/but who cares/'cause we are the reason"), and Esiason used to try to break into their group and say it with them.

To this day, he hangs around with offensive linemen, even sitting in on their meetings to learn their blocking schemes for the week. It's a curious thing: Esiason, a handsome, wealthy quarterback, running around with the slow, stiff-shouldered men of the trench. His running buddies also number Cris Collinsworth, Cincinnati's premier bachelor (Esiason was right there, too, until May, when he married Cheryl Hyde, whom he describes as a "perfect 10, and very intelligent"), but his best friend on the team is 300-pound center Dave Rimington. "Hey," says Esiason, "I stand there with my hands underneath him all year, we'd better get along. But, really, the linemen are great guys. Cris is a great guy, too, but he's a different personality. He's a superstar. These guys, I mean, they're so *big*. They're freaks of nature, and people love 'em."

In honor of the linemen who blocked for him at Maryland, Esiason installed a \$5,000 stereo system in the school's football weight room before he even signed a contract with the Bengals. In June, he took the Bengal linemen with him to play in a charity golf tournament on Fire Island. He plays cards with the linemen on Thursday nights. With the linemen, Esiason can carry on and be himself.

But even as he does, he is still a quarterback. It is Esiason's nature to be with the linemen, not to be one of them. "I love being a quarterback," he says. "A quarterback is like the real live American hero to the kids. Being a quarterback is the *creme de la creme* in all of sports. Everybody wants to be the quarterback. It's so much fun being an NFL quarterback."

Esiason particularly enjoyed being what he is last winter, when he was invited, along with a dozen or so other NFL quarterbacks, to the Washington Touchdown Club Quarterback of the Year Banquet. He made friends with O'Brien, whom the other quarterbacks kidded about being sacked so often. He made friends with USFL star Jim Kelly, who, like Esiason, has the reputation as a cocky player. Esiason saw some of himself in these guys, and in most of the quarterbacks. "We really have a lot in common," he says. "We're all a little bit off the wall, a little off center. We have to be. If there's a new breed of quarterback, I think it's a guy who's a little bit more freestyle, both in the way he plays and off the field. I tell you, we had a great time for a



'It's fun being an NFL quarterback,' Boomer tells his wife, Cheryl.

school, and in the winter of his senior year accepted the only Division I-A scholarship that was offered him for football. After baseball season—in which he was 15-0 as a lefty fastballer—offers came generously. He also had a chance at a pro contract. But it was all too confusing for him, so he decided to stick with his decision to play football at Maryland, where he thought he could also play baseball.

"I have no doubt that Boomer could have made it in any sport that he chose, but I really felt that he would end up in football," says Sal Ciampi, who coached Esiason in both sports at East Islip. "I could just picture him with that white hair being the quarterback. He has that charisma."

When he got to Maryland, though, Esiason was not immediately the quarterback. He also was not allowed to play baseball. The whole thing embittered him, and over the summer he listened to rock 'n' roll, let his hair grow and his stomach swell. When football practice started, he vomited after wind sprints. Jerry Claiborne, the coach then, redshirted him.

It was during the Claiborne period that Esiason first got the reputation as a player who was difficult to deal with, one who was more serious about partying than athletics. But when Ross arrived the next year, he made Esiason the starter, and Esiason never let him down. He kept his reputation as a cocksure freewheeler—he drove around

Boomer is just extremely competitive. The one shot I always remember about Boomer is when we played North Carolina in '83 and they were ranked third in the country. It was our worst team when Boomer was here, but we won the game. We have a film of Boomer in the dressing room before the game, and he's snorting like a bull. You can see the competitiveness in his eyes."

Growing up as the only boy in a house without a mother, Esiason received the full brunt of his father's interest in sports, and he undertook his games with an earnest vigor. "Boomer was always very interested in winning," says Norman Esiason, a Manhattan insurance executive who was a tackle at Georgetown until he injured his knee. Esiason's mother died of cancer when he was five, and the elder Esiason had to raise his son with only the help of two older daughters. He would take Boomer out of school on his birthdays to go fishing, and the two were regulars at Madison Square Garden for Rangers games. The Islanders notwithstanding, Esiason is still intensely loyal to the Rangers. "When he was a kid and we went to the Garden, I'd have to hold onto his pants to keep him from going over the glass and joining in the fights," says his father. "Boomer was always intense about sports."

By the time he got to high school, Esiason's intensity was not unattended by some natural egotism, but any evidence of it was

couple of days when we were all together. We're talking about what it's like being a quarterback and contracts and making fun of everybody, and our wives and girlfriends are going, 'I don't believe this.' We're all walking around like we know what we're doing, like we're the stuff."

Even back in Cincinnati, Esiason still walks around like he's the stuff. Even off the field, he plays quarterback. He wears his collars up, dresses rakishly grubby, drives a sleek black Corvette. He just bought his bride a red BMW. They built a house in an exclusive development in northern Kentucky, and it has 70 windows, 18 skylights, six bathrooms, four kinds of beer on tap, a refrigerator that will accommodate eight kegs, and a dance floor. It's a house made for parties attended by big people, such as offensive linemen. The house also has a room with pictures of Esiason's sports friends and heroes—Collinsworth, Michael Jordan, Darryl Strawberry. And it has what he and Marcus Allen call an "I Love Me room," full of personal mementos.

It's apparent that Esiason has begun to sample the life that he seems destined for, that of the star quarterback. He is entering into a restaurant partnership with Collinsworth and Pete Rose. He is modeling a line of clothes. Around his neck he wears a gold No. 7 (his number) studded with seven diamonds. He is doing television commercials. And he is being recognized as a consummate football player.

What he wants to do next is have a season with 35 touchdown passes and 10 interceptions, and make the playoffs. Then he won't have to defend himself in comparison to other quarterbacks. He wants to be a quarterback like the 49ers' Joe Montana, whose same system he runs in Cincinnati. "He's so intertwined with that ballclub," Esiason says. He rates the pro quarterbacks, in order: Montana, Marino, Fouts, Elway, Kelly. He doesn't include himself—not because he thinks he doesn't belong, but because he knows he does and doesn't want to be the one to say it. Not yet, anyway. It's significant, though, that when he talks comparisons, he talks the 49ers' Montana. He talks from the top. "If I didn't think I belonged up there," he says, "I'd be in the wrong game."

But there's no chance of that. Boomer Esiason could be nothing but a football player. Baseball? No. He had the great arm for one reason—because he was a quarterback. ■

Cincinnati writer LONNIE WHEELER has some of a quarterback's confident swagger, especially after he falls asleep. His last I.S. piece was an interview with the Cincinnati Reds' Dave Parker.



DAMART

THERMOLACTYL

Thermolactyl is available only from Damart.

VISIT OUR STORES IN PORTSMOUTH, NH, ALBANY, BUFFALO, SYRACUSE, NY, ENFIELD, CT, AND WARWICK, RI

THERE IS NO WARMER UNDERWEAR MADE!

Fill out and send to:
DAMART, Dept. 60079
1811 Woodbury Avenue
Portsmouth, N.H. 03805

YES! Rush me your FREE DAMART Catalog. . .
I want to enjoy the fantastic warmth of Thermolactyl Underwear, a DAMART® exclusive. (I understand there is no obligation.)

PRINT NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP © 1986 Damart

DEFY THE COLD!

Below zero temperatures. Wind chill factors of twenty below and lower. Snow, ice and freezing rain. The more you have to be out in bitter weather, the more you need Damart Thermolactyl. Damart has invented underwear that'll keep you warm, dry and comfortable indoors and out. *You'll never be cold again!*

With Damart Thermolactyl you won't have to bundle up in layers of bulky clothing. You won't have to waddle around like a penguin, perspiring like crazy one minute and freezing to death the next.

The reason is Thermolactyl. This incredible fabric holds body warmth...not perspiration. In fact it *wicks* perspiration away from the skin. Result? You'll find, as many others already have, that Thermolactyl keeps you warmer and drier when you need it most. Luxuriously soft and light, too. (Tests at London's famed Shirley Institute have shown that Thermolactyl provides outstanding warmth retention when compared to other insulating fabrics.)

You'll even feel perfectly comfortable wearing Thermolactyl indoors. Turn the thermostat way down and save big money on your heating bills.

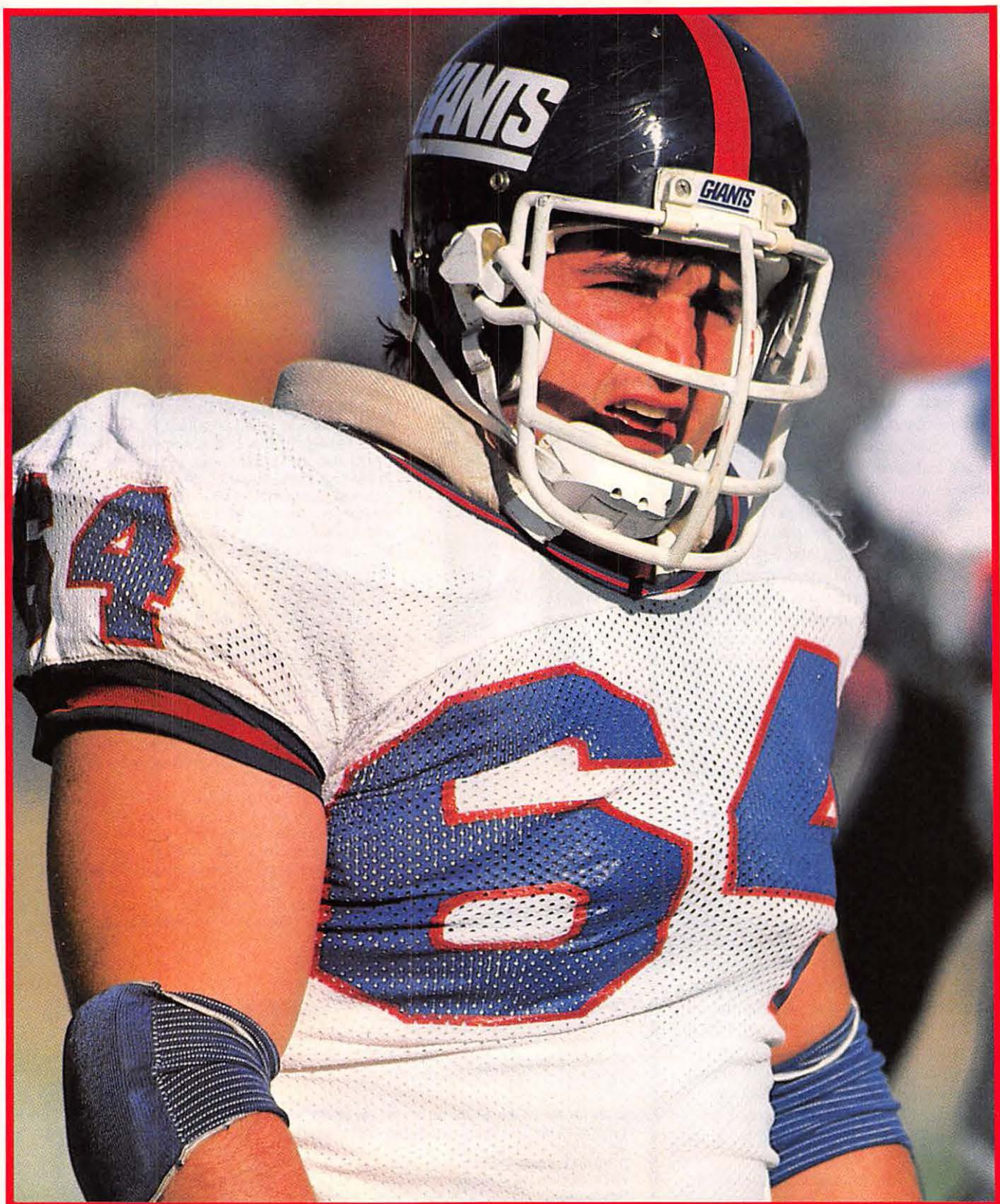
Damart is so comfortable that Mt. Everest climbing expeditions wear it. And so do the Chicago Bears, New England Patriots, New York Jets, Buffalo Bills, Pittsburgh Steelers, Philadelphia Eagles and Green Bay Packers Football Clubs.

Most important of all, Damart is sure to keep you warm and comfortable all winter long, no matter what your winters are like.

Our free color catalog tells the full Damart Thermolactyl story and displays the Damart line for men and women, including tall and larger sizes. Send for your FREE copy now!

FREE CATALOG





THE NOSE

THEY WEAR GAUDY UNIFORMS and armor layered in plastic, foam, and steel. Their eyeslits darken as they crouch forward and scratch at the poly-greened battlefield. They chant to each other in secret codes: "Blue 45!" "Up 93!" Their limbs flex, their uniforms creak as they settle into a suddenly motionless posture that seems to last forever—until the ball is snapped.

Now comes the furious collision. Now the crashing tests of courage, the touchstones of the heart. The quarterback springs from his stance, spins sharply, and slams the ball into the waiting hands of the runner. With his feet and shoulders telling lies, the runner inevitably plunges headlong into some designated space, an act of faith.

Helmets crash and forearms are wielded with savage and obscure technique. The runner is taken down. The striped judges measure and decide while the players untangle. The contestants still shove and curse the foe, still threaten and taunt, their faces encaged behind steel bars.

And whatever the matchup, whatever the score, the player at the bottom of the pile is bound to be a nose tackle. "For real," says Jim Burt, Pro Bowl NT for the New York Giants. "It's all a matter of pride."

IN CIVILIAN LIFE JIM BURT'S face is surprisingly cherubic. His body masses inside a T-shirt and blue gym shorts, his skin barely containing his bulging muscles. Burt sits on a rocking chair in his back yard in Waldwick, N.J., warming his face in the late autumn sunshine.

"All the players in the NFL are crazy," says Burt, "but nose tackles are a little crazier. That's because we're always in the middle of everything, with the bodies flying, where the action is. If you're playing linebacker or defensive end, you're mostly a spectator on the plays run away from you. Nose tackles get creamed on every single play. That's why the NFL careers of defensive linemen average five years while nose tackles usually last only three and a half. Playing nose tackle is like going into a bar filled with all your worst enemies. You have to want to get down in the dirt and fight your way back out. My excuse is that I was a nose tackle in college, so I don't know any better."

Despite the mucho-macho image of the

Jim Burt says playing nose tackle is 'like going into a bar filled with your worst enemies'—but this NT comes out on top

BY CHARLEY ROSEN

NFL, Burt insists the league is also populated with "soft" players: "Guys who play hard only when they want to. Guys who'd rather finesse, who always run around blocks to avoid getting clocked. Guys who get a lot of sacks. Guys who give up unnecessary yardage and take selfish gambles."

According to Burt, there are "dogs" at almost every position. "The important thing is this: Nose tackles never take a play off," Burt says. "If I'm in for 75, 80 plays in a ball game, I have to believe that the next play is the one that decides the outcome. The only guys that nobody can intimidate, the only guys always ready to fight their asses off, are the offensive centers and the nose tackles."

Back in the early 1950s, when Bud Wilkinson first devised the 3-4, it was called the "Oklahoma Defense." The configuration was identical to the modern 3-4. In Wilkinson's terminology, the middle lineman was the "nose guard."

Twenty years later in the NFL, Miami's Don Shula adopted the 3-4 to suit the special talents of Bob Matheson—who was equally accomplished as linebacker or "rush man." Shula's strategy was identified by Matheson's uniform number, the "53 Defense." Since then, NFL coaches have concerned themselves with "ratios of giveaways and

takeaways" and with "time of possession." The running game was safest, the byword was "ball control."

"The 3-4 is an excellent set against the run," says Rod Rust, defensive coordinator of the New England Patriots. "At the same time, the 3-4 also presents alternative ways of rushing the passer." Presently, eight NFL teams rely on the 3-4. According to Rust, "The Chicago Bears' famous 46 defense is really a 4-3 or 3-4."

The variable in Chicago's defense is Richard Dent, who sometimes rushes and is sometimes assigned to pass coverage. "Another stunt that the Bears make," reports Rust, "is to put a lineman over each offensive guard. With the nose tackle already over the center, the Bears force three-on-three blocking. This variation frees the nose tackle from being doubled."

The most obvious difference between the 4-3 and the 3-4 is the blocking matchups: Against a standard 4-3, the offensive guards simply block the corresponding defensive tackles. The offensive tackles likewise handle the defensive ends. The center is responsible should the middle linebacker rush, and the respective running backs are expected to neutralize any blitz action by either of the outside linebackers.

"There's no mystery who to block," says Rust. "In passing situations the 4-3 defense will generally rush four out of four linemen. In the 3-4, the offense can identify only three definite rushers. The exercise is being able to block any one of four other potential rushers. It used to be a very tough read."

The tradeoff in the 3-4 is this: Can an outside linebacker rush as effectively as a defensive end? "Guys like Lawrence Taylor are better," says Rust. "They measure about 6'4", 250, with a 4.7 in the 40. They're 'speed rushers,' just like the small defensive ends in fashion several years ago. Remember Fred Dryer?"

When the 3-4 initially became popular, offenses reacted to "red dogs" just as they did against the traditional 4-3, i.e., by assigning the running backs to crunch any hard-charging OLBs. But running backs can't usually contain the likes of Lawrence Taylor. That's why some teams shorten their attack zones and go with a "Double Tight End Offense." Other teams like to use an offensive tackle or a guard to blunt Taylor's rush.

BREAKER



'All NFL players are crazy, but nose tackles are crazier.'

"The tackle matchup normally works well for the offense," says Rust. "Except, if Taylor releases into the pass coverage, then you've wasted an important blocker. Nowadays, most teams do use the tackles to block someone like Taylor. Should Taylor move into coverage, the tackle quickly releases to go help in the middle."

As the 3-4 proliferates, the blocking schemes get more intricate and offenses are increasingly liable to pass on first down. "I get doubled on about 98 percent of the pass plays," Burt says. "The second block comes from either of the two guards, so I'm vulnerable right and left. A defensive end gets doubled by a tackle and a guard, but he always knows where the second block is coming from. I also get doubled on most of the running plays. In fact, whenever I'm singled I'm expected to make the tackle."

Ordinarily, this relentless double-teaming will greatly reduce the NT's chances to bash quarterbacks. "Also," says Burt, "because I'm always on top of the ball, I can't get a good jump off the snap like the defensive ends can. Against the pass, my main function is to occupy two blockers. I've been very fortunate, however, with $8\frac{1}{2}$ sacks in 1984 and $7\frac{1}{2}$ last year."

Against running plays, the NT is the fulcrum of the defense. Despite being constantly outnumbered, he must fight his way to at least a standstill. The NT tries to force the runner into the defensive pursuit while also protecting his ILBs from blockers. Should the middle collapse, the entire defense is forced into a quick retreat.

In fighting the righteous battle, Jim Burt epitomizes the physical and psychological profile of the successful NT. "Nose tackles can't have long legs," Burt says, "or else the offensive linemen can just chop you down too easily. As for me, I'm 6'1" and I play at 260 pounds. Bob Baumhower of the Miami

Dolphins is 6'5", but he also has short, thick legs. Above all, a nose tackle needs powerful legs because of the double-teaming guards. With my stubby legs I can take short, choppy steps, the best kind for working in a crowd. Nose tackles also require quick feet and a low center of gravity. We need quickness so we're not a stationary target. We need overall strength to take a beating and stay in the ball game."

JIM BURT'S BACK YARD IS A gathering place for the neighborhood kids to come play with his son Jimmy. Also for other housewives and friends to pass time with his wife, Colleen. And, of course, Waldwick's schoolboy athletes will use any excuse to hang with Jim Burt.

Today, a young linebacker in baggy maroon sweat pants and a tight sleeveless shirt is on hand to show off his brand-new muscles. "Your chest and shoulders look real big," says Burt. "What do you bench-press?"

The youngster beams and says, "300."

Burt shakes his head in mock disapproval, saying, "But you really need to work lots more on your legs."

The young man is flabbergasted. "I squat 600!" he yelps as he rolls up his pants to display bulging calves and quads.

"Let's see your squat," Burt says dubiously. The youngster grabs an imaginary barbell and gladly obliges. "Not low enough," Burt frowns. "And most important of all, if you have good legs you're not allowed to wear long pants."

In modern times even high school quarterbacks must "pump" every day, yet it wasn't always so.

Jim Burt was born 27 years ago in Buffalo, and played scholastic football at Orchard High School. "I was a linebacker," Burt recalls, "and I was bigger than everybody

else so I never lifted weights back then."

From there, Burt accepted a "free ride" from the University of Miami, where coach Lou Saban preached the 3-4 defense. Previous to Burt, coach Saban had nurtured the undergraduate skills of Reuben Carter, who went on to become the foremost NT of his generation. "I was a hard-headed kid when I arrived in Miami," Burt admits. "Impatient, impulsive, just like every other kid at that age. I was a classic late bloomer."

At Miami, Burt also learned to delight in the painful pleasures of the weight room. *The purity of the grunt. Living in the body, much older than the mind. The pride and the rush.* As a pro, Burt still pumps 20 hours a week in the offseason, always emphasizing his legs and his neck.

It was also at Miami that Burt discovered "kick boxing," a stretching program that he still rehearses five hours each week. Like those of most of his peers, Burt's workout includes racquetball for extra quickness.

Burt was a senior in 1981, receiving several All-America designations. In the game against Florida State, in which Burt's big hits shook loose five fumbles, he was officially acclaimed as the nation's "Defensive Player of the Week." Even so, the only time Burt was ever tested and measured by an NFL scouting combine was after his freshman season. In the interim, Burt had gained 20 pounds, grown an inch, and reduced his 40-yard time to 4.9.

Understandably, Burt was "bitter" when he was ignored in the 1981 collegiate draft. "From where I am now," he says, "I realize that it's difficult to make accurate judgments of college nose tackles. I know for certain that it took me an awfully long time to mature. I really don't know why I was overlooked. Maybe they all thought I was still 6-foot tall and 240. Anyway, about 10 different teams wanted me to sign as a free agent, and the Giants seemed like the best bet."

Under coach Ray Perkins, the Giants were changing to the 3-4. Bill Neill was New York's fifth draft pick and was regarded by Perkins and his staff as the leading NT candidate. To escape the Turk, rookie Burt tried hiding under his own bed—but the cut never came. Burt made the squad for his reckless abandon, backing up Neill and running wild on the special teams (personally accounting for 80 tackles in the open field). "I especially loved the kickoff and kickoff-return teams," Burt says with a smile of fond remembrance. "Just running all over the field cracking people."

Nor will Burt ever forget his first play at nose tackle. "It was the second quarter of an exhibition game against the Pittsburgh Steelers. . . ." Since NTs never go nose-to-nose, there exists no brotherhood among

Continued on page 76



The Hall of Fame Golf Classic

Think back to the legends of sports—the Mantles and Orrs, Wests and Unitases—who helped make their respective games what they are today. Some of these sports greats and many more will be participating in the most entertaining golf event of the season—the first annual Citicorp Diners Club Hall of Fame Golf Classic.

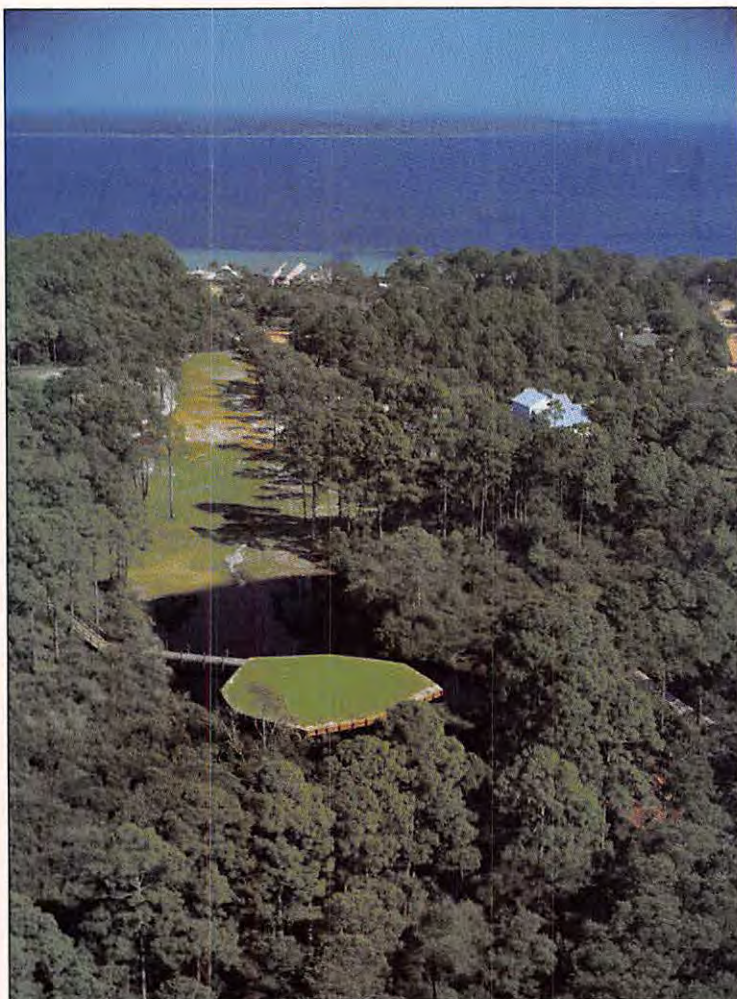
On Friday and Saturday, September 26 and 27, Hall-of-Famers from football, baseball, basketball, and hockey will pick up their golf clubs and take to the course. The former pros will team with Fortune 500 CEOs to compete on the highly acclaimed new Lagoon Legend Golf Course at Marriott's Bay Point Resort, the premier luxury resort on Florida's north Gulf Coast in Panama City.

"Citicorp Diners Club is delighted to be the sponsor of such an exciting and unique sports event," said James R. Emshoff, Citicorp Diners Club president. "The Classic combines the captains of industry with the legends of sports in a highly competitive environment, the game of golf, in which neither reigns supreme. It will be interesting to see our sports heroes compete in golf's intense game of skill . . . and frustration."

The Hall of Fame Golf Classic is part of the grand opening for Marriott's Bay Point Resort and caps off a series of summer-long festivities.

"It is only fitting that we created a special grand-opening event which emulates the mark of excellence we have already established at the resort," said John E. Ayres, general manager of Marriott's Bay Point Resort. "The classic is much more than just a creative golf event. The gallery can be spectators in the mornings and adventurers in the afternoons. Visitors can go deep-sea fishing, learn to sail, scour secluded islands, or even try their hand on our new golf links."

Ayres continues: "The alliance of a prestigious company such as Citicorp Diners Club, a magnificent resort, Bay Point, and some



The 7,080-yard Lagoon Legend course at Marriott's Bay Point Resort is a monstrous collection of challenges and beauty.

of the finest athletes in history was an inspiration that is finally becoming a reality. But more importantly, the neutral playing ground is pulling together the men who filled the stadiums and arenas for a good cause."

These sports heroes will lend their talent to a battle that is perhaps more intense than any athletic competition they have encountered. The battle is one that Nick Buoniconti, former Miami Dolphin linebacker, knows only too well. Nick's son, Marc, was paralyzed last year while playing football for The Citadel.

Following the tragedy, Nick started The Miami Project—an organization that is seeking to cure paralysis. To fund research, proceeds from the tournament will benefit The Miami Project.

The course is a challenging one. And the stakes are three prestigious awards—the Classic Cup, for the winning team; the Hall of Fame Award, for the sports category averaging the lowest score; and The Legend Award, going to the Hall-of-Famer with the lowest net individual score.

Bruce Devlin, who designed the course with partner Bob von Hagge, explains: "On Lagoon Legend, you'll have a difficult time finding any holes that aren't dramatic. We worked with surprises designed by nature throughout the course. It is definitely a shotmaker's dream."

After playing the course, one national golf editor said, "Lagoon Legend is certainly challenging for even the best

players." Another top golf writer added: "When Yankees come to the South, we expect flat, boring golf courses—such is not the case. The unique mounding and judicious use of bunkering add to the attraction and challenge."

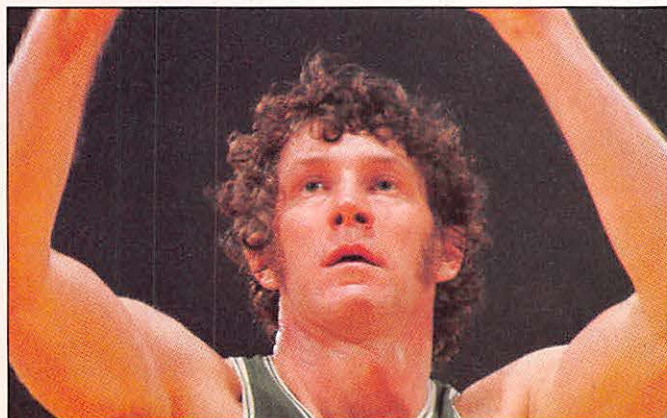
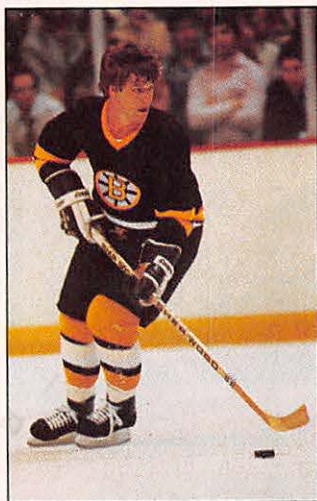
The 7,080-yard course includes: "The Sahara," 120 expansive yards of sugar-white sand dunes on the first leg of the fairway; the 13th-hole island green in the middle of a Tai Tai swamp, accessible only by walkway; the 17th bordered by the Grand Lagoon; and the 18th—perhaps the most challenging of all—reachable only by shooting over the Lagoon, and then back over the Lagoon to the green. The new course also offers a rare luxury for a Florida course—bent-grass greens.

The Hall-of-Famers

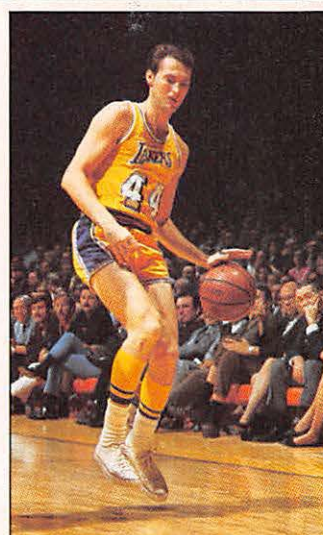


Don Drysdale spent all 14 of his big-league seasons in a Dodger uniform. The 6'5" righthander won 209 games and compiled a nifty 2.95 lifetime ERA. Drysdale pitched at least 300 innings four times in his career, and set a major league record by tossing 58½ consecutive scoreless innings in 1968.

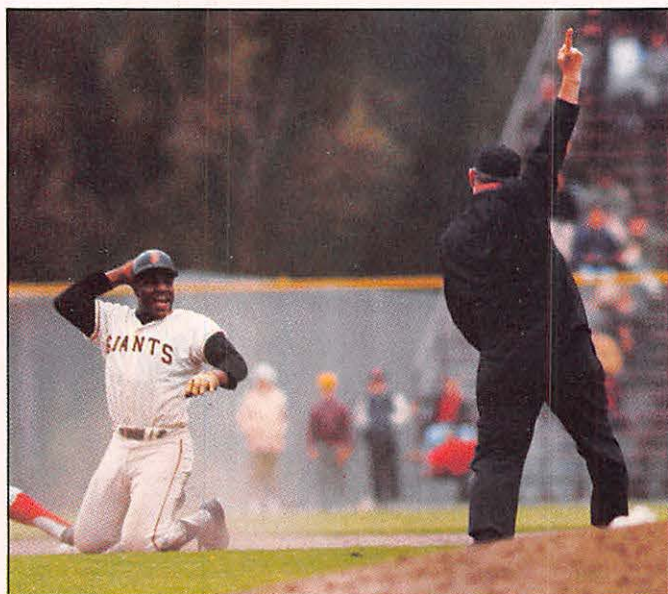
Bobby Orr had a magnificent career cut short by knee injuries, but the Boston Bruins backliner was perhaps the premier defenseman ever to play the game. Eight times Orr earned the Norris Trophy, and he won two league scoring championships and three NHL MVP Awards. In 1979 he was inducted into the Hockey Hall of Fame.



John Havlicek played an NBA record 16 seasons, all with the Boston Celtics (1962 to 1978). During his career he played on eight World Championship teams and in 13 consecutive All-Star Games. A 6'5" swingman, "Hondo" ranks fifth on the NBA's all-time scoring list with 26,395 points. He was inducted into the Basketball Hall of Fame in 1983.



Willie Mays ranks as one of the greatest center fielders in baseball history. In a 22-year career with the Giants and Mets, "Say Hey" cracked 660 lifetime home runs to put him No. 3 on the all-time list. A career .302 hitter, Mays played in 24 All-Star Games and holds the records for most at-bats (75) and hits (23) in the midsummer contest. Mays was inducted into the Baseball Hall of Fame in 1979.



Jerry West starred for the Los Angeles Lakers for 13 years, averaging 27 points during his career, which stretched from 1960 to 1973. A 6'3" sharpshooting guard, West played in 12 All-Star Games and led the Lakers to an NBA title in 1972. He is the NBA's all-time leading playoff scorer and sixth on the all-time list with 25,192 points.



When Baltimore Colts legend Johnny Unitas retired after the 1973 season, he held nearly every significant NFL career passing record: most attempts, most completions, most yardage, and most TDs. In his 17 years with the Colts (1956-72) Unitas appeared in 10 Pro Bowls, five NFL championship games, and two Super Bowls.



Citicorp Diners Club Answers Business Needs

Increased competition at home and from abroad has put added pressure on American business to improve performance and cost efficiencies. This same intense business environment has also had a similar effect on the needs and expectations of

are looking beyond the norm for new means of obtaining better support services while on the road and at home.

Through research, Citicorp Diners Club identified these needs and responded with a unique package of services de-



Diners Club's services include major airport-to-city chauffeurs.

today's business traveler. While once resigned to the inconveniences associated with travel, more and more business people

signed to:

- Reduce stress and pressure
- Minimize "hassles"
- Lessen fatigue, and



Club Business Offices

—Increase control and conveniences.

"The needs we uncovered became the guiding forces behind our business mission," said James R. Emshoff, Citicorp Diners Club president. "We felt that Diners Club was in an ideal position to offer exactly the right services to satisfy these unmet needs and close the 'service gap.'"

Diners Club's unique package of services includes; Club Rewards, where members can earn points toward free trips and gifts for charging on the Diners Club Card; Club Suites, two-room suites in luxury hotels for about the price of a single room; Club Chauffeur, major airport-to-city chauffeur service for a few

dollars more than the comparable taxi ride; Club Workout Centers, access to private health clubs around the country; Club Business Offices, access to professionally staffed business centers; and Club Gifts, a personal gift consulting and buying service.

Emshoff said: "These services offer business people 'greater levels of convenience and productivity' than have generally been available in the past. No other company is doing what we're doing for the business person, because nobody else is focusing all of its resources on their needs."

Luxurious two-room Club Suites



Citicorp Diners Club Focuses On Sports

The competitive nature of American business has forced more and more companies to look beyond traditional marketing programs to obtain the necessary exposure and support needed to achieve their objectives.

Sports marketing has become a new avenue to impact business strategies by providing participating companies with an exclusive opportunity to showcase their products and services. Citicorp Diners Club is one of the companies that have recognized the value of sports marketing as part of their overall marketing strategy.

Because of the large financial investment involved, it is crucial that the specific sporting event be carefully selected to match the

needs of the sponsoring company. For a sponsorship proposal to receive serious consideration at Citicorp Diners Club, it must be able to fulfill a multitude of objectives. These include targeted impact on a preferred demographic audience, product and brand name exposure, appropriate association and imagery, sales and customer tie-ins, and inherent media and audience interest.

Upon evaluation, Citicorp Diners Club found The Hall of Fame Golf Classic to be an excellent choice for achieving all the above objectives.

The sport of golf delivers a well-targeted audience of upscale consumers who are key Diners Club prospects. The event allows Citicorp Diners Club to associate its name and product

with premier sports legends and many of the respected business leaders of American industry. Further, the program will enable Citicorp Diners Club to solidify relationships with major business and customer accounts.

Sponsorship of the Classic will also enhance Diners Club's brand awareness and image due to the broad appeal of the event. Millions who play and watch golf will be intrigued. And by featuring legitimate sports legends from four of the most popular spectator sports in the U.S., millions more will be drawn into the event, brought to them by national ESPN cable television coverage. Finally, the Hall of Fame Golf Classic enables Citicorp Diners Club to fulfill many components of its marketing mix in a

cost-efficient and exciting manner.

"Citicorp Diners Club is delighted to be the sponsor of such a unique sports event," said James R. Emshoff, Citicorp Diners Club president.

Sporting events are like no other traditional marketing medium when it comes to promoting a product or service, creating good will and developing account relationships. It is an extraordinary tool for capitalizing on reputation and image.

The increased public relations from such events is immeasurable. Citicorp Diners Club hopes to take advantage of these opportunities when the sports legends take to the links during the Citicorp Diners Club Hall of Fame Golf Classic.

Continued from page 60

them. Instead, nose tackles owe a perverse loyalty to their eternal foe, offensive centers. By chance, Pittsburgh's center was a perennial Pro Bowler named Mike Webster, who also served as Jim Burt's idol. "Nose tackles and centers are about the same size," says Burt, "so I could really identify with Webster. He was a fifth-round draft pick who weighed 235 out of college and built himself up to 265. I had watched Webster play for seven years on TV before I got into the league, and I admired his work ethic. Like me, Webster was an overachiever."

When Burt entered the game that day, he was the only player on the field in a clean uniform. "But I was all fired up to play against my hero," says Burt. "I was ready to fight him to the death. I was even drooling."

As is Webster's custom, the burly center jumped from the offensive huddle and charged to the line to cover the ball. Webster's uniform was already soiled and soaked with sweat—his biceps seemed as large as footballs. "Webster had no teeth," Burt remembers, "and he looked like he'd been playing for 24 years. Absolutely the meanest guy I ever saw."

As the quarterback barked the cadence, Burt's pulse beat in his neck like a flame. Suddenly, Webster glanced up and said: "Hey, Jim! How're you doing?"

Burt was in shock when the ball was finally snapped. "I tried to grab him," Burt says, "but his jersey was all slick with Vaseline. Instead, he put his vise grips on the front of my shoulder pads and began pushing me backward. Next, he lifted me off the ground like he's going to throw me down and pin me on my back. For a nose tackle, that's the ultimate humiliation. So I totally forgot about the play. All I wanted to do was spin out of his grip and dive onto my belly. Fortunately, I escaped in time. Mike Webster's the reason I began greasing up and stretching my jersey so tight."

When Bill Neill was injured during the strike-shortened 1982 season, Burt started the Giants' last two games at NT, producing 17 tackles and his first QB sack. During the long offseason, Bill Parcells succeeded Perkins, and he turned out to be another advocate of the 3-4 defense. But, alas, shortly thereafter Burt crunched his back while lifting. *An injury suffered in training, with an extra measure of pain and despair.*

The diagnosis was a herniated disc, and even after surgery the medics predicted that Burt's gridiron days were done. Burt just shrugged and said, "There's only one way to find out for sure." He attacked his rehab program with characteristic intensity and eventually reclaimed his starting spot just in time for the 1983 campaign.

But tough luck again—another back

trauma ended Burt's third NFL season after only seven games. Fortunately, no additional surgery was prescribed, and Burt's 1984 season was an epiphany of health and wisdom. That's when Burt first led the Giants' down linemen in tackles (with 90), thereby jumping from oblivion to the All-NFL Team. "A nose tackle's fourth season is always his dream come true," says Burt. "Because that's when you qualify for a pension."

IN 1985 BURT'S VITAL STATS were better than ever. Accordingly, he now earns enough money for his family to "live the good life." There's a 1984 Cadillac in the driveway.

As the pale silver sunshine dapples the trees, Burt sips iced tea and raps his knuckles on the side of his redwood rocker. "My left leg atrophied after the first injury," he says. "It's still less bulky than the right leg but just as strong."

Because the Giants play a "read" defense, Burt's legs are subject to unusual punishment. "My job is to sit back, take the first hit, and then react," says Burt. "It's pretty tough because the guards and the center always know exactly where I am, so they can just tee off on me."

Burt always keys on the "triangle"—the two offensive guards and the center. "Let's say the center wants to hook-block me around my left shoulder," says Burt. "That means I've got to fight him off and go down the line to my left. If the center comes straight at me, it's usually a double-team and a pass play. But if you only read the center, the guards'll get your ribs, your knees, whatever's exposed. By now my read is mostly instinct. As soon as the guards and center move from their stances, I can anticipate the guards pulling and I know where the ball's going to be. Whatever the keys in a read defense, I've always got to take the hit."

For all the punishment Burt suffers, his opponents receive an equitable share of bruises and headaches. "That's mostly because the entire defensive line plays what the Giants call the 'Two-Gap' technique," Burt says modestly. "In our system we're not permitted to run around blocks. Instead, we try to jolt the blocker with our forearms extended into his chest. Then we grab his jersey and butt his helmet as hard as we can. Crack! It takes a long time to learn the Two-Gap method, and it sure takes a lot of neck work. Hey, I have a sore neck all season long. But the offensive linemen don't like it, because they know they're gonna get their heads busted on every play. For real, guys like Curtis McGriff would Two-Gap a brick wall. Basically, you've got to want to do it. You've got to love it."

Naturally, there is an alternate method—and Burt wistfully admires the work of Joe

Klecko, nose tackle for the New York Jets. "Klecko likes to initiate the first contact," says Burt, "so he'll line up in one of the guard-center gaps, shading either right or left. This way, Klecko has a better jump on the snap and a maximum angle to rush the passer. Also, the only double-teaming Klecko faces will come from the center and the guard he's shading. It's certainly easier than what I do. Maybe Klecko gives up too much run—I don't know for sure. It seems to work real well for him."

With Klecko shooting the gap, the offensive line must hesitate before initiating their blocks. Klecko's risk is that the center can "chip" him and move on to assault the nearest linebacker. According to Rod Rust, the risk is diminished only because of Klecko's speed.

"Sometimes Klecko has run responsibilities on the opposite guard-center hole," Rust notes. "And if Klecko is in the gap to your right, then your left guard can't see him. Klecko has a terrific 'swim' move to get past the center and into the left center-guard gap. In that case, you may have problems accounting for him."

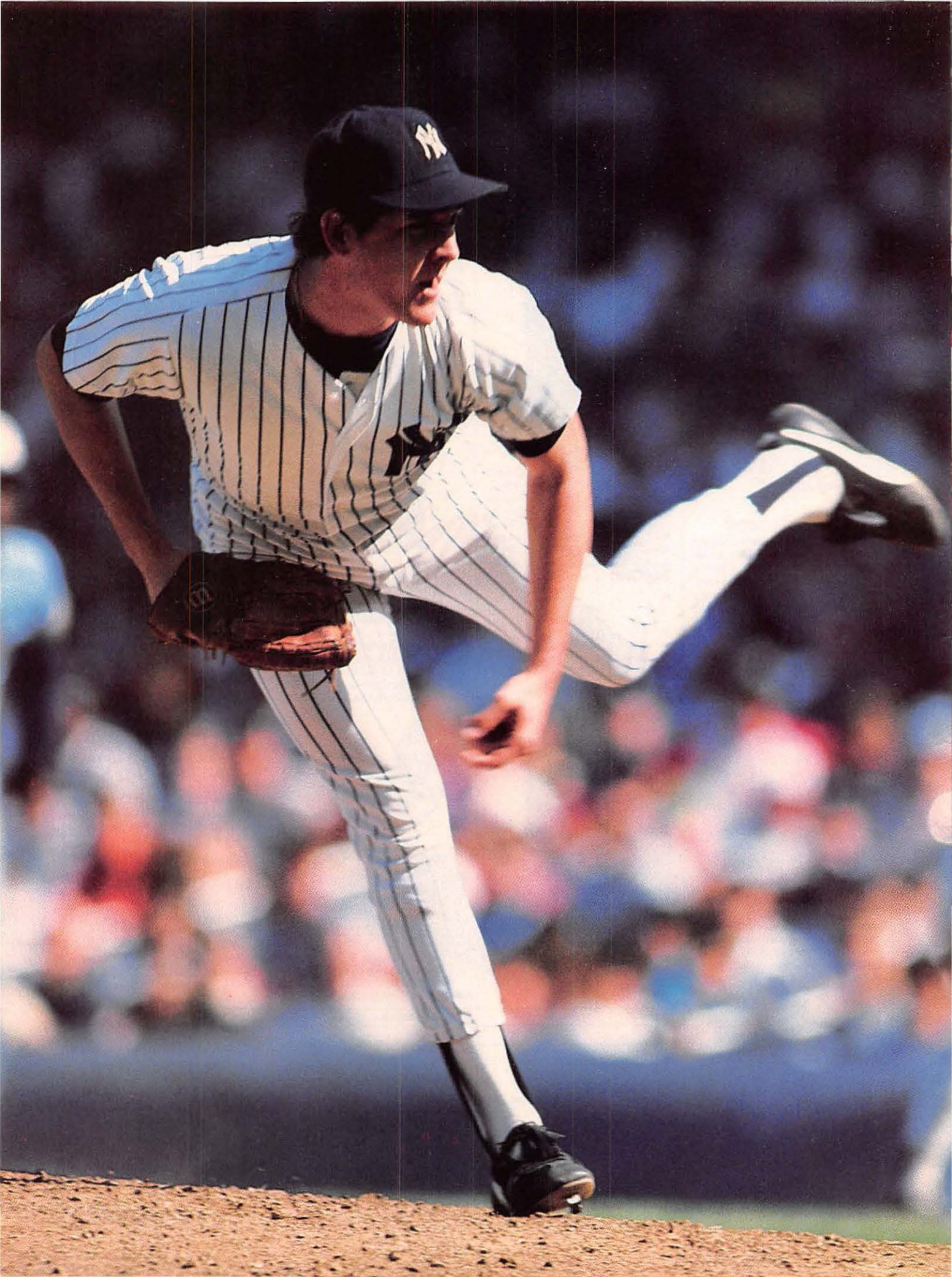
As much as Burt theoretically yearns for shading techniques to save his body, in his heart of hearts, he believes that the hardest way is the hardest to beat.

IT'S AXIOMATIC IN ALL TEAM sports that defense wins championships—that's why Jim Burt is unimpressed with the official 1985 statistics, which rank the Giants defense second only to the Bears'. "It's *when* you do it that counts," Burt emphasizes. "Everyone's sharp at the start, but the game is usually decided in the last half of the fourth quarter." Rather than rely on the Giants' impressive stats, Burt recalls last year's critical failures to stave off late drives by Cincinnati, Dallas, and Cleveland.

"I guess coach Parcells doesn't believe the numbers either," says Burt, "because our first six draft picks are defensive players. The Giants' second pick was a nose tackle."

Add the Two-Gap technique to a read defense and Burt spends lengthy sessions in the whirlpool. "Everybody gets up for games," he maintains. "It's the training camps that break you down. So far I'm relatively undamaged, knock wood. Sure, I'd like to play five more years and make 10. But whenever I'm through, I'd also like to be able to play with my kids and to walk without pain." ■

Contributing writer CHARLEY ROSEN has a nose tackle's mentality, which is why he needs a bodyguard whenever he enters a bar. His last I.S. piece was on the L.A. Lakers' fastbreaks.



Stranger Than Paradise

Dave (Rob Paradise) Righetti felt cheated when he was put in the bullpen, but he's a killer in the clutch

By MARK RIBOWSKY

THE GHOSTS OF NEW YORK Yankees past hang like dirigibles in the air of the Yankee locker room. Some people feel Ruth and DiMaggio breathing on them in there. Some can almost reach out and touch Mantle. Others sit around and bask in the electric glow of the greatest of 'em all.

"Well, they used to have this guy, Johnny Stellar, and he was supposed to be something," Mike Armstrong, a veteran relief pitcher who'd soon be farmed out, was saying with breathless reverence at the Yankees' Fort Lauderdale spring training base one afternoon last March.

Sitting at his locker and dressing for a game that night, Armstrong went on: "He was also a CIA agent and a circus performer and he was a great ladies' man. I hear he comes around the locker room now and then, but I didn't see him last year. I'd sure like to, though."

As Armstrong went on in his tribute, Dave Righetti—a relief pitcher who would *not* be farmed out—strode into the room and toward his locker, which bordered Armstrong's. Nodding to the pointy-nosed, wolfish-looking Righetti, Armstrong said, "Actually, it was Rags here who told me all this stuff."

"Hmm? What's that?" Righetti asked indifferently in a raspy voice.

"I was talking about that guy you told me about, Johnny Stellar."

Righetti's thin lips pressed hard, pruning before a grin he tried to stifle. "Oh. Oh, yeah," Righetti said with a cough that sounded more like a laugh. "A legend in his own time."

When Armstrong rose to go out to the field, a visitor who knew something about Yankee history, had just one question for Righetti. "Johnny Stellar, huh?"

"Yeah. Johnny Stellar," he said, firmly biting into his bottom lip. "Big, blond guy," he added not giving an inch.

IN DAVE RIGHETTI'S ARSENAL OF talent are a strong left arm, four useful pitches, a flair for the hang of relief pitching, and an obsession for conning his fellow man. For years, Righetti has been bamboozling naive Yankees, young and old, with convincing tales of superhuman apparitions. One of these, the glorious Johnny Stellar, is so pervasive a presence on the Yankees that even hard-bitten veterans aren't *really* sure if he's real or not.

"Actually, I think the real question is whether Rags believes it," says Yankee catcher Butch Wynegar. "Remember, this is a guy who goes to see pro wrestling and then comes in raving about what a great competitor Rowdy Roddy Piper is. I think Rags tends to see the world as a big comic book."

The origin of Johnny Stellar, Dave Righetti would admit that day in Fort Lauderdale, centers on the superheroes of Clive Cussler novels such as "Raise the Titanic," which Righetti reads and hoards with the same affection others do the collected works of Dickens. "The idea itself came from [ex-Yankee, now Phillies pitcher] Shane Rawley, who brought a made-up guy through four years of college with him," explains Righetti. Johnny Stellar popped right out of a Cussler work, a useful tool. Similarly, Righetti has pinned action/adventure nicknames on Yankees who have no idea why. Righetti dubbed himself Rob Paradise, and other Yankees were Trick Maynard, Dash Ham-

mer, and Chuck Schick, among others. Ron Guidry hasn't a clue why Righetti hung him with Dirk Pitt. As Righetti tells it, Pitt was a Cussler hero "every male would love to be. He knows everything, he can fight—women love him. Well, that's my image of Gator. He can do anything, he's got that confidence. He's a little Superman. I love guys like that. You know they don't exist, but you want them to."

For Dave Righetti, there is a simple, reassuring kind of normalcy in the fantasy lands of his reverie. Righetti is a man who dearly believes one plus one should equal two, that good should be clearly defined from evil, and that there is a rational answer for every question. It is an admirable philosophy. It is also one put to the test of endurance every moment he is awake, and probably a good many when he is not. This is so because the arithmetic on George Steinbrenner's Yankees works a little differently. That became obvious to Righetti the day he was asked to multiply himself by subtraction.

In December 1983, Righetti—25, vibrant, eager, and with an arm mighty enough the season before to throw the first Yankee no-hitter since Don Larsen's World Series perfect game in 1956—was asked to transplant himself into the bullpen, not as a demotion but to plug the gargantuan hole left by Goose Gossage's defection to San Diego. Since this had never before happened to a starter of Righetti's potential magnitude (Guidry, who was asked before Righetti, reportedly issued a flat no), Righetti was at first hurt and bewildered, then had to learn to live against his nature in a world of ambivalence and fuzzy, unrecognizable realities. Only because Righetti can dig farce, drama, and the absurdities of life, and also throw tiny fastballs, has he been able to handle it.

IN HIS FIRST TWO SEASONS AS A late-inning savior, Righetti was called on to save 83 games. He succeeded 60 times, which by baseball criteria is lock-solid.

This season, with the Yankees starting rotation in a shambles because of injuries to Britt Burns, Guidry, John Montefusco, Joe Niekro, and Tommy John—plus the ineffectiveness of a handful of others—Righetti carried more weight on his left shoulder than ever. And despite a bundle of wins and saves, his performance was subpar much of the first half of the year. Perhaps his worst outing came in June at Toronto when he yielded a game-tying grand slam to George Bell with two outs in the 9th inning. Righetti's frustration was vented when he tossed a baseball over the right field wall. It was one of eight games during the first half of the season in which Righetti did not register a save when presented with the opportunity.

Yet, at the All-Star Game break, Righetti's stats were still enviable for most relief pitchers: 6-4, 3.78 ERA, 19 saves. And with other Yankee relievers struggling, Righetti could finish '86 with up to 40 saves. He remained the biggest key to the team if the Bombers were going to make a second-half run at the Boston Red Sox.

Despite Righetti's brilliance—or maybe *because* of it—the sanity of his now-three-year-old conversion from starter to reliever is still debated in New York to this day. Indeed, it is probable that someone at this very minute, in at least one bar or taxicab, is purple-faced about the issue: 90-mph fastball game-starter vs. 90-mph fastball game-ender. And yet, in New York and its environs, public opinion has always decried the move as a kind of tampering with a precious gem. Righetti has heard it. "Every day," he says, "somebody tells me, 'You should be starting.'"

Undisputably, this is a minor PR headache for the club. Pitching coach Jeff Torborg, one of those who pushed for the move, says wearily: "For three years we've tried to make people understand. It's simple. Just look at last year. Dave was involved in 41 wins. As a starter, it might've been 20, 21." For many, though, such logic pales before visions of Righetti's July 4, 1983 no-hitter against the Red Sox, and the promise of more. For these people, Righetti in relief makes them feel cheated.

But it's an unkind fact of life, like prickly heat, that Righetti's profound influence in relief has likely made it impossible that we will see him start again. "I guess I spoiled some people who might've been skeptical at first," Righetti says. "If I went back to starting, the people who hated the switch would be screaming about killing the bullpen with me not there."

Indeed, Yankee players, who almost to a man regarded the move as counterproductive at best, suicidal at worst, won't quibble now. "I know I thought it was a mistake," says Wynegar. "But Rags has proven me wrong. Every club needs a big stopper in the bullpen." Says another Yankee: "I still think it's crazy. You don't lose a lefty starter like that, not in Yankee Stadium." Pause. "But I'd sure hate to lose him with the bases loaded in the 9th inning, too."

Possibly the last chance for a re-conver-

**'All George
has to do is
shake my hand,
which he's
never done.
That's all.
But that's
not his way.'**

sion was when Lou Piniella became the new Yankee manager last winter. Did he consider it? "Not for a second," Piniella says, with emphasis. "Rags has the gifts of a reliever. Great physical ability. Overpowering. Competitive. Loves to pitch with the game on the line." Piniella, considering the never-ending saga with a bemused sigh, added, "Listen, he's gonna be a reliever." Meaning that the point is moot, and beyond anyone's power to change—long, long ago.

What's more, Righetti is more than comfy living behind outfield fences. Success can do that to even the most wary and skeptical of men. When the switch was proposed, Righetti felt there was no way that a reliever, even a bat-melting reliever, could matter as much as a solid starter, and fully believed a relief man should not win Cy Young Award votes. It was, he admits, an outgrowth of the chauvinistic bias of the starting fraternity. Righetti says now: "The job is much more important than I used to think. I realize my importance on this ballclub in what I'm doing. Saving a game lifts a ballclub like you wouldn't believe, 'cause winning the close

game is a big high. And when you know you only have to get six, seven innings out of your starters, that's a hell of an advantage. Starters know that—they live and die with relief pitchers, they just won't admit it."

Righetti can be believed, because his temperament and instincts fill the swaggering requirements of the best relief people. Righetti speaks of the "excitement—the ultimate challenge" of the job, how "it's all on you. You gotta be cocky, come in and make an impact, never let 'em think you're scared." Other times he mentions being "on stage . . . you and the hitter in a little drama . . . life on the edge, one bad pitch and it's over." And if you fail, says Righetti, "you say screw it and come back the next day." He concludes: "I enjoy it, I really do. I think it's great." So, Righetti is absolutely correct in saying: "I'd be out of my mind to want to start now . . . not right now, no. Hell, no."

"Not right now . . ."

If you spend any time with Righetti, you get used to such sentence fragments, phrases that are little hedges of conviction. It is heart-warming that Righetti has grown to like his job, yet the hedges are significant in judging his thoughts. They seem to be an involuntary reflex, the twinge of a raw nerve, as though a pain somewhere inside won't go away—or Righetti won't *let* go away—until he *does* reclaim his starting-pitcher birthright. Witness one revealing colloquy, in which the hedges bloom into a forest:

"Are you resigned to relieving for the rest of your career, Dave?"

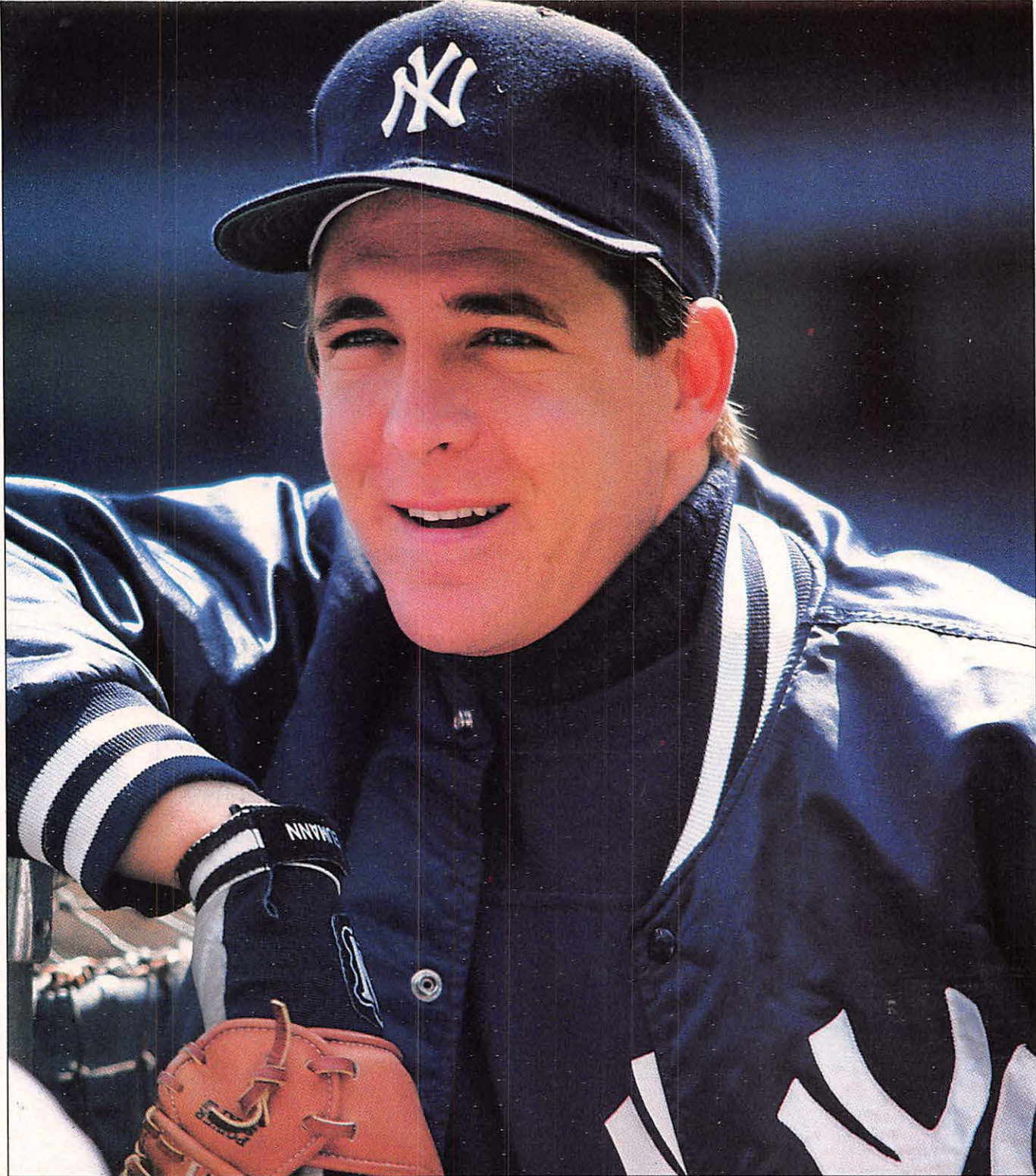
"Yeah. Sure . . . I might have to. In this game you don't have the luxury of shiftin' something on your own, of doin' *anything* on your own. Basically, they tell you what to do, and I'm doin' it, and gettin' paid well doin' it." "You don't seem that happy about it, though."

"I don't have to be happy to want to play."

"Are you going to carry that unhappiness to your grave?"

"Well, just like if you were rich, and then you lost it all, you'd rather be rich. But you're right about me not seeming too happy. Maybe it's because I'm just uncertain. I felt I wanted to keep starting because I was gettin' my feet on the ground, and it wasn't that easy to get up here with these guys, believe me. Goin' a week, or even two weeks without a chance for a save, that's hard on me. Or just keepin' a game close when I could've started and maybe won it for us. I'm trying to fill that emptiness by doin' such a good job in the bullpen that I won't have to worry about it. You know, makin' up those lost starts."

THERE IS AN EMOTIONAL rage in Dave Righetti's soul you would not expect to find if you never saw him pitch. Away from his craft,



'As a starter, there's more glamour, more visibility. You're marketable.'

Righetti requires no more of life than the simplest diversions. Though he adores glitzy cars, and can tell you the cubic displacement of every engine ever made, his own engine sits under the hood of a Bronco van. An elegant dinner for Righetti means pizza and beer, by the truckload. Righetti's wardrobe consists of faded jeans, mud-caked cowboy boots—and one pair of polyester Ban-Lon slacks, which he bought to satisfy Billy Martin's Yankee dress code last season. Up-right and unpretentious—"good people,"

says Piniella—Righetti has a girlfriend back in his hometown of San Jose, Calif., who, he says, "lives with her mother, where she belongs." Earning \$760,000 a year, on a contract running through next season, Righetti's New York digs are in decidedly un-Yuppie Washington Heights, a rotting slice of upper Manhattan. Righetti is the only tenant under 60 in his apartment building, and the only one who's not Jewish.

Righetti is asked to describe himself. "I'm a wolf in sheep's clothes," he says, the gravel

voice escaping from the side of a smirking mouth, as though he were a character in a '30s gangster movie. "Everybody thinks, hey, this guy's California-looking, he ain't no trouble." He pauses for effect, then adds, "That's why I can get away with murder around here." Indeed, Righetti's *real* nickname—Rags—fits nicely for more than alliterative reasons. Righetti's blood-lust for needling people with a flame-heated pin is a Yankee subcurrent. "I stopped sitting near him in the bullpen," testifies reliever Brian

Fisher. "He'll rag on you, mercilessly. That's how he kills time."

You don't need a pick and shovel to clear away the "Animal House" style innocence of Righetti's exterior. All it takes is a simple game of hardball to activate a delicate psyche fueled by a huge need to prove himself. Righetti's confidence is built on the excessive demands he makes of his talents. Given Righetti's white-hot temper, his outright arrogance on the pitching rubber would seem to be a barrier against self-destruction. Last year, during a crucial late-season game with Toronto, Righetti warmed up several times but never got in. When the Blue Jays broke it open and won, Righetti—who couldn't believe he wasn't called on to put out the fire—wound up and threw a ball over the Yankee Stadium bleacher roof, risking arm injury. Another time, after losing one on a dinky hit, Righetti came into the locker room and shredded his clothes with his spiked shoes. He had to wear his Yankee warm-up jacket home over his tattered shirt. "Rags is a lot like Goose was," says Dom Scala, the Yankee bullpen catcher, who knows Righetti better than most as the target for the pitcher's gathering frenzy as he warms up. "Both these guys think they can do anything, and they blame themselves when they fail. Goose used to cry after bad performances. Unlike Goose, Dave will try to analyze why it happened. He's smarter, he'll keep it in perspective. But his first reaction is to go a little out of his mind."

Righetti is lucky he can funnel his visceral self into pitches that are at once nasty and accurate. He is a brutish figure on the mound, all 6'3" and 195 pounds of him, because his delivery is formulated to draw on every ounce. Righetti's enormous stride to the plate traverses what seems like acres, his right foot meeting the ground with such force that his leg stands straight up like a grain silo, instead of bending at the knee. His left arm, coming from way back and surging up in a gigantic arc, resembles a long bull-whip. But Righetti is a surprising sort of brute. Relievers are generally one-pitch masters, very fast or very tricky. Righetti retains four pitches from his starting life: fastball, slider, curve, change-up. He doesn't have the leeway to nibble at the plate anymore, and never did anyway. But for a hitter to know he has more than heat gives Righetti a distinct advantage. An example came on Opening Day this season. Righetti, protecting a 4-2 lead against the Royals, got two hitters in the 8th inning on slow curves. In the 9th, with the bases loaded because of an error, he fanned the last two hitters on crease-sharp sliders.

It can be forgotten now that Righetti began his career with only a vague idea of where the strike zone was. No longer is he

Bionic Ball

A technological wonder

The "Kickoff Classic" soccerball from Mikasa is not your everyday soccerball — it's a technological wonder. From the good looking and long lasting synthetic leather cover to its revolutionary nylon wound 'floating' bladder (which makes it softer for easier heading and control), the "Kickoff Classic" is a ball of outstanding durability and performance. This is a ball so far ahead of the competition it's been selected the official tournament and game ball of the American Youth Soccer Organization (AYSO). The "Kickoff Classic" soccerball was made to last — so you might want to scout around for a good pair of bionic shoes. **Check out Mikasa's full line of athletic balls at your local sporting goods store.**

Guaranteed for three years when used as intended



MIKASA®
THE BEST FOR GOOD REASON

Exclusive U.S. Distributor
Sports and Leisure International
16641 Hale Avenue
Irvine, Ca 92714 (714) 863-1588

burdened by the strike-out-one/walk-two syndrome. "I learned that when I'm behind on the count I don't have to rear back and fire it right down the middle," he says. "It's amazing what you can do as a pitcher if you use the plate, take a little off, run the ball away. When I found out you can strike a guy out on four pitches, and not eight pitches, that less pitches are better for you, that's when it all started happening for me."

TO SAY DAVE RIGHETTI WAS born to be a Yankee is stretching things, but only a little. Righetti's father, Leo, was a shortstop in the Yankee farm chain for most of a 14-year minor league career. Though Leo Righetti knew the odds were stacked against him cracking the dynastic Yankee infields of the '40s and '50s, signing with the team was the only choice for the son of immigrant Italian parents who made their home in the same neighborhood in San Francisco where Joe DiMaggio and Frank Crosetti lived. "They only know two things there," Righetti says. "Italian and Yankees."

Leo Righetti was a proud, physically imposing man who said little but was never misunderstood. "He's from the old Italian way of life, where a crack on the head would help you more than anything," says the son, the younger (by a year) of two Righetti boys. In 1952, Leo, then a Boston Braves farmhand and hopeful of making the club in spring training, was told he was being sent out, that the Braves were keeping bonus baby Johnny Logan on the roster instead. Leo angrily picked up a chair and threw it at Braves manager Tommy Holmes, earning him a year's suspension. Five minor league years later, Leo finally quit, his dream over. From that day on he would bitterly reject the game he loved, not even attending banquets. A year after quitting, when he and his wife, Sandy, began their family, there were no traces of baseball, no memorabilia or trophies around the house, just a few scrapbooks hidden in the closet. Moreover, David Allen Righetti and his brother, Steven, never sensed any prodding to enter baseball, to fill a void inside Leo—which surely existed, even though he never mentioned it.

But Leo didn't *have* to do any prodding. His past was prologue for his sons. As soon as they showed promise, their paths were charted for them. Both boys were at San Jose City College—Dave thought he might become a draftsman—when they found this out. "My dad knew all these baseball guys in the area, like scouts, and they told me I'd be drafted because my daddy's an ex-ballplayer," Righetti says. The problem was, he was nowhere near being ready. "Steve [an outfielder] was. He was the best player on the [San Jose] team. To me, if anyone was

gonna play pro ball, it was my brother. He was mature. I was a weakling."

But Righetti, then as now, had a devastating aid: his left arm. He had been switched to pitcher his senior year in high school on the advice of Texas Rangers scout Paddy Cottrell, who saw him throw from the outfield and told the team's coach, "Pitch that sonofabitch." Not incidentally, Cottrell had once been Leo Righetti's quartermaster in the Navy. Righetti says he pitched "like horse----" at first, once walking 15 men in a

'When I found out you can strike a guy out on four pitches, that's when it happened for me.'

game. But he admits he would also strike out 15 or so, and win one- and two-hitters. Righetti's college coach, John Oldham, made immediate room for him on the staff. It did not hurt him that Oldham had been Leo Righetti's roommate in the Reds' farm chain in 1955. Knowing full well he'd be drafted, Righetti begged off, telling scouts he wanted to stay in school a year, maybe longer. "They were talkin' about me bein' the No. 1 draft! I said: 'What the hell are you talkin' about? I've only pitched a year.'"

It mattered little. In January 1977, with Righetti having just turned 19, Paddy Cottrell's Rangers drafted him, the No. 9 pick on the first round of the secondary draft. Righetti was still wary, and the Rangers put the pressure on: They told him that if he signed they'd also sign Steve—otherwise they wouldn't consider it. Leo Righetti hit the ceiling. "He was angry, he gave them Rangers the finger," says Righetti. "He told me not to sign." Righetti signed anyway. "I wanted to give my brother that chance," he says.

Both Righetti boys went off to the Rang-

ers' Class A Asheville team, Dave with a \$12,000 signing bonus. While Steve languished in the Ranger chain for six years, Dave rose fast. Too fast. On November 10, 1978, after a season of on-and-off arm trouble with Tulsa (he still struck out 127 in 91 innings, including 21 in one game) he was suddenly uprooted from the hushed, cocoon-tranquil environment he had grown to like, and plunged knee-deep into the Pepto-Bismol world of the New York Yankees, who were fresh off their second straight World Series win. Righetti, the key young name in a nine-player trade that sent aging reliever Sparky Lyle to Texas, came to the Yankee organization with considerable fanfare. "People were writing that I could throw a 97 mph fastball," he recalls. "I said: 'What? Are you crazy?'" The Yankees minor league coaches didn't care to listen. "They just told me, 'Go out and throw it through a wall and don't worry about nothin' else.'"

Righetti tried to comply, though his head was spinning. As a 10-year-old kid, he says, he could throw a big league-level slider. Yet he wouldn't throw it, or *any* breaking pitch in '79, as he hopped from Double-A Winter Haven to Triple-A Columbus—then, with dizzying haste, to the big club in mid-September, to start before a full house on Catfish Hunter Day. Righetti, whose Columbus team had clinched the International League pennant less than 12 hours before, arrived in New York at 3 a.m., exhausted and hung over from a night of serious partying. "They gave me an egg sandwich that morning and told me to pitch that afternoon," he says. Righetti, his bloodshot eyes trying to focus on a plate that "kept jumping all over," walked six and yielded five runs in a five-inning, no-decision stint. But he had made it to Yankee Stadium, a feat Leo Righetti would have sacrificed a few vital organs to achieve. Righetti felt duly honored, too. He just had so little time to enjoy it.

It was clear in spring training of 1980 that Righetti was not "the next Ron Guidry," as Yankee flacks had called him after the trade. That kind of hyperbole, in fact, made other Yankee prospects resent Righetti and put him under immediate pressure. And, inevitably, his one-dimensional pitching caught up with him. Assigned to Columbus, he had a perfectly miserable year: 6-10, 4.63 ERA, a league-high 101 walks in 142 innings. His 139 strikeouts were only a faint redeemer for a kid whom Sammy Ellis, a late-arriving pitching coach at Columbus, remembers as "our worst pitcher then."

At the start of the next season, with Righetti quickly consigned to Columbus again, Ellis studied Righetti's pitching and was puzzled. "What the hell happened to the breaking ball you used to throw?" Ellis asked him. In addition, Ellis noticed a flaw in

Righetti's delivery. "He was spinning, as I call it, and it's something he still has to watch," says Ellis, who is now the Yankees pitching coach. "He'd step to the side too much, and his body control would go out of whack. We had to put his mechanics back into shape."

Tended and nurtured by Ellis, Righetti rearranged himself. He began throwing sliders for strikes on 3-and-1 and 2-and-0. In seven early-season starts he hurled two shutouts, had a 1.00 ERA, and in 45 innings he struck out 50, walking only 26. It earned him another trip to the Bronx, whereupon he won the Rookie of the Year Award for a 15-start smash run shortened by the players strike. Righetti's numbers were: 8-4, 2.06, and 89 strikeouts and 38 walks in 105 innings.

Says Righetti: "I shouldn't have lost a single game that year. That's how well I pitched." As cream topping, he won one game and saved another—the finale—of the strike-induced divisional playoff with Milwaukee. Then he won the clinching game of the Championship Series against the A's in Oakland before an uneventful, one-loss World Series against the Dodgers.

From across the Bay that day in Oakland came Leo Righetti, making his first visit to the ballpark in years to see his boy pitch for the pennant in front of all the neighbors. "That," says the son, "was the biggest thrill I've ever had. Not even the no-hitter could compare to that."

It was a short celebration. The Yankee pinwheel of revolving managers and pitching coaches made Righetti unravel the following season. "We changed pitching coaches six times that year," he says, still agape. "We had one guy, Jerry Walker, who George told to help me. And, I mean, every inning I threw, here's this guy sitting next to me tellin' me not to do this or that. These pitching coaches wouldn't let me alone. Dave Winfield had to tell 'em to leave me alone. Finally, I just started going into the clubhouse between innings to get the hell away."

Righetti had gotten off to a slow start, and he admits he had "a rotten spring—like I always do." Looking back, he blames the nerve-fraying changes and obstruction. "I couldn't relax," he says. "I had to worry about being sent down every day." That was because Steinbrenner had made Righetti a whipping-post, from spring training on. Constantly reading of Steinbrenner's threats to farm him out, Righetti tried to steel himself to pitch, with mixed results. "I just got done beating Boston twice in one week, then I was having a bad game, and in the second inning I was yanked and they told me I was goin' to Columbus," he says. "I was 3-5, and George said I wasn't allowed to be a .500 pitcher."



We hope you'll have a sip of our oldtime Tennessee whiskey sometime soon.

A TRIP TO THE WAREHOUSE is the quickest part of the slow, slow way we make Jack Daniel's.

With a knowledgeable driver (and some husky barrelmen) we can put this whiskey to rest right quick. But then it will take years and years to reach maturity. And prior to all this, it will have dripped in unhurried fashion through room-high vats of tightly tamped charcoal. Getting Jack Daniel's to the warehouse is the fastest part of all. But, we assure you, it's the only step where any hurrying is allowed.



CHARCOAL MELLOWED FOR SMOOTHNESS

Righetti is convinced there was more to it, nefariously more. His Columbus stay turned out to be 20 days, too brief for the Yankees to use up an option on him, but long enough to change an equation only a Steinbrenner could care about. "I'm 17 days short of being a five-year man," Righetti says now. "I could have been a free agent after this season if not for those days lost. I'm sure that was a factor in his mind then."

Which is why Righetti insists the Columbus visit was a waste of time. "It was terrible, a joke. They said they sent me down so I could relax, but my first game was against Mark Fidrych [the ex-Tiger ace who was attempting a comeback after an arm injury] in front of a full house and all the nation's media. I struck out 12 guys in five innings and took myself out. I didn't have anything to prove. I said, 'I'm not gonna hurt my arm for a circus like this.'"

After five bush-league starts, Righetti returned and, buried in the bedlam of three Yankee managers that year, went 11-10. Even as an occasional starter, he led the American League in walks, with 108. The turning point came the next year, when Billy Martin sat in the manager's chair for the first time in Righetti's Yankee tenure. Righetti had his peak season: 14-8, 3.44, 169 strikeouts and 67 walks in 217 innings—and, of course, his no-hitter. "All Billy's doing," he says. "All I ever needed was confidence. Billy told me before the season: 'You're my starter. That means 35 starts, so go out and have a good time.'"

WHEN THE SWITCH TO THE bullpen was made after the season, it wasn't just the move that hurt Righetti but the rationalizations the Yankees gave—and still give—to justify it. Varying team spokesmen, including Sammy Ellis, cited Righetti's mechanics making him prone to arm trouble. Bullpen work, they said, would prolong his career. Righetti's upper lip curls in anger recalling the reasoning. "That thing about protecting my arm—that's a lie, and they know it," he says. "That was just an excuse to push me in the bullpen. They're not protectin' me. If they were, why would they get me up in 30-degree weather—'Get up! You gotta be ready in five pitches.' You don't protect your arm that way. If anything, it's much tougher on a guy's arm in the bullpen."

Righetti thinks he knows why the switch was actually made. "George really wanted me in the bullpen because he was deathly afraid he'd take heat after Goose left," he says, letting the words fly in a way that makes you think he's kept them inside for too long. "Goose wanted to stick it to George, leave him in a bad situation. So George used me to take the heat off himself." Righetti

laughs, then adds, "He didn't mind putting the heat on me, just as long as he wasn't embarrassed."

There are those who believe Billy Martin had similar, personal motivations in his use of Righetti last season, after Martin descended on the team again to replace Yogi Berra early in the season. Martin first said he wanted to get Righetti back in the rotation. Then Martin, too, realized that would plunder his bullpen. Martin's revised plan was to do the next best thing: use Righetti as a roving arm,

‘[Steinbrenner] wanted me in the bullpen because he was deathly afraid he'd take heat after Goose left.’

available at any time, whenever Martin judged a game to be on the line. Used as early as the 4th inning, and for as long as four innings, Righetti thought he was misused, but his natural avarice for holding a baseball won out. Butch Wynegar, for one, envisions a Martin motive in this besides the obvious one: nailing down a win with what may be the club's best arm.

"Billy probably thought that if he used Rags, Mr. Steinbrenner wouldn't come down on him even if he lost the game," says Wynegar. In any case, before Martin saw the overload he was putting on Righetti's arm, Righetti had to suffer through a monthlong slump in May and June—exacerbated by a broken toe that Righetti would not allow to keep him out of action. Righetti's ERA grew to an obese 7.27.

"The more I pitched, the weaker I felt," he says. "I definitely lost something on my fastball, and I'm sure it cost us a couple of games."

Righetti doesn't believe Martin was going to start him. "That was a bunch of ----," he says. "How could he have done that? I

wouldn't have had the arm strength to go seven innings without spring training."

And what if Piniella had asked him to do that this season?

Righetti is obviously irritated by the variations he's been hearing for three years. "You know what would have happened?" he says. "I would've been PO'd that they asked me to change again. This isn't something I want happening the rest of my career. It's very tiring. They keep changing me when they should leave a guy like me alone. It's not like I'm a horse---- pitcher, you know."

If you think Righetti is overreacting to all this, and that a man in his position has no right to be ambivalent, there's one thing you should know. In Righetti's four-year, \$3.5 million contract, signed in '83, are incentive clauses geared to his starting. After three years the clauses have not been changed to reflect his relief work. Righetti still will receive bonuses for pitching 200 innings and winning the Cy Young Award, the first an impossibility for a reliever, the second remote. If he saves 100 games, he gets nothing more.

Righetti makes a point of saying he doesn't care about the money or altering the contract, that he feels Steinbrenner was generous with him. What he does want is a gesture of gratitude. "All he has to do is shake my hand, which he's never done," Righetti says. "That's all. But it's not his way." Steinbrenner has said he would talk to Righetti about the clauses, not to his agent. Righetti says this is because his agent also represented Don Mattingly in a bitter negotiation.

An outsider remarks to Righetti that for a man who throws around heavy coin, Steinbrenner's attitude seems petty.

Righetti laughs, harshly, and says: "That could be a couple of books right there." Righetti, in fact, believes Steinbrenner to be incredibly vindictive to veteran Yankees he believes are under his thumb. "George dangles that Yankee name and those big bucks in front of free agents, but when you're here for a while, he doesn't care about you as much," he says. Righetti, among others, is furious that Ron Guidry has had to plead for his due, and is rarely praised by the owner.

Will Righetti accept Steinbrenner's invitation to talk about the incentive clauses? Righetti thinks a moment. "I don't know if he's waitin' for me to come in and beg for him," he says, "but it's not gonna happen."

Private, personal pride. This is how a good Yankee survives. But even Righetti can be paranoid. Asked how he whiles away idle time in the bullpen, he becomes uncharacteristically, and apologetically, skittish. "I'd love to tell you, and normally on any other team I could," he says. "But here, I can't. They put the coaches under such pressure upstairs. If they thought we were screwin' around out there, it would be their jobs. Last

year I cut my finger—by accident—when my hand hit the edge of the water cooler. The next day, the pitching coach and the bullpen coach were shipped out.” Righetti adds: “Maybe George has the only secure job here.”

Righetti agrees that the Yankee locker room cannot be confused with a country retreat. “For a lot of guys, all the bull--- takes away from the fun of the game. A lot of people are scared by it, and guys won’t come here when they have the chance, like my old buddy Dave Stieb—and he shouldn’t because he thinks people are out to get him anyway, and that would kill him here. But anybody who’s ever survived around here is used to it. We kinda give it one of these,” he says, heaving his shoulders in a shrug.

Righetti’s cynicism, real or forced, is such that he often doesn’t believe even his own fans respect him. Last year, during his down period, he heard boos. “They rode me hard, and it lasted all year. You don’t forget that.” This, to be sure, is an overreaction, because Righetti is probably the most popular of Yankees. But when Righetti is hurt, he burns. He’s so turned off to the fans now (“Animals,” he calls the worst of them) that he says he doesn’t want his parents to come to Yankee Stadium, for their own safety.

The disillusionment of Dave Righetti. “Maybe you don’t understand life, but you

get used to it,” he says. “Life’s a bitch, but I’ll tell you one thing: It may be, and a lot of people are screwin’ other people nowadays, but I’ll never be like that. I’m not a big deceiver, and I won’t ever be.”

RIGHETTI HAS NOT FALLEN far from the family tree. A year ago he invited his mother out to dinner—and showed up in a new Mercedes, which was a surprise gift for her. When Steve quit baseball, his ever-loyal brother took it hard. “I felt guilty about it, that I made it and he didn’t,” says the younger brother.

For direction, even for sanity, however, Righetti has made it a point to sit at the feet of Leo Righetti, whose enunciation of the straight-and-skinny has allowed the son to swallow the vinegar of survival. When Righetti was crudely farmed out in ’82, Leo told him not to open his mouth. “And he didn’t,” says Leo. “My son is not the sore-head I was in 1952.” That sage advice has been effective for the younger Righetti. As chafed as he has been in New York, he’s never made it an issue in the New York press.

It was Leo, as well, who offered the first counsel about the bullpen switch. “He even predicted it,” Righetti says. “When Goose left, he said, ‘They’re gonna ask you.’ And he was at my house when Yogi called. Again, I felt I was being put on the firing line for no rea-

son, a guy who’d just gotten there. The fans were gonna be merciless if I screwed up; they’d be chanting ‘We want Goose’ all year long. But my dad thought I could do it. He felt the job might’ve been made for me. So I said I’d do it, and do it right. I was gonna make it tough for the next guy to fill my shoes.”

Righetti laughs brightly, in the self-acknowledgment that he’s done it so right that he’s every bit a heroic figure now. “I got booed, but one thing I’ve never heard is ‘We want Goose,’” he says with a chest-thumping pride that Johnny Stellar would give a thumbs-up to.

His ego mechanism is rolling into high gear now, his voice rising like a trumpet call.

“As a starter there’s more glamour. You can see your name in the paper in the pitching line. You’re more marketable for commercials and things, which I’d like to do. I thought I’d lost the chance for that two years ago, but now I feel I can help get that stuff for relievers. If the Yankees win this year, you’ll probably get tired of looking at me. I’ll be like Mary Lou Retton.”

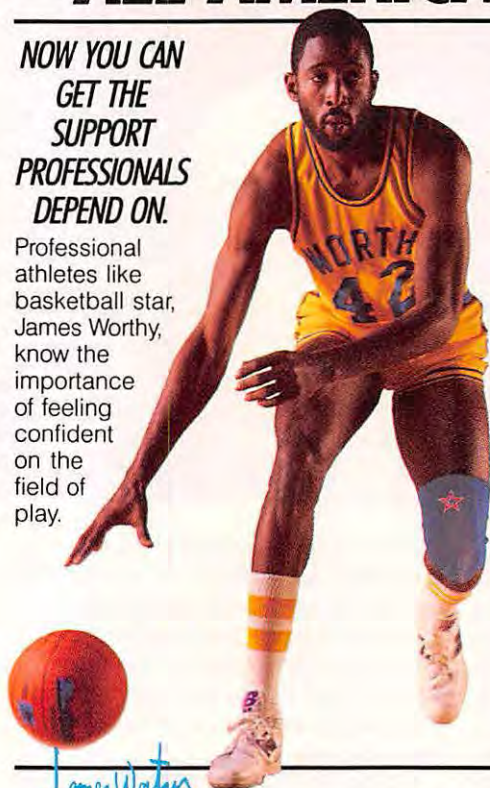
Bite your tongue, Rob Paradise. ■

Righetti tagged contributing writer MARK RIBOWSKY with the name Jimmy Olsen, because of their relationship while doing this piece. Jimmy’s, er, Mark’s last piece for I.S. was an interview with Dodger Orel Hershisier.

ALL AMERICAN® NEOPRENE SUPPORTS

**NOW YOU CAN
GET THE
SUPPORT
PROFESSIONALS
DEPEND ON.**

Professional athletes like basketball star, James Worthy, know the importance of feeling confident on the field of play.



James Worthy
Endorsed by Pro
Basketball Star
James Worthy.

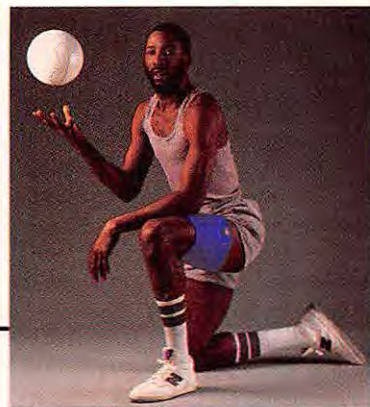
Unfortunately, strains and sprains can often inhibit performance and take away that confident feeling of being at your best. That’s why James Worthy, and thousands of sports-active men and women, have turned to All American® Neoprene Supports.

All American® Neoprene Supports provide comfortable compression to support hard-working joints and muscles that have been strained or sprained. Neoprene also retains soothing body heat to help maintain flexibility and complete range of motion. All American®

Neoprene Supports are also ideal for helping prevent initial injuries from occurring. For all sports, all people, and all seasons, All American® Neoprene Supports are the right supports for you!

All American® Neoprene Supports for the Knee, Ankle, Elbow, and Thigh are available at leading pharmacies everywhere.

ALL AMERICAN®
BY FUTURO®



All American® and FUTURO® are
registered trademarks of Jung Corp.,
Cincinnati, OH 45227 © 1986

The Amazing Transformation Of Jeff Leonard

*A living piece of Giants lore
named Willie turned sour into
power for the gifted outfielder*

THE RELENTLESS SEARCH FOR living legends frequently leads us to out-of-the-way places. New car dealerships in Green Bay, Wis. Silent, marbled halls in Beverly Hills, Calif. Islands untroubled by telephone cable in the Caribbean. Sun-bleached, beachfront hideaways in Monte Carlo, or Gulf Shores, Miss.

Sadly, once their playing days are finished, we rarely find this most exotic of human species in its natural habitat—the gridiron,

the gym, the golf course, or the tennis court. It is the dark side of sport, like some carnivorous jungle plant. Lovely and inviting on the outside, it lures strong, young adventurers in with its promise of fame and fortune. Unknowingly, they become entangled, and the tentacles of applause, headlines, films at 11, and riches clamp their egos. Almost invariably, the plant spits that indigestible shell out to let it exist in purgatory, a ghost walking among living men.

And then there is baseball, the only sport in the man-consuming horticulture that scrupulously recycles those whose heroics feed it. If you're looking for a breathing, conversant legend who carved out his history in baseball, your starting points are spring and the ballfield, whether in sunny Florida or sunny Arizona.

For the San Francisco Giants, who closed last season as a team, a franchise, and a tradition straddling a fault line separating





despair and apathy, the seeds of their new-found stability were sown in similar—if, for them, historic—fashion. In 1985 the organization that accounts for an eye-popping 26 Hall-of-Famers (from 1900 to 1973, from Christy Mathewson to Willie McCovey, the Giants were never without at least one future Cooperstown enshrinee on the roster) completed the season in deplorable condition. After losing a franchise-record 100th game on the schedule's last day, they

faced the winter wondering where they would play the next season, who'd be signing the checks, and how many of them would still be around.

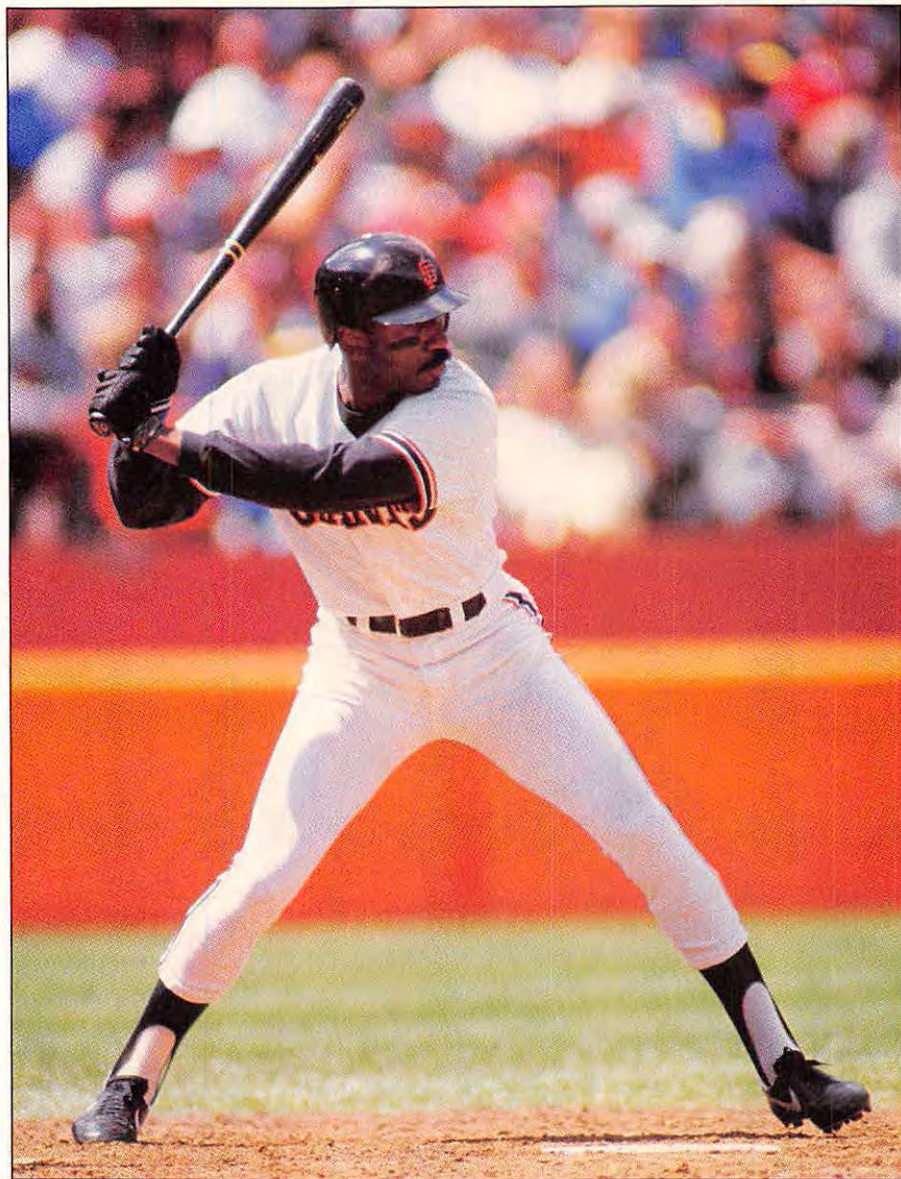
Part of the answer was a new management team that owner Bob Lurie—the former bumbling, if big-hearted, meddler—hired late in the 1985 season, with an attendant promise that he wouldn't interfere. Allowing Al Rosen and Roger Craig to pursue their jobs in the front office and the dugout,

Leonard: 'It blew my mind—Willie Mays watching me play!'

respectively, showed uncommon genius.

Inexplicably, unforgivably, the Giants had lost touch with their past. Somehow, they had to have it back.

Says Rosen: "One of the things we had to reinstitute here was pride in the uniform. Pride in being a Giant, and pride in being a major league baseball player. Those things



When Leonard found baseball was fun, the Giants started to win.

had eroded primarily because things had not been good here. There were so many extraneous things. You didn't want to play for the Giants because of Candlestick Park; the uncertainty about where you were going to play; the club didn't have good leadership; it didn't have direction; it didn't have a plan. And players began to listen to other players until it just got to be a real whirlpool of difficulties."

MORNING AT THE GIANTS' training camp in Scottsdale, Ariz. Outside, the March shadows are still long and cool in the rising sun, and the staccato *Slap!* of baseballs in well-oiled glove pockets punctuates the air. Inside the paneled clubhouse, in the far corner, sits Willie McCovey, serenely surveying the hubbub through those ever-sleepy, half-closed eyes of his. McCovey, one of two special coaches on the payroll, is the picture of quiet contentment.

In the near corner, on his knees, maneuvering wadded scraps of foil and looking like a schoolboy shooting marbles, is the Giants' living wonder, their recyclable battery charger, Willie Mays. Surrounding him, sitting on stools in fascinated attention, are the comparative youngsters who will handle hazardous duty in San Francisco—i.e., play the outfield at Candlestick Park, where the winds are capricious at best.

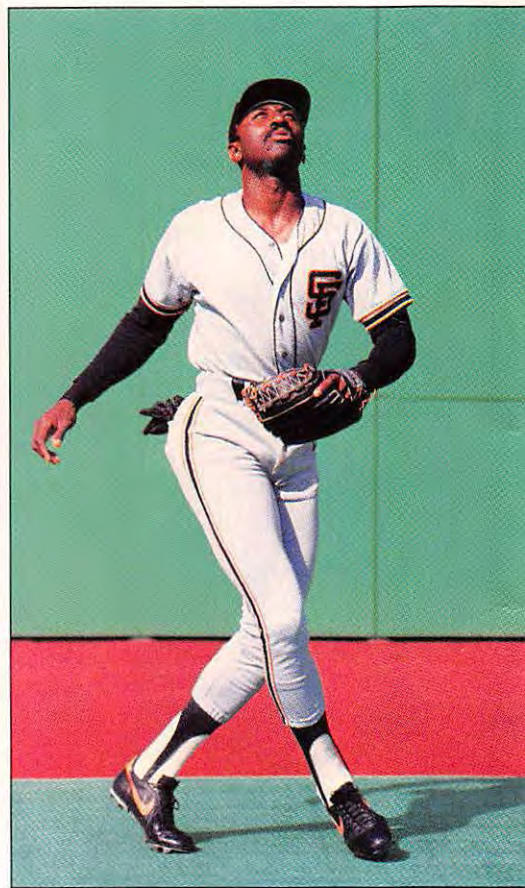
Though the room is filled with bright prattle and the inviting aroma of brewing coffee, the group in the corner is oblivious to the clamor, hunched in almost prayerful silence, save for the nonstop chatter of Mays, playing three-card monte on the carpet with his foil balls, each of them a shiny, round outfielder.

"Look here, Dan," he says, glancing up at Dan Gladden, the team's blond center fielder. "Late in the day, when a ball's hit to left, don't go chasing it too quick, because the wind's gonna bring it back to you.

"And you other fellows, watch him. Where he goes affects you. You gotta keep an eye on him. That's how it was when I played. The other two outfielders and the shortstop and second baseman had one rule: Watch me."

Mays continues to shuffle his foil outfielders, noting defensive subtleties as he goes. In truth, the tactics he outlines seem elementary, plays that ought to come naturally to fellows paid a small fortune in part because they know how to position themselves under airborne baseballs. But what Mays has brought to the Giants is more than fundamental expertise.

"By his presence alone, if he never did anything, it'll help the organization," says manager Craig, a drawling emissary of optimism. "Him and the other Willie, they're



takin' battin' practice, and they're laughin' and jokin' with the players. It's an upliftin' atmosphere, and that's what I want to create around here."

Such a message is not lost on the Giants who meandered, leaderless, through the disaster of 1985; it didn't take long before the effusive Mays fallout settled demonstrably among the players. Despite Gladden's youth—he was a rookie in 1984—no one would dare suggest that he, full of fire and intensity to match his white-hot locks, doesn't know how to play center field. But by having Mays in the locker adjacent to his, he began to accept his duties as captain of the outfield.

"He stressed the importance of taking charge," Gladden said. "Danny," he told me, "you can't go out there thinking about your last at-bat."

Chris Brown, the sophomore third baseman, and Chili Davis, a fifth-year veteran who's labored under the burden of being the latest in a long, unfulfilled line of "next Willie Mayses," grew noticeably in Mays' presence. "They just need somebody to talk to," Mays says. "Last year, look around, just about everybody was the same age, in the same boat. Who were they gonna talk to?"

WHO, INDEED? ON THEIR first road trip, Jeff Leonard, who had been appointed captain by the now-discharged manager, Jim Davenport, fell into battle with Gladden behind the cage over the number of batting practice swings each player was allowed. Others watched teammates stiff kids who'd waited in the parking lot for three hours for an autograph, but said nothing. And still others, picking up where Giants' expatriate Jack Clark left off, grumbled that Candlestick Park reduced major-leaguers to babbling sandlot rejects. "Once," says catcher Bob Brenly, the Giants' conscience, "the ballplayers policed each other. But in the past couple of years, we'd gotten away from that."

Says Leonard, "It seemed we had the type of guys who weren't going to say nothing to your face."

For most of the Giants, then, the arrival of Mays, and, to a similar extent, McCovey, represented a symbolic grab at history. Here were flesh-and-blood, Hall of Fame bookend reminders of what could be accomplished wearing Giants uniforms and playing in Candlestick Park. "The emphasis hadn't been on tradition," Brenly recalls, "for whatever reason. It seemed not cool to talk about tradition and discipline in recent years."

"I've always thought guys as good as they [the Willies] are should be here," says Davis. "And [Juan] Marichal. There's no bleeping way he should be in Oakland. He wasn't an A. He was a Giant. He should be in a Giants uniform, working with Giants pitchers. Your legends, you don't let them go away and pass on their knowledge to other clubs."

But if there was anyone for whom Mays' presence was the answer to an S.O.S., it was Leonard, the mysterious, brooding left fielder Rosen has called the "best in baseball." Almost alone among the Giants last year, Leonard never let games slide away, even deep into September when others had long since begun to think about home; alas, his extreme mood swings made him a dubious role model. There were times, Gladden says, when he knew he couldn't look toward left field, even though he wanted to initiate defensive adjustments.

Giving ample evidence that the worst managers are also poor amateur psychologists, Davenport had thrust the title of "captain" upon Leonard in hopes of drawing an even temperament and take-charge leadership from his best player. As it turned out, Leonard was better left alone. "I have really never cared what [his teammates] think," he says. "Basically, I play my game hard; I get the respect that means the most on the field, when we are at work. When we go home, change our clothes, I don't care what you think about me. I want respect on the ballfield. This doesn't come from being a nice guy, you know, speaking to a guy every day. It comes between the white lines, playing a game hard, diving, sliding, doing the best you can. When you put the numbers on the board, respect is automatic."

No doubt much of Leonard's sour philosophy stems from his idolization of Frank Robinson, the similarly disposed MVP in each league who was Leonard's first manager in San Francisco. Even now, Leonard keeps Robinson's baseball card taped to his locker. "[Robinson] used to talk to me about how I'm always mad around here, mean and everything," Leonard says. "He taught me how to approach a game. 'If you're going to act like that all the time,' he said, 'I'll show you how to take it into the ball game and use it to your advantage.' That's what I admire most about him. He was a rough, tough, mean player. Some guys need a strikeout or an error, or to get hit by a pitch before they get all fired up. But Frank, he taught me how to go into the game like that."

Applying the style of Robinson has led Leonard to mixed results. A .279 hitter with power and speed in his first full season with the Giants, he soared to .302 with 21 home runs and 86 RBIs in 1984. But a year later, suffering occasionally from an inflamed muscle in his rib cage and a sprained right wrist, his batting average plummeted by 71 points and his RBIs dipped to 62.

Toward the end of last season, it had become apparent Leonard was already straining against the life-sucking tentacles. He was ready for a new style.

Clearly, Robinson's cheerless efficiency represented the opposite of Mays' joyful abandon. But it wasn't until Mays showed up in uniform again, granted amnesty for his casino ties by Commissioner Peter Ueberroth, that Leonard realized he'd lost a part of himself, perhaps the best part of himself, along the way to the major leagues. "It had gotten to the point where I couldn't even smile among my teammates," Leonard says, "so you know something was wrong."

Rosen describes Leonard's reputation in late '85 as "sullen, a malcontent. He was an imposing figure, and it sort of frightened a lot of people."

Baseball FANS!

Authentic Autographs™ of your favorite baseball stars are now available! Each autograph has been personally signed by the ballplayer. Below each autograph is the certification of a Notary Public attesting to the fact that it is genuine. Lifetime statistics, major achievements, full color photo and full framing make the Autograph a *MUST* for the fan and collector!

MICKEY MANTLE
DWIGHT GOODEN
BOB GIBSON
DUKE SNIDER
GEORGE BRETT
WHITEY FORD

TED WILLIAMS
YOGI BERRA
WILLIE MAYS
BOB FELLER
BROOKS ROBINSON
and many others!

—NOW AVAILABLE—
JOE DIMAGGIO • HANK AARON

Please send me a *FREE* full color brochure and complete player list.

Call Toll Free 1-800-453-4101
American Sports Collectibles
BOX 475 - I-503
HORSHAM, PA 19044

DO YOU HAVE KNEE PAIN?

- Stiffness after prolonged sitting.
- Aching around the knee cap.
- Soreness after activity (golf, tennis, skiing, running, racquetball, etc.).
- Aggravated by stair climbing, long periods of standing/walking.

These symptoms indicate you may have knee cap degeneration. A common problem, regardless of age, occupation, athletic or leisure activity. 75% of knee problems in runners is due to Runners Knee (chondromalacia patella).

TRY THE ORIGINAL CHO-PAT® KNEE STRAP
The CHO-PAT® Knee Strap was designed by medical professionals to help alleviate these symptoms.

Send check or money order to:

Cho-Pat®, Inc

P.O. Box 293
Hainesport, NJ 08038
609-261-1336

Circumference
Size below knee cap

X-Small Below 10"
Small Over 10 1/2"-12 1/2"
Med. Over 12 1/2"-14 1/2"
Large Over 14 1/2"-16 1/2"
X-Large Over 16 1/2"

If in doubt, send exact measurement.

\$12.95 each Ppd USA

(NJ Residents add 8% Sales Tax)

VISA/MC ACCEPTED
800-221-1601

- Comfortable • Proven Effective
 - Functional • Easy to Apply and Adjust
 - Approved For Use By Athletes
- Training At The
Australian Institute of Sport

Strap includes information & wearing instructions.
Canadian Pat. #48053 - U.S. Pats. 4334528 & D265,590
— AVAILABLE IN SOME SPORTS SHOPS —

JUMP HIGHER

INCREASE VERTICAL JUMP

UP TO 10 INCHES!
Results FAST! Get the
Jump on everyone!



Complete
Program
Only \$4.00

SKY JUMP

P.O. Box 65
Dept. A104
Yadkinville, NC
27055

Term Paper Blues?

Term Paper Assistance

Catalog of 14,278
research papers



Order Catalog Today
with Visa/MC or C.O.D.

Toll Free **1-800-351-0222**

in CA (213) 477-8226 Mon-Fri., 10am-5pm (Pacific Time)

Or send \$2.00 with coupon below

Our 306-page catalog contains detailed descriptions of 14,278 research papers, a virtual library of information at your fingertips. Footnote and bibliographic pages are free. Ordering is easy as picking up your phone. Let this valuable educational aid serve you throughout your college years.

Research Assistance also provides custom research and thesis assistance. Our staff of 75 professional writers, each writing in his field of expertise, can assist you with all your research needs.

Save Time and Improve Your Grades!

RA
since 1970

RESEARCH ASSISTANCE

11322 Idaho Ave. • Suite 206-LT
West Los Angeles, Calif. 90025

Please rush my catalog. Enclosed is \$2.00 to cover postage

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

"The fun part of the game has just been gone, erased," Leonard says. "I guess I've been surviving just playing baseball itself, but never really having the fun that I had in Little League, or high school, or even the minor leagues. Even though I was trying to get here, I still had a lot more fun in the minor leagues than I ever did up here."

Not that his heart wasn't in the right place.

Though he took over with just 18 games to play, Craig wasted no time in setting the tone for the balance of his tenure. The Giants would take batting practice in game jerseys—"So the fans would know who the players are," he says—and they'd wear their caps in conventional bill-to-the-front manner. "Nobody told me about Jeff's trademark," says Craig, which was to turn his cap backward during BP. The first night, "I thought right then he might test me," Craig says, but pregame went without incident, and when the Giants won, the first player to congratulate Craig at the bottom of the dugout steps was Leonard.

For the Giants' new bosses, that was a sign of encouragement. Jeff Leonard was not the surly lost cause his reputation suggested; he simply needed someone to show him a new way.

That someone became Mays, who, through the miracle of baseball regeneration, retained his infectious, upbeat personality even though the rest—legs, arms, reflexes, waistline—had gone south. Says McCovey, "Mays always had the personality where he was sort of the center of attention. He's been that type of person everywhere he's been. Even at All-Star Games, other guys just tended to crowd around him. And he always fed on that kind of stuff."

Among the young, awe-struck Giants, then, Mays feasted. "Sure we've asked him for autographs," says pitcher Mike LaCoss. "We'd be stupid not to."

But where Leonard was concerned, the relationship took a more soulful tack. Though the front office was purposely vague, and Mays was downright elusive, one of his primary assignments was to school Leonard in the art of handling stardom. One of the reasons for Leonard's 1985 decline, they feared, was his rejection of the unwritten responsibilities assigned players of boundless ability. Clearly, that had never been one of Mays' failings. "When I played," he says, "I didn't worry about that 'superstar' label too much."

"That's the way Leo [manager Durocher] treated him the first year," says McCovey, "so I guess he got used to it."

Would that the transition had come as easily for Leonard. Instead, he had chosen a hard, solitary road of icy glances and grumpy silences. Where was the fun? Mays knew. After all the years and all the miles, Mays

still held the key. "Al [Rosen] said: 'I need help with the guys. Do what you have to do.' When he says that, I know what I have to do."

Leonard had heard of Mays' imminent arrival, and he fretted. What would he have to say to, arguably, the best player ever? "I've heard so many stories; I thought I would be a little intimidated by him," Leonard says. But when Mays found him with several others, comparing bats, and he asked Leonard if he could inspect one of his, it opened the door. It had been something simple, a time-honored baseball tradition of admiring the other fellow's equipment, that began to cut across the years. There was good-natured kidding almost immediately, as though these weren't men from different eras, but brothers. In a way, that's exactly what they were, and in that Leonard learned a compelling truth.

"Times have changed. People have changed. Generations change. But we were back to baseball. You worry about 'What am I going to have to talk to Willie Mays about?'" Leonard says. But, as he discovered, it was simple.

"Ball is ball. I was amazed," Leonard says, a smile finally cracking the accumulated glower that had earned him the nickname "Penitentiary Face." "You know, I'm not that easy to talk to. But it was automatic."

Most astonishing to him, however, was when they began to discuss his capabilities. Mays quoted dates and opponents and instances from Leonard's past. "It just completely blew my mind," Leonard says. "Willie Mays is watching me play!"

As the lessons grew, so did their rapport, and Leonard fairly sang through spring and into the season. "Jovial Jeff," said one front office member, noting the dramatic change in his personality.

Indeed, Bay Area writers suggested Leonard's sobriquet be recast to "Correctional Facility Face."

Mays' input was subtle. Right or wrong, Leonard was his own man, and Mays knew out-and-out suggestions, however well-intentioned, might chill their relationship. "I didn't want to scare him off," Mays said. So he simply explained how it had been when he was growing from wide-eyed discovery into his peerless prime.

For instance, "At first, I had 24 guys lookin' after me. After a while, I was lookin' after 24 guys. It was never that big a deal to me."

Easy does it, Mays shrugged. Just planting seeds. No pressure, no black-and-white expectations. Leonard began to see that he, too, could slide into that sacred watchdog role—as long as he wasn't forced into it, that is.

Day by day, in deed and oblique suggestion, Mays showed Leonard how star-status

players conduct themselves, from the way they wear their uniforms to their attitude at the plate to their relationship with the manager. By May, Leonard had become the unquestioned clubhouse boss. "If I was gonna pick a captain," Craig drawled admiringly, "it'd be Leonard."

If Mays' chatter put the Giants outfielders at ease, it also made them think more about how they played. On the bases, Mays preached pressure tactics; in the field, he praised collaboration; at the plate, he stressed refusing to give in. Simple, obvious stratagems, perhaps, but in the turmoil of previous campaigns, thinking baseball had given way to defeatism.

"Win or lose this year," Leonard says, "I gotta have some fun."

Shedding the weight of all that seriousness has paid unexpected dividends. Sure, Leonard's hitting has soared beyond its previous impressive heights, and his outfield play is inspired. But early on, the most telling difference was in the clubhouse, where Captain Leonard was once reduced to tongue-tied impotence.

It was late in spring, another of those meaningless exhibition games, and rookie Will Clark was used as a pinch-hitter. After the inning ended, Clark wandered back to the clubhouse to change into his civvies.

"What the hell is going on here? What're you doing?" demanded Leonard.

"Changing," Clark said. "I thought—"

"Listen, we're all in this together, every game we play, every time we put on the uniform. Everybody sticks around to the end."

Sweeping words for someone who once just worried about himself, who carried that awful load alone. And that was just the start. As the weeks unfolded, Leonard continued to blossom as the new Giants' unquestioned leader. Early on, the self-described loner had embraced the cheery atmosphere preached by Mays. With the Giants off to their first winning April in 13 years, Leonard swept out his hand and smiled, "Look around you. There's 24 candidates for Comeback Player of the Year in this clubhouse." As a hustling team player—again a point Mays stressed—Leonard was unsurpassed. In an extra-inning game in San Diego, Leonard singled, took second on a flyout to center field, stole third, and scored on a single that barely trickled through the infield.

Weeks later, as the Giants were establishing a foothold atop the National League West, Pirates reliever Bob Walk shone the spotlight on Leonard's temperament, pitting ego against ego in a classic test of pitcher vs. slugger. Their feud began in April, when an angry Leonard ordered Walk to stop throwing at his belt buckle. In their next confrontation Walk pitched him inside again and

Leonard repeated his demand. Finally, in the ninth inning, with the Giants leading by two runs, Walk drilled Leonard in the back. Conflicting emotions electrified him. What would the glowering Robinson have done? What about Mays, the what-me-worry kid?

All we can be sure of is that the new Leonard maintained his composure. "If we hadn't been winning, I'd have gone after him," Leonard growled. But he knew manager Craig couldn't replace his glove in left field. Almost unwillingly, he had become the consummate team player.

Somehow, you knew then the game would no longer burden Leonard as it once had. Willie Mays, Leonard's guru in polyester, gives a wink and a smile.

"Like I said, I knew what I had to do."

Mays' secret is really no secret at all. What he'd done was in keeping with baseball's time-honored tradition. He's passed knowledge and enthusiasm, two estimable qualities that age like wine, into a new vessel, and the cycle rolled on. From Mathewson to Terry to Ott to Mays to McCovey, the tradition was passed, and now, from one era to another, from the glory that was Mays to the lavish potential that is Leonard, it is passed again. ■

Contributing writer TOM JACKSON is glad he didn't have to ask the old Jeff Leonard for an interview. His last piece for I.S. was on the Golden State Warriors.

Can Male Pattern Baldness Be Effectively Treated?

In the United States the U.S. Governmental regulatory agencies believe that in the greater majority of cases, hair loss is the beginning or advanced stages of male pattern baldness, and there are no known treatments or cures for male pattern baldness.

The notion that nothing can be done about male pattern baldness is not universally held. Recently, the Canadian equivalent of the United States Food and Drug Administration recognized a hair restorer, containing a precise blend of amino acids, as both safe and effective. In Europe, a hair preparation developed at a major university, containing an embryonic tissue complex, has been used by over three million people and is reported to cause a regrowth of hair.

We are currently marketing a hair preparation containing the amino acid complex used in the Canadian product, and the embryonic tissue complex used in the European hair preparation. If you are presently experiencing excessive hair loss, have thinning areas or short weak hairs which fail to grow, we invite you to try this hair preparation which comes with a money back guarantee. Use our hair preparation in the privacy of your own home for eight weeks, and if you are not satisfied with the results return the empty bottles for a full and prompt refund.

The application involves applying the hair preparation to the scalp with the enclosed eye dropper, and washing the hair with a specially developed shampoo two hours later.

Do not be fooled by similar looking advertisements, claiming to offer a hair product which removes dihydrotestosterone (DHT) from the scalp. The most recent scientific studies have found that dihydrotestosterone is necessary for proper hair growth and does not cause male pattern baldness. This explains the poor results obtained with topically applied progesterone treatments, which block the formation of dihydrotestosterone in the scalp.

Remember, we guarantee your satisfaction in 60 days or your money back. However, we are sure you are going to be satisfied with the hair preparation. Actually, we think you are going to be amazed at the results.

Please rush my order of The Hair Preparation and Special Shampoo

☐ Hair Preparation and Special Shampoo \$38.50 postpaid. (8 week supply) _____

☐ Hair Preparation and Special Shampoo \$72.50 postpaid. (16 week supply) _____

☐ Check or money order enclosed TOTAL: _____

☐ Visa ☐ Master Card \$ _____

Card Number _____ Expires _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Credit Card Orders Call Toll Free 1-800-321-4142

CONAN RESEARCH CORPORATION

210 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10010 © 1984 CONAN RESEARCH CORPORATION

NUMBERS

STEADY SLUGGERS

It's unlikely that any player in the next few years will break Hank Aaron's record of 755 home runs. But it's even less likely that a player will topple Babe Ruth's mark of 467 home runs over a 10-year period, which he accomplished in the 1920s. Aaron, in fact, ranks only sixth in this category. Below are the players who have slugged 300 or more home runs over 10 seasons.

Rank	Player	Years	Season		Rank	Player	Years	Season	
			HRs	High				HRs	High
1.	Babe Ruth	1920-29	467	60	15.	Ted Williams*	1939-51	323	43
2.	Jimmie Foxx	1930-39	415	58		Mel Ott	1929-38	323	42
3.	Harmon Killebrew	1961-70	403	49	17.	Frank Howard	1962-71	320	48
4.	Willie Mays	1957-66	390	52		Willie McCovey	1963-72	320	45
	Lou Gehrig	1927-36	390	49	19.	Reggie Jackson	1968-77	312	47
6.	Hank Aaron	1962-71	386	47	20.	Gil Hodges	1950-59	310	42
7.	Eddie Mathews	1953-62	374	47		Stan Musial	1948-57	310	39
8.	Mickey Mantle	1955-64	370	54	22.	Jim Rice	1976-85	308	46
	Mike Schmidt	1974-83	370	48	23.	Billy Williams	1963-72	307	42
10.	Ralph Kiner	1946-55	369	54	24.	Joe DiMaggio*	1936-48	303	46
11.	Ernie Banks	1955-64	355	47	25.	Dave Kingman	1975-84	300	48
12.	Rocky Colavito	1957-66	337	45	*Ted Williams and Joe DiMaggio each missed three seasons (1943-45) due to military service.				
13.	Frank Robinson	1957-66	335	49	By Dave Brown				
14.	Duke Snider	1949-58	326	43					

CLUTCH RECEIVERS

Daryl Turner topped the NFL last year in clutch catches. The Seahawk receiver caught 34 passes, 13 going for touchdowns, a percentage of 38.2. His closest competitor for that honor was receiver Bobby Johnson of the New York Giants. Johnson led the NFC with 24.2% of his 33 receptions going for touchdowns. Following are the top seven "clutch" receivers in each conference for the 1985 season. (Minimum of 24 receptions are needed to qualify for list.)

AFC					NFC				
Rank	Player, Team	Rec.	TDs	Pct.	Rank	Player, Team	Rec.	TDs	Pct.
1.	Daryl Turner, Seahawks	34	13	.382	1.	Bobby Johnson, Giants	33	8	.242
2.	Stephone Paige, Chiefs	43	10	.233	2.	Dennis McKinnon, Bears	31	7	.226
3.	Louis Lipps, Steelers	59	12	.203	3.	Anthony Carter, Vikings	43	8	.186
4.	Rodney Holman, Bengals	38	7	.184		Jimmie Giles, Buccaneers	43	8	.186
5.	Irving Fryar, Patriots	39	7	.179	5.	Dwight Clark, 49ers	54	10	.185
6.	Pat Beach, Colts	36	6	.167	6.	Mike Quick, Eagles	73	11	.151
7.	Wayne Capers, Colts	25	4	.160	7.	Mike Renfro, Cowboys	60	8	.133

By Jerry Tapp

TEAMS OF THE '80s

Going into the 1986 season, the Miami Dolphins are the NFL's best team in the '80s. The Dolphins have put together a 64-24-1 record over the last six seasons for a winning percentage of .725. The Dallas Cowboys top the NFC with a 61-28 mark, a .685 winning percentage. Listed below is each team's record in the 1980s. Teams are ranked according to their winning percentage.

AFC					
Rank	Team	W	L	T	Pct.
1.	Dolphins	64	24	1	.725
2.	Raiders	61	28	0	.685
3.	Broncos	63	36	0	.596
4.	Steelers	49	40	0	.551
5.	Chargers	48	41	0	.539
6.	Bengals	47	42	0	.528
7.	Jets	45	43	1	.511
8.	Patriots	45	44	0	.506
9.	Seahawks	43	46	0	.483
10.	Browns	42	47	0	.472
11.	Chiefs	40	49	0	.449
12.	Bills	37	52	0	.416
13.	Oilers	29	60	0	.326
14.	Colts	25	63	1	.287

NFC					
Rank	Team	W	L	T	Pct.
1.	Cowboys	61	28	0	.685
2.	49ers	57	32	0	.640
	Redskins	57	32	0	.640
4.	Bears	49	40	0	.551
	Rams	49	40	0	.551
6.	Eagles	43	45	1	.489
7.	Packers	42	45	2	.483
8.	Lions	41	47	1	.466
9.	Cardinals	39	49	1	.444
	Giants	39	49	1	.444
11.	Falcons	39	50	0	.438
	Vikings	39	50	0	.438
13.	Buccaneers	29	59	1	.331
14.	Saints	29	60	0	.326

By Jerry Tapp

SIX-PLUS RECEPTIONS

San Francisco running back Roger Craig led the NFL last year with the most games with six or more pass receptions. He hauled in six or more passes in 10 games. In all, 22 players (15 receivers and seven running backs) had six or more catches in at least four games. Following are those players who had six or more catches in the most games last season.

AFC				
Rank	Player, Team	Pos.	Games 6+ catches	Team Record
1.	Butch Woolfolk, Oilers	RB	8	2-6
2.	Todd Christensen, Raiders	TE	7	5-2
3.	Lionel James, Chargers	RB	6	1-5
4.	Mickey Shuler, Jets	TE	5	3-2
	Drew Hill, Oilers	WR	5	2-3
	Steve Largent, Seahawks	WR	5	2-3
7.	Tony Nathan, Dolphins	RB	4	4-0
	Cris Collinsworth, Bengals	WR	4	3-1
	Mark Clayton, Dolphins	WR	4	2-2
	John Stallworth, Steelers	WR	4	2-2
	Ozzie Newsome, Browns	TE	4	2-2
	Marcus Allen, Raiders	RB	4	2-2
	Wes Chandler, Chargers	WR	4	1-3
	Greg Bell, Bills	RB	4	0-4

NFC				
Rank	Player, Team	Pos.	Games 6+ catches	Team Record
1.	Roger Craig, 49ers	RB	10	7-3
2.	Art Monk, Redskins	WR	8	6-2
3.	James Lofton, Packers	WR	6	4-2
4.	Tony Hill, Cowboys	WR	5	3-2
	Billy Johnson, Falcons	WR	5	1-4
6.	Dwight Clark, 49ers	WR	4	2-2
	Mike Quick, Eagles	WR	4	1-3
	James Wilder, Buccaneers	RB	4	0-4

By Jerry Tapp

RELIABLE RUNNING BACKS

During the 1985 NFL season there were 155 occasions when a running back carried the ball 20 or more times for his team in a game. Gerald Riggs of the Falcons, James Wilder of the Buccaneers, and Marcus Allen of the Raiders each carried the ball 20 or more times in a game 13 times. Miami and Green Bay were the only two teams in the NFL last year that did not have a runner with 20 or more carries in a game. Following are those runners who had 20 or more carries in the most games last year. Each team's record when the runner achieved that feat is also included.

AFC				
Rank	Player, Team	Games 20+ carries	Team Record	Pct.
1.	Marcus Allen, Raiders	13	12-1	.923
2.	Freeman McNeil, Jets	10	8-2	.800
3.	Curt Warner, Seahawks	6	4-2	.667
4.	Johnny Hector, Jets	4	2-2	.500
	Greg Bell, Bills	4	1-3	.250
6.	Craig James, Patriots	3	3-0	1.000
	Kevin Mack, Browns	3	3-0	1.000
	Walter Abercrombie, Steelers	3	2-1	.667
	Ernest Byner, Browns	3	2-1	.667
	Sammy Winder, Broncos	3	2-1	.667

NFC				
Rank	Player, Team	Games 20+ carries	Team Record	Pct.
1.	Gerald Riggs, Falcons	13	3-10	.231
	James Wilder, Buccaneers	13	2-11	.154
3.	Walter Payton, Bears	9	8-1	.889
	Eric Dickerson, Rams	9	7-2	.778
5.	Joe Morris, Giants	7	5-2	.714
6.	Tony Dorsett, Cowboys	6	5-1	.833
	James Jones, Lions	6	4-2	.667
	Ernest Jackson, Eagles	6	3-3	.500
9.	George Rogers, Redskins	4	4-0	1.000
10.	Stump Mitchell, Cardinals	3	1-2	.333

By Jerry Tapp

THE GOOD DOCTOR

Funny cars have been part of American drag racing for a long time, but what's so funny about them?

U.S., GARY, INDIANA

Funny cars have little voices inside the dashboard, like the ones that say: "Left door is open" or "Headlights are on." These voices, however, tell jokes. Ask Shirley Muldowney about the one her car told her about the priest, the minister, and the rabbi stranded on the desert island. She got so many laughs out of that one on the racing circuit, friends started referring to her as Ha Ha Muldowney.

Yogi Berra in a Houston Astros uniform is sort of strange looking, don't you think?

H.L., DENTON, NORTH CAROLINA

Funny, I was just thinking the same thing. Seeing Yogi Berra in a Houston uniform is like seeing Cary Grant in a purple leisure suit.

Moses Malone reportedly hates baseball—particularly the Chicago Cubs. What's this I hear about Malone ripping a Cub cap off a kid's head and tearing it in half with his bare hands?

S.I.X., ROANOKE, VIRGINIA

Doubt ye not, my son, for Moses did indeed part the red C.

Gordie Howe obviously gave his son a lot of good advice, in view of the fact Mark has become one of the top defensemen in the National Hockey League. What did Gordie teach him?

I.C., WESTPORT, CONNECTICUT

The immortal Gordie Howe gave his son only three pieces of advice. The first was: "Be prepared to take whatever you dish out." The second was: "Always give 110 percent." And the third was: "For heaven's sake, kid, find some team to play for other than the Red Wings."

Was the Rev. Jerry Falwell really a baseball player in his younger days? Was he any good?

O.R., TULSA, OKLAHOMA

"Preacher" Falwell, as he was known back then, was always a heads-up player. In fact, every time you looked at him, his head was up. Defensively, Falwell played right-right-right-right field. His dream was to grow up to play for the Padres.

Nancy Lieberman recently became the first woman ever to play professionally with a men's basketball team. How did she do?

R.S., HOUSTON, TEXAS

At first, teammates and coaches were impressed with their new player. Then she began to change. She started wearing goggles. She changed her name to Jamaal Kareem Lieberman. Apparently obsessed with becoming the next center of the Lakers after the retirement of Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, Lieberman began giving interviews, saying: "So he's tall—that's all. A woman can do any job a man can do."

Exactly who is this Anson Mount who selects all of Playboy magazine's college All-America teams?

H.H., NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

Anson Mount is a pseudonym for six former centerfolds who amuse themselves twice a year by choosing Playboy's All-America football team and basketball team, basing their selections solely on whether an athlete has a hot bod and nice buns.

Xavier McDaniel of the Seattle SuperSonics should have been the NBA's rookie of the year, don't you think?

J.Z.Z., RIVERTON, UTAH

Things could get even worse for Seattle next season. According to a little-known NBA by-law, any basketball player who is worth putting on television must immediately be traded to a team in New York, Boston, or Los Angeles. Commissioner David Stern says if McDaniel intends to be seen or heard of again, he must immediately break his contract with the Sonics and report to a team NBA executives care about. "We do want Seattle to remain competitive," Stern insisted, "but then again, that year they won the championship was really embarrassing."

What were the world's top soccer players told upon arriving at the World Cup competition in Mexico?

C.W., CHEYENNE, WYOMING

"Don't drink anything out of the Cup."

Does Debi Thomas, the figure skater, get along with her top amateur rival, Tiffany Chin? Do they hang out together, maybe go to lunch after practice?

R.S., OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON

Lunch usually conflicts with practice, but

Debi does sometimes manage to have breakfast at Tiffany's.

Should Steve Carlton be elected to the Hall of Fame by sports writers when his baseball career is over?

T.M., MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

Hey, all he has to do is ask.

Quit stalling and tell us your choice for the Heisman Trophy this year.

V.T., MIAMI, FLORIDA

Lorenzo White will take the Heisman Trophy this season as he leads Michigan State to an outstanding record, a Big 10 championship, and an exciting three-touchdown loss to whomever they play in the Rose Bowl.

Ultimate Frisbee is very big on college campuses. Explain the game for us.

B.U., PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

Rule No. 1: Throw the Frisbee with your left hand. Rule No. 2: Release the leash on your dog. Rule No. 3: Wait until the dog snatches the Frisbee with his teeth in mid-air. Rule No. 4: Shoot the dog. First player to 21 dead dogs wins.

Tom Cruise stars in the "Hustler" sequel, playing pool with Paul Newman. I hear Sean Penn, Rob Lowe, and Molly Ringwald also are in the movie. What characters do they play?

E.F., AMES, IOWA

Minnesota Brats.

Mary Lou Retton, Walter Payton, and Pete Rose have been on Wheaties boxes, but what about Refrigerator Perry? With that name, he belongs in my kitchen.

X.X.L., RUTLAND, VERMONT

Well, maybe, but Wheaties definitely is going to have to get a bigger box.

Claudia Kohde-Kilsch has become one of the top stars in women's tennis. What do you know of her?

Y.N., PARIS, FRANCE

I was a good friend of her father, Bacon Spinach-Kilsch, and his lovely wife Lorraine.

Have you struck out, missed the sign, dropped the ball, made an unforced error, ended up in the rough, or been sacked for a loss? Tell The Good Doctor all about it at Inside Sports, 1020 Church Street, Evanston, Illinois 60201.

THE FAN

By MARK HARMON

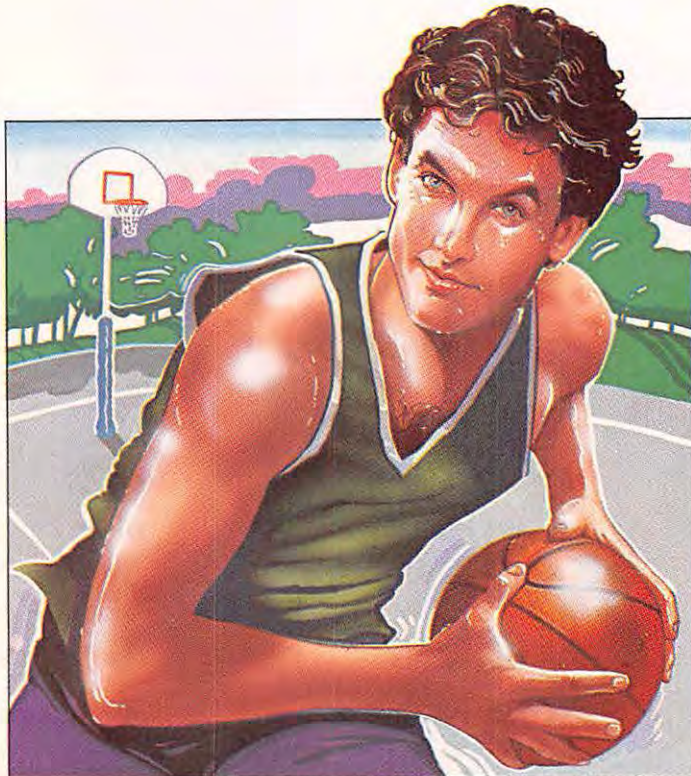
My Real Self Plays Basketball

MY LIFE REVOLVES around a weekly Thursday night basketball game, when I bump heads with a wonderful group of guys. This game is like laid in cement for me—no way am I going to miss it. I was friends with most of these guys while I was playing college football at UCLA, and this game gives me a chance to keep these old friendships alive. That's the beauty of it—nowhere else in my life do I experience such camaraderie.

The game takes place at my friend [former Philadelphia Eagle] John Sciarra's house in Lacanada, near Glendale (Calif.). Fulfilling his own dream, he built a full basketball court behind his house, and it's become a magnet for such good athletes as Brad Holland—who played for UCLA and the Lakers—Randy Cimarron, Rob Hurdle, and Bruce Walton, Bill's brother. With this type of talent around it's understandable that these aren't just pickup games. We really go at it. And I guess they invite me because I bring the beer.

We started playing about 12 years ago. It wasn't that serious back then, but the level of competition has steadily increased, and on top of that I'm getting older. I've had to realize that I spend most of the night looking at someone else's shoes. It was also like that in high school—I was the 13th man on a 12-man squad. But I still enjoy the running part of the game.

I have to get up and down the court, or else I wouldn't be out there. Here my celebrity status doesn't count for anything. I don't have much shooting ability, and at 34 I can't leap too much. So I run a lot—I run to relax, to get away from the Hollywood thing. Moving up and down the court in somewhat of a sprint is a whole different type of



'Football once reintroduced me to my family, and created a closeness between us. Now this basketball game is drawing me together with old friends.'

running, and while I'm bone-tired afterward, it's very satisfying to know I can run with these guys. I just wish I could shoot.

Sometimes there are 15 to 20 guys up at John's place. You're rotating in with teams of five, and if you don't win, you sit down for two games. Those who play well stay on the court, and that's why you go up there in the first place, for a good workout. There are no other celebrities up there, no way. No one cares what *People* magazine said about me [*People* called Harmon the "sexiest man alive" a few months ago]. The reality of that *People* magazine article was when I went up to John's place that Thursday night—the backboards were covered with magazine covers. It was a laugh—these guys know what I'm all about, and how I take that kind of stuff. There's no one who kids me more than I kid myself. I don't take that magazine stuff too seriously.

We usually order some pizza after the game, and at times the delivery guy will play. It's fun. It's really removed from Hollywood. I work as hard at keeping a perspective on what I do in this town as anything. Playing every Thursday is really important to me,

and it keeps me connected to who I really am. There are times when publicity-type people want to go to the games with me, but that's out of bounds. There's no way I'd subject my friends to that. There's no way I'd parlay that into publicity for me. That court helps me maintain my real self—basketball is one of the most important things I do to maintain that reality of what I'm all about.

That stardom thing just isn't me. It spoils the fun of sports. When I was UCLA's starting quarterback in '72 and '73, I had ambitions of playing pro ball, and I even had the opportunity to go to an NFL camp. But I didn't go. I had thought I'd keep playing until it stopped being fun, and that's what happened. People started sticking microphones in my face, asking "How do you handle the pres-

sure of being UCLA's starting quarterback, of being Tom Harmon's son?" Hey, since I was a kid I'd fantasized about running down that stadium tunnel to play before 90,000 people. I was part of a team, and I found so much beauty in that—it was like looking at a pretty picture when the triple option worked. My family taught appreciation for the game—I really love the game, not the nonsense that goes with being a star.

That's why I love this Thursday night game—it's very focused. Athletics have always meant that type of reality to me. It's a way to burn off energy and to be in touch with yourself. Football once reintroduced me to my entire family, and created a closeness between us. Now this basketball game is drawing me together with old friends.

I don't know how long my legs will last, but I hope these Thursday games are timeless. I'd like to think that we'll all be up at my friend's court at age 60, playing the same brand of tough basketball. ■

Actor MARK HARMON is best known for his role as Dr. Robert Caldwell in NBC-TV's "St. Elsewhere" series.